

● Dramsko pismo 00

● Playwriting 00

Rona Žulj: Jedna ili dvije elegije

Vedrana Klepica: JATO

Anica Tomić—Jelena Kovačić:

Oprostite, mogu li vam
ispričati?

Maja Sviben: Točka izvorišta

Ivor Martinić: Moj sin samo malo
oprije hoda

Lana Šarić: Mese

Goran Ferčec: Kruženje

—Jasna Žmak

Konteksti / Contexts:

Goran Pavlić: O zadatku,

kanonskom

Petar Sarjanović: Otporana /

dija / kroniji

Antonija Letinić: Zamučeno

perspektive

Marko Kostanić: O

neadekvatnosti

Frakcija

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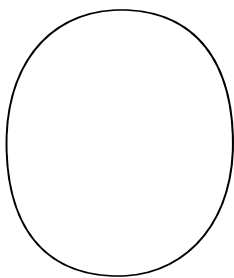


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Dramsko pismo 00

Playwriting 00



vaj broj Frakcije mogao je umjesto *dramsko pismo* oo jednako tako biti naslovljen *mlado dramsko pismo* ili pak *ново pismo za izvedbu* ili *(ne)vidljivo dramsko pismo*. Arbitrarnost imenovanja i odabira naslova te (ne)mogućnost da se ono-o-čemu-govorimo označi jednim imenom, pojmom, naslovom, temom, ukazuje na nimalo jednostavnu poziciju i kontekst dramskog pisma u Hrvatskoj,

danas. Nedosljednost pri uporabi termina, vidljiva već u uvodniku, nije rezultat uredničke neodlučnosti već spomenute otpornosti književnog roda, samih autora i njihovih tema jednoobraznom definiranju, namjeni i formi.

Dvostrukom nulom upisanom u naslov upućujemo na nultu godinu novog milenija kao početnu točku od koje pokušavamo sagledati temu dramskog pisma i sumirati tekstove, ali i na neki novi, podvostručeni početak generacijskog odbrojavanja unutar kojeg predstavljamo šest autora i jedan autorski tandem koji se bave pisanjem za kazalište, u Hrvatskoj, danas. Namjerno koristimo termin *kazalište*, kako bismo potencirali raskorak uočljiv između tema koje su recentno bile u fokusu ovog časopisa za izvedbene umjetnosti i temata koji je pred vama. Spoj Frakcije i *dramskog pisma* – taj naizgledni oksimoron svoju opravdanost, vjerujemo, nalazi upravo u (ne) vidljivosti dramskog pisma, u Hrvatskoj, danas. Frakcija je, uostalom, oduvijek voljela *nevidljivo*. Tomu u prilog ide i činjenica da većinu dramskih tekstova koje predstavljamo nismo bili u mogućnosti tiskati u integralnom obliku već smo se, pomalo metaforički i s jednom iznimkom, odlučili za tiskanje njihovih – krajeva.

Uz dramske završetke donosimo i razgovore koje su autori vodili jedni s drugima dotičući se refleksija o vlastitom radu, poziciji autora i pisma, akademskim institucijama, kulturnoj politici, sumnjama, željama i razočaranjima koja izlaze između redova njihovog autorskog pisma.

Teorijski blok kroz četiri autorska diskursa i četiri različita rakursa nastoji analitički i teorijski jasnije kontekstualizirati temu dramskog pisma, provlačeći je kroz povijesnu perspektivu, istražujući njene poetičke premise, analizirajući produkcijske uvjete unutar kojih su se odabrane drame i autori morali snalaziti, te ispitujući opravdanost i smislenost ovog uredničkog koncepta.

Vjerujući da će ovaj zbir različitih autorskih poetika, stavova i iskustava stvoriti koristan uvid u temu te potaknuti interes prema dramskom pismu, napominjemo da ovdje prezentirani tekstovi predstavljaju gotovo cjelokupnu produkciju dramskog teksta unutar odabranog generacijskog okvira, dakle gotovo sve što je u posljednjih desetak godina napisano, producirano, postavljeno, pročitano.

Ostavljamo vas čitanju.

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Instead of *playwriting 00*, we could have named this issue of *Frakcija* *young playwriting*, or *new performance text*, or *(in)visible playwriting*. The arbitrary character of naming and choosing a title, as well as the (im)possibility of denoting what-we-mean by a single name, notion, title, or subject, indicates very well the position and context of playwriting in Croatia today, which is by no means simple. The inconsistency in using the term, which is evident from this very preface, is not a result of editorial indecisiveness, but rather of the abovementioned resistance that the literary genre as such, as well as authors and their subjects, show towards to any such unified definition, application, and form.

The double zero that we have used in the title indicates the beginning of the new millennium as the starting point from which we have tried to grasp the subject of playwriting and to find a common denominator for the texts; however, it also implies a new, double beginning of the generational countdown within which we are presenting six individual authors and one duo involved in writing for theatre in Croatia today. We use the term *theatre* with a specific purpose, namely to emphasize the gap between the themes that have recently been the focus of our *journal for performing arts* and the thematic issue that is now in your hands. We believe that the fusion of *Frakcija* and *playwriting* – an apparent paradox – may be justified precisely by the (in)visibility of playwriting in today's Croatia. After all, *Frakcija* has always had a thing for the *invisible*. That is sustained by the fact that most of the dramatic texts that we are presenting could not be printed in their integral form; instead, we have (somewhat metaphorically and with a single exception) opted for printing their endings.

Along with these dramatic endings, we are bringing the interviews that the authors have conducted with each other, reflecting on their own work, the position of dramatic authors and writing, academic institutions, cultural policies, doubts, wishes, and disappointments that emerge between the lines of their personal writings.

The theoretical bloc, which includes four artistic discourses viewed from four different angles, seeks to interpret the subject of playwriting more clearly in terms of analysis and theory, by taking a look at it from the historical perspective, exploring its poetic premises, analyzing the conditions of production that the selected plays and its authors have had to cope with, and questioning the foundations and the meaningfulness of this editorial concept.

We believe that this collection of different artistic poeticisms, attitudes, viewpoints, and experiences will offer a useful insight into the subject and awaken greater interest in playwriting; yet we would also like to indicate that the presented texts represent the almost entire production of texts within the chosen generational framework, meaning virtually everything that has been written, produced, staged, or read in Croatia in the past ten years.

Enjoy your reading.

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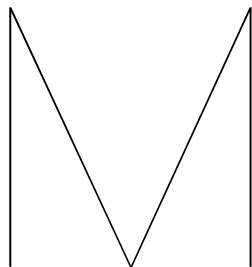
Rona

Žulj



Rona Žulj

odgovara,
pita
Vedrana
Klepica



ana ili Sunce se smije, Jedna ili dvije elegije, adaptacija Pijanistice, nastavi niz... o čemu govore tvoji tekstovi, kako do njih dolazi i, naravno, kako odabireš teme kojima se baviš? Što trenutno pišeš? Zašto? Gdje?

Sunce se smije (Mana), Janijeva svečanost (neizvedena), Jedna ili dvije elegije (završetak niza zasad)... Pijanistica, odnosno adaptacija

istoimenog romana teško da ulazi u "moje" dramske tekstove, adaptacija je mjesto gdje treba razgraničiti pisanje i dramaturgiju... barem ih ja na tom mjestu pokušavam jasno razgraničiti. Dramaturgija i tekstovi nastali u svrhu predstave čijim konceptom ipak na kraju krajeva vlada redatelj plod su pristajanja na dogovoreni koncept. Nekad je to, kao u slučaju *Pijanistice*, dijeljenje oduševljenja s ostatkom "logističkog tandema" određenim autorom i djelom. Kad se radi o vlastitim tekstovima koji su dosad nastajali u više ili manje komunikativnoj sredini ili na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti u svrhu završavanja pojedinih godina studija, odlučujem se baviti stvarima koje me se tiču osobno i umjetnički. To je nekakva startna pozicija u promišljanju. Čini mi se fer ne ulaziti u sfere nepoznatog/stranog/popularnog/egzotičnog unatoč vjerojatno uzbudljivim novim saznanjima na koja bih eventualno mogla naletjeti.

Sunce se smije moj je odgovor na zahtjev odnosno zadatak da napišem političku dramu. Govori o politici unutar umjetnosti, bolje rečeno mikropolitikama, pokušajima pripadnosti ili otporu prema istima, te kritici visoko cijenjene svrhovitosti određenih načina djelovanja. Naslov je posuđen od pjesme *Sunce se smeje* Srečka Kosovela. Zbog zadnjeg stiha. *Janijeva svečanost* također je zadatak – arhetip Heraklo. Unutar zadatka našla sam vlastito polje interesa koje se tiče promišljanja odnosa prema tijelu u kojem se tijelo pokušava zaniijekati. *Jedna ili dvije elegije* u osnovi je pokušaj jednog nevezanog "ne shvaćam ali primjećujem" pristupa – u nadi da je precizno primjećivanje jednako bitno kao i dobro postavljeno pitanje.

Na koji način promišljaš izvedbene aspekte svojih tekstova? Što te u izvedbenom smislu zanima i što ti je bitno, te do koje mjere uopće voliš biti involvirana u proces rada na izvedbi? Redovito radiš i kao dramaturg, pa pretpostavljam da nisi tip autora za kojeg kraj pisanja označava i kraj rada na tekstu?

Baš suprotno. Za neke drame/tekstove imam potpuno preciznu viziju kako bi mogli izgledati na sceni. U tom je slučaju korisnije da se ne nalazim u blizini. Neki drugi tekstovi pisani su kao otpor prvom slučaju. Njih tretiram kao govorni tekst bez naznaka (i čvrstog razgraničenja) likova, scene, fiktivnog mjesta, fiktivne "svakodnevne logike" i tako dalje. Pa neka se drugi muče s njima. Ni tu ne želim biti prisutna. Dramaturški rad u kombinaciji s vlastitim tekstom ili adaptacijom ulazi u drugu (odnosno "zasebnu") kategoriju. Takvi su tekstovi pisani, tj. slagani u svrhu postavljanja unutar sasvim određenih okolnosti i estetika; kada sam prisutna pri njihovom postavljanju, moj je posao jednak onome kao kada radimo na tuđim tekstovima.

Kada bi trebala definirati neke estetičke i političke smjernice koji te vode pri pisanju, koji bi to smjernice bile? Želiš li izdvojiti neke osobe/događaje s područja književnosti, kazališta, političke ekonomije ili molekularne biologije koji su nekako utjecali na tvoj rad?

Lako bih navela nekoliko imena, ali ona bi činila prilično pretenciozan skup, ispisana na stranici jednog intervjua u Frakciji. Možda je odluka da ne studiram nešto kao biologiju čak i najviše od navedenog praktično utjecala na moj rad.

S obzirom da si studirala dramaturgiju imaš priliku doživotnog (re)definiranja pozicije dramaturga. Što tebi ta pozicija znači i koji su tvoji osobni interesi za rad baš na tom području? Je li ti to uopće bitno?

Svoj dramaturški rad dosad sam definirala kroz poziciju kontrolora semiotike, onoga koji istražuje kako pojedine odluke mijenjaju značenje prezentiranog. Trenutačno to više uopće ne radim. Zamor.

Zbog prostornih ograničenja ne bih ovdje ulazila u raspravu o kulturnim politikama, no svi smo svjesni vrlo snažne kritike koja jednako pogađa i institucije i nezavisnu scenu. Gdje i u kojem kontekstu u tom smislu vidiš nas, novu generaciju dramaturga i dramskih pisaca? Je li nam scena, iako ne preferiram tu riječ, inertna, a mi suviše pristojni i samo se hvatamo za skute postojećih inicijativa?

Nemoguće mi je pojmiti se unutar množine. Mislim da svatko stvara svoju poziciju igrom slučaja i sreće, radom na održavanju vlastitog stava, te vlastitim željama i osobnim i vanjskim mogućnostima. Možda samo treba početi razmišljati izvan naučenih putova na kratkoj stazi između inertnog duha Akademije, inkubatorskog duha Teatra &TD-a i gradskog duha gradskih kazališta.

Daljnji planovi? Čak i ako su posve nerealni?

Daljnji planovi? Pisanje diplomskog kako bih napokon studij dramaturgije stavila iza sebe. Zatim početak rada u kazalištu izvan dramaturgije. Možda povratak istoj. Možda ne. Možda početak pisanja bez prisutnog kazališta.

Rona Žulj

Jedna ili dvije elegije

Tekst *Jedna ili dvije elegije* objavljen je na Trećem programu Hrvatskog radija 2009. godine u emisiji *Radio atelje*, u režiji Mislava Brečića.

LIKOVİ:

Erika, njezin brat Klaus koji je pisac, Klausova majka, duh očevog genija među tih troje, organizator elitnog krstarenja odjeven u anđela, Rainer Maria Rilke u odjeći za fotografranje, te fotograf koji je svima stranac ali se svejedno pojavljuje.

(...)

Klaus izlazi na pozornicu
Ne zna drugo što bi
Klaus osjeća hladan znoj
Te nije siguran u što se to
Upustio

Želio bih sada

Uz vaše dopuštenje

Izvesti pjesmu o šminki

Volite li volite li volite li i vi šminku ja je volim ja je volim tu
luksuznu krinku šminka šminka u njoj ima čara šminka
šminka tako dobro vara.

SRETNNO VRIJEME

Odgovorno tvrdim
Jedino apsolutno sretno vrijeme
Našeg života
Vrijeme je provedeno u spavanju
Kolijevka je izgubljeni raj
A ja svoju
Noćima prizivam u sjećanju
Putujem u njoj mračnim šumama
Mirnim vodama
Ravno u purpurnu dubinu nekog beskrajnog
Neba

Klause oplahuju valovi anđeoskog praha
I on se pita
Gdje mu je krevet
Pita se to klonućem
A pred takvom zadivljujuće otvorenom slabošću

Njegova sestra gubi oštrinu
Sagiba se za njim

U redu je
U redu je Klaus

Moja kolijevka ima jedra
Čarobne lađe

U redu je
Klaus

U nedostatku majke
A i u svome spomenutom preuzimanju uloge
Pošto je iscrpla karijeru
Klausova sestra uzima Klausu u krilo
Okreće lice prema njemu
Lice joj govori
Puno brige i strasti
Jesi li dobro
Lice joj govori
Budi dobro
Govori
Ja sam tvoja sestra
Ja sam tvoj blizanac
Sjećaš li se ljeta dvadeset sedme dvadeset osme
Ti i ja simpatično dvostruko biće
Erika ima kratku kosu
Odrezanu ravno iznad uha
Ona nosi košulju i kravatu
(Na košulji je podvrnula rukave)
I jedan muški sat
Njezino lice prema Klausu nije se
Odmaknulo desetljećima
Usne su joj razmaknute
Tek toliko
Potrebno za jedan udah
Uvijek jedan isti
Nos je podigla u smjeru upita na koji traži odgovor
A možda se već i zna
Klaus
Smješten u njenu krilu
Zavaljen nazad
Ramenom prislonjen na njezina prsa
Da ne bi pao
Prstima se pridržava za svoje koljeno
Prebačeno preko drugog
Da li zbog cigarete u ustima
(Ta cigareta drži se tamo samo zahvaljujući
Vlažnoj unutrašnjosti gornje usnice)
Lice mu je u izmaglici
Da je riječ o fotografiji
A ne o sceni

Čitav bi Klaus bio van fokusa
Kao da to nešto ima značiti
Za stanje njegovog duha
I budućnosti
I tako zabačen nazad
Tako kruto prepušten sestrinom krilu
I njenoj nenadanoj nježnosti
Klaus je u mogućnosti svome promatraču
Uputiti pogled
Uputiti pogled kroz njega
Kao da jedan od njih dvojice već
Nije tamo.

PIETÀ

Nekako su slični i kao bića
Potpuno su srodni
Klaus i njegova sestra
Tako kako je fotograf⁰¹
Prisilio aparat
To je slika
Pietà.

ANĐELOV JAČI OPSTANAK

Kao prvo
Vi mi ne izgledate kao čovjek
Koji bi se otrovao pićem
To je prva stvar
Zapravo mi ne izgledate kao čovjek
Koji bi se otrovao uopće
A ne ne
Vi se varate
Reče Klaus
I naruči još jedno piće
Golema anđeoska krila bljesnu prema njemu
A zatim mu voditelj putovanja
Ispostavi koktel
Ne osjećam gađenje prema pojmu samoubojstva
To je bilo takvo vrijeme
Takvi krugovi
Samoubojstva su mi odnijela više prijatelja nego
Bolesti zločini ili nesretni slučajevi
Nikad nisam istražio
Što je dovelo do te užasne mode
Mora da je bio neki smrtonosni
Bacil
U zraku

Voditelj ekskluzivnog putovanja odjeven u anđela
 Pogleda strogo prema Klausu
 Ipak uz škrti smiješak
 Protisne
 To i nije neka šala gospodine

Oh ispričavam se
 To su literatova naklapanja
 Morat ćete mi oprostiti
 Nastavljam
 No ima u svemu i nešto genetike
 Slušajte
 C.M.
 U majčinoj kući popila kiselinu
 I grgljala da ublaži smrtne muke
 Dalje
 Teta L
 Sumornih očiju i ušiljenih usta
 Posegnula za spasonosnim užetom
 Teta O
 Ruskinja
 Slikarica
 Vrlo talentirana
 Život joj je krenuo krivo
 I skočila je kroz prozor
 Kći A.S.
 Učinila je to u Austriji
 Zaboravio sam pojedinosti
 Najstariji sin H. von H. prosvirao je sebi metak
 Kroz glavu
 Dva moja najdraža prijatelja
 Koji se nikad nisu sreli
 Voljeli su smrt i bojali se života
 Da ja sad vama kažem kako moje smrtonosno piće
 Leži
 U mojoj smrtonosnoj ruci

Anđeo se isprsi pred Klausom
 Klaus zanijemi
 Ne diše na trenutak
 Tik pred licem
 U anđelov se zlatinkast ten
 Urezuje kožna orma
 Čas jače
 Čas popušta
 Ovisno o tome
 Kako voditelj diše
 Klaus otpije kroz slamku
 Teško gutne
 Opterećen golemim krilima anđeo se okrene prema njemu

Vi ste lijepi volio bih da me privinete k sebi na prsa vi ste lijepi
 gdje bih mogao nabaviti ovakvih zlatnih čestica za tijelo vi
 ste lijepi vi imate smisla za humor znate li kako neodoljivo
 podsjećate na pravog anđela volio bih da me privinete k sebi
 na prsa nevjerojatno ste lijepi shvaćate li kako ste lijepi kako
 neodoljivo razumijete neodoljivo podsjećate na pravog
 anđela sviđaju mi se vaša krila znate li da vam dopiru do
 potkoljenica kako su teška gospode kako ste lijepi kako vam
 se tijelo presijava pod zlatnim česticama hoćete li mi reći gdje
 bih mogao nabaviti takvih zlatnih čestica ili mi dopustite
 barem mi dopustite da mi se prilijepe na lice i zatim da ih
 ostavim na oštrom rubu vaše orme zaista volio bih da me
 privinete k sebi na prsa

Gotovo bih tada uminuo od vašeg jačeg opstanka

Ohoho
 Gospodin se bavi pjesnicima

Znate li kako
 Neodoljivo podsjećate
 Na pravog
 Anđela

Anđelu zatitra osmijeh na polovici usana
 Oči mu postanu tople
 Prijateljske
 Klaus odahne

Pohađali ste nauk o anđelima

Kod Rilkea osobno

Da to se vidi

Obožavao sam ga
 Čitao ga svakodnevno vjerujući
 Da pripada istoj grupi putnika u potrazi za bogom
 I usamljenih pobožnjaka
 Naučio sam kod Rilkea osnovu nauka o anđelima

Svaki je anđeo strašan
 Izgovori napokon golemi voditelj putovanja

Točno tako
 Poznavao sam jednoga još u ono vrijeme
 Čelo mu je bilo mliječnobijelo
 I hladno
 Bio je usamljen
 Kao što su usamljeni anđeli i životinje
 Posvećivao sam mu pjesme koje nikad nije pročitao
 Zato stojim eto zapanjen pred vašim krilima.

RAINER MARIA

Ja vrlo volim pjesme Rainera Marie Rilkea kaže
Nitko u svojim preferencama
Barem što se poezije tiče
Ne bi smio zaobilaziti
Rainera Mariu Rilkea
Klaus je buljio u fotografov profil
Dok je ovaj govorio
Prateći pogledom cestu
Pošto Klaus i dalje nije bio
Naročiti talent za vožnju
Vrli Rilke
Nastavlja fotograf
Kako prolaze
Od Rima do Firenze
Njegova se pojava ne može
Ograničiti
Na kakav
Jednoznačno
Provediv
Misaoni sustav
Na kakvu
Čvrstu strukturu jezičnih
Tvorbenih moći

Što se vožnjom više približavaju Alpama
Preko Bologne i Verone
Za Bolzano
Sve češće susreću njemačke vojnike
Dobro opremljene brojčano jake jedinice
Dok Klaus pravi bilješke
Fotograf vozeći američki automobil govori

Ali kad bi se moguće prispodobe
Potražilo
One bi se
Po svoj prilici
Javile
U okružju jedne
Središnje slike
Slike
Koja čovjeka
Snima
Kao smirenu
I sabranu kulu
Što visi kroz šumnu i olujnu noć

Iako je Njemačka vojska doživjela kolaps
Gledajući ih po Italiji
Kroz prozor američkog džipa
Jedva da se o kolapsu može govoriti

A zatim

Ta se
Središnja slika
Raspada
Na bezbroj
Svojih detalja
Koji se
Poput mogućih zasebnih svjetova
Otvaraju
Pogledu
Upravo njegovim
Ograničavajućim
Vjeđama

Klaus dotle pravi bilješke o njemačkoj aroganciji
Ovako
Armija još uvijek djeluje disciplinirano
Nepobijeđena na vojnom polju
Kako su Nijemci nakon prošlog debakla
Običavali govoriti
Te arogancije ne manjka ni ovaj put
Zadovoljan time
Klaus sprema bilježnicu i ponovo obrati pažnju
Na fotografov profil

Kao u malo kojeg pjesnika
Našega stoljeća
U Rilkea je nastanak
I rast
Djela
Moguće pratiti u
Jasno
Uočljivoj
Sukladnosti
S mijenjanjem postaja
Na životnom putu⁰²

Tako mi svega
Naposljetku izusti Klaus
Vi govorite kao svećenik
Fotograf se osmijehne neobično grozničavo
Na tu primjebdu

Bila je to lijepa vožnja
Pravo proljetno putovanje
Vozili su od Rima do Münchena
Odnosno fotograf
Pošto Klaus nikada nije bio
Naročiti talent za vožnju.

02 Dijelovi o Rilkeu iz: predgovor *Arhajske torzu*, R. M. Rilke, izabrao i priredio A. Stamać

SALON

Klaus se prisjeća
 Majčinog salona
 Kako su kao djeca rijetko smjeli
 Ući tamo
 Kako se na malom
 Okruglom stolu
 Nalazila plitka zdjela
 Sa starim fotografijama
 Kako je među tim obiteljskim relikvijama
 Otkrio portret samoga sebe
 Nekadašnjeg sebe
 Kako je
 Bucmasti mali narcis tada
 Prvi put zadivljeno
 Promatrao svoju sliku
 Nesvjesno
 Klaus
 Sjedeći u istom drmusavom džipu
 Na svom suvozačkom mjestu
 Ispruži noge zatim jedno koljeno približi drugom
 Rastrese stegna
 Pogleda svoje noge
 Izgledaju li tanke
 Pronađe svoj profil
 Pod najboljim kutom
 U slučaju da fotograf slučajno okrene glavu
 Od ceste
 Opusti donju vilicu
 Razmišlja o svjetlu koje pada
 Da li mu naglašava konture obraza
 Pogledom se vrati na lice vlastite prošlosti
 I ostane tamo
 Nadajući se
 Da
 Takva forma
 Izražava precizno
 Neodoljivu
 Čežnju
 Za minulim
 Vremenom.

HLADNOĆA I USAMLJENOST

Zamislite da stojite pred čovjekom

 Pomalo u mraku

 Pomalo goli

 Ili barem s tom tendencijom

Zamislite da stojite pred nekim

Ne baš sasvim blizu

Ali ipak

Dovoljno da vidite

Da marljivo

Gledajući

Primjećujete

Detalje

Što zbog oštrog kuta svjetlosti

Što zbog njegove mirnoće

Što zbog vaše želje

Da ste samo korak bliži

Postajete svjesni

Sitnih pora

Na inače glatkoj savršenoj koži

Brade koja probija

Obrva koje na krajevima gube smjer

Nikad prije primijećenog kuta nosa

Pri samom vrhu

Prijelaz od vrata na prsa

Naizgled neprimjetan

Nježan

Nikakvih kostiju nikakvih mišića

Nikakve tetive koja se propinje

Ovdje ste opet vi jedini koji patite

Od prenapetih živaca

Sve to postaje pregledno

Izloženo

Samo za vaše oči

I ništa više

Do drugoga se ne može

Zatim zamišljate

Prisiljeni ste da zamišljate

Jedan korak naprijed

Vaš

Ili tuđi

Jedan korak

Zatim dah

Kratak tuđi kako vas zahvaća po ramenu

U nepravilnim razmacima

Vi ne smijete pomaknuti noge

Iako ste neudobno stali

Na toj blizini

Grčite palac po golom podu

Da ne biste koraknuli naprijed

Ili u stranu

To bi uništilo krhku ravnotežu

Situacije

Zatim ruke
Na vašem struku
Tuđe
Prvo prsti zatim čitav dlan
Zatim više
Penju se lopaticama
Prelaze vam preko leđa
Pomalo vlažne i hladne ruke kao staklo
I opiru se malim prstom o kičmu
Dok se pitate
Dišući što manje
Izgleda li milovanje
Uopće tako

Zamislite takve ruke
Vlažne i hladne ruke kao staklo

Ne zamišljate
Da zamišljate
Naježili biste se.

RAINER MARIA

U sjećanja misli tonu
Mog djetinjstva vidim dom
Gdje u modrome salonu
Sjeđah sa slikovnicom
Gdje lutke haljinica
Pružala mi sreću svu

...

Rainera nikad nije
Naodmet citirati
Reče majka

Ne znam
Obrati se njoj fotograf
Neobična i lijepa gospođo
Kako ste tada zamislili
Da mi svog sina
Prezentirate
U haljini

Ne znam
Reče nježna Rilkeova majka
S kime ste zamislili
Da upravo razgovarate.

UNIFORMA – DAS LIED

Dobro ti stoji ta uniforma
Iako se na tebi ne vidi težina
Vojničkog života

Prsti me ubijaju od kuckanja
Majčice
Od kuckanja
Majčice
Po vojnoj mašini

Možda mi lažeš
Možda me umiruješ samo
Kada kažeš
Kako u Rimu
Žive sve sami umjetnici življenja
I kako ulicom hodaju
Kavaliri
Suviše zaftiljenih brčića i
Suviše namašćene kose
Možda umiruješ samo
Majčino plaho srce
Previše je njene djece
Razbacano svijetom

U Rimu
Majčice
U Rimu me ubijaju prsti
Majčice
Od kuckanja
Po vojnoj mašini

Možda me umiruješ samo
Kada govoriš o talentu
Pojedinih slikara
Kako
Procjenjuješ
Tko je
Na vrhuncu
A tko je posenilio
I crta same gadarije

Od umjetnosti
Majčice
Od umjetnosti me ubijaju prsti
I od kuckanja
Po vojnoj mašini

Kad govoriš o replikama
Jednih istih dječaka
Kako se vraćaju
U tvoj život

Jednom stariji
I ti vrijedni divljenja
Danas mlađi
Manje nadareni
Manje prokleti
Sposobniji za život
Ali isti
Oni prvi
Kad govoriš o talentu
Možda me samo umiruješ sine

I zbog njih
Majčice
I zbog njih ubijam prste
Kuckanjem
Po vojnoj mašini
Ja pišem
Kao vojnik
Članke i pisma
I ponekad putujem.

I ŠTO JOŠ

Rien que la terre.

O LAKOĆI

Bitna je Klaus
Lakoća
Kad pišeš
To se vježba svakodnevno
To se vježba gledanjem
I praksom
Jer bez lakoće
Ne može se postati veliki pisac
I odati počast svojim očevima.

KLAUS IMA SESTRU

Opet si okrutna
Opet si okrutna
I podcjenjuješ
Kao da ne znaš
Da je pisanje
Koje uključuje žive ljude
Ili barem one koji su postojali
Ništa drugo
No vježba u taktu
Kad postoji cijela povijest
Postaje vrlo vidljivo

Što je čovjek preskočio
I to postaje iskaz

Ti si loš pisac Klaus
Ne zaustavljaš rečenicu tamo gdje treba
To je znak slabosti
To je znak lošeg ukusa
Također
Nedostatak takta
U ponešto drugom smislu
Meni je teško pomoći si
A da previdim takav propust
Žao mi je
Ja sam kći svoga oca
To smo mi
Djeca genija
Čega se treba bojati jest
Da ne postanemo razočaranje
Ja ti ne mogu oprostiti
Tvoje preduge rečenice
Ja ti ne mogu oprostiti
Maniju stvaralaštva
Genija čini sposobnost mimikrije
Provedbena tvrdoća
Trijumf volje nad materijom.

FIZIČKA AKCIJA: OCU

/Klaus sam na sceni. Na sebi nosi kupaći kostim na mornarske pruge. Na glavi mu se zlate loknice. Hoda graciozno, osvrće se preko ramena. Zatim trči, u igri. Osvrće se preko ramena. Maše rukama kao da pljuska vodom. Osvrće se preko ramena. Umiruje se kao da očekuje poljubac. Osvrće se preko ramena. /skida kupaći kostim sa sebe, do pola. Briše se ručnikom. Briše se preko lica. Mršti se bez grimase. I opet. I opet. Osvrće se preko ramena. /zamotan u ručnik, golog torza, u ruci drži naranču. Okreće je ispred lica, žmireći je njuši, zatim je bacaka po zraku kao lopticu. Osvrće se preko ramena. Bacaka naranču po zraku kao da je loptica. Njuši naranču. Osvrće se preko ramena. /Klaus oblači bijelu košulju s mornarskom kragom. Na glavi mu se zlate loknice. Namješta se pod povoljno svjetlo, i ne čini više ništa. Čeka. Čeka. /poražen, Klaus skida skupocjenu periku. Poražen, počese se po glavi. Netko svira Za Elizu.

LISTOPAD

Jučer završeno posljednje poglavlje prekretnice
Danas na vojni pregled
Htio bih da me prime

Htio bih sudjelovati
Da i ja napokon
Jednom sudjelujem
Ljetni dan je dug i težak
Imam suviše slobodnog vremena
Sit sam slobode
Sit osamljenosti
Čežnja za zajedništvom
Želja da se uključim
Da budem koristan
Vojni liječnik nije zadovoljan sa mnom
Privremeno odbijen
Knjiga bi trebala izaći na jesen
Danas pismo od vojske
Novi pregled
Beskrajno čekanje u redu
Vrlo detaljni pregledi
Ponovno odbijen
Vrlo ožalošćen
Vrlo obeshrabren
Knjiga je objavljena
Mnogo je hvale
Lijepa pisma blistave kritike
Usprkos tome sam deprimiran
Osjećaj izopćenosti
Recenzije
Sve vrlo laskave
Depresija i dalje traje
Razgovor o velikoj europskoj antologiji između dva rata
Nisam baš posve zainteresiran
Tuga
Užasna tuga
Prevladava sve
Želja da umrem

DVADESET PETI LISTOPAD

Želja za smrću
Ništa drugo

DVADESET ŠESTI LISTOPAD

Želja za smrću
Kako dugo čovjek to može podnijeti

DVADESET SEDMI LISTOPAD

Želja za smrću
Želim umrijeti
Rado bih bio mrtav

Bilo bi mi drago da više
Ne moram živjeti
Smrt bi bila mnogo ugodnija
Želim umrijeti.

ANĐELOV POVRATAK

Kao prvo
Vi mi ne izgledate kao čovjek
Koji je u rat krenuo poginuti
Uopće mi tako ne izgledate
Pogibaju većinom ljudi
Koji su se krenuli boriti
Ili koji ne znaju zašto su pošli
Vi ne spadate u tu skupinu
Barem nigdje ne naglašavate tako
Jesam li u pravu
Osim toga
Rat ste
I vojsku
Ionako već preživjeli
O čemu mi govorimo
U pravu ste
Klaus pogleda u golemog voditelja ekskluzivnog putovanja
Odjevenog u anđela
No taj se kostim već pohabao od upotrebe
Bijela su krila posivjela
I nagrižena od moljaca
Te su pri krajevima nespretno potkraćena
Škarama
Anđeo se osvrne na njih
Zanemarite
Zub vremena
Svima se događa
Poput psa
Anđeo se strese i s njega
Poleti prašina
Klaus kihne
Još uvijek nisam odustao od prvotne namjere
Vi ste ovdje da mi pomognete isplanirati kraj

Vama na usluzi
Voditelj putovanja se nakloni
Duboko
S krila
Sa svakog
Otpadne još po nekoliko
Sivih pera
Na mjestima
Kralježnica nadiže anđelovu kožu
Klaus nakrivi glavu
Bradom ka ramenu

E da bi odvratio pogled
 Ali prizor mu ne da
 Klaus promatra oronulog vođitelja putovanja
 Odjevenog u kostim anđela
 Iskosa
 Pogledom vuka
 Gleda
 Kako se pozlata
 Od upotrebe
 S anđela ogulila
 I ranjiva posve ljudska put
 Proviruje
 Ispod pazuha
 Pa do trbuha
 Koji se
 Onako kako je anđeo presavijen
 Proširio na obje strane
 Anđeo podigne glavu
 Otvorenih usta
 Dišući
 Gleda u Klausu
 Vama na usluzi
 Ponovi još jednom

Klaus pogne glavu
 Kao da se srami
 Reče
 Cannes
 Kako molim
 Cannes ponovi Klaus
 Kako stojite s aranžmanima ondje
 Čitao sam
 Cannes se prostire na dvadeset kilometara
 Kvadratnih
 Poznat je po svojim pješčanim plažama
 Koje su većinom javne
 To je zadovoljavajuće
 Mislim
 Zadovoljavajuće
 Klaus se zagrcne
 Zatim ponovno odvrati glavu

Da
 Anđeo se uspravi
 Ponovno sav u svojoj veličini
 Pa zaokruži prostorom
 Tvrdio sam
 Da ste čovjek
 Koji bi rado
 Nad vlastitim krajem zaplakao
 No
 To ne smeta
 Anđeo okrene prljavu leđa s krilima

I podigne ramena
 Zgrbi se
 Da upali cigaretu
 Oblak dima iznad glave
 Zatim se osvrne na Klausu
 I mahne šibicom po zraku
 Povuču jednom
 Uopće ne smeta
 Još jednom
 Smeta li vam
 Anđeo podigne obrve
 I cigaretu
 Držeći je poput olovke
 U zraku
 I drži je dugo
 Dok poveća nakupina pepela
 Ne otpadne sama
 Zatim lansira cigaretu u luku na pod
 Prema Klausu
 Klaus to vidi
 Perifernim vidom
 I ne skidajući oči s anđeoskog vođitelja
 Pokupi
 Sagne se i pokupi
 Bačenu cigaretu
 I još uvijek ne skidajući pogleda
 Povuču dim
 Zatim ostavi cigaretu da visi
 Obješena o gornju usnicu

Anđeo se osmjehne polovicom usana
 Okrene Klausu leđa
 Još jednom
 Iste večeri
 I odseće do stolice
 Sjedne
 Zavali se
 Dlanove položi na krilo
 Okrenute prema gore
 Koljena rastavljenih
 Jedno od drugoga
 Gusto i prljavo
 Doima se anđeo
 Sjedeći tako
 O naslon stolca
 Klaus primjećuje
 Anđeo leđima
 Nemilice gnječi krila
 Namješta se
 Savija ih
 Gura laktom
 Ispod
 I oko njega

Hrpica je prašine
I nagorjelog perja
Klaus to sve ne može trpjeti
Ustanite molim
Reče Klaus

Kako molim

Ustanite
Ustanite
Klaus mu priđe bliže
Prljavi ste
Ustanite

Anđeo lijeno
Pun sebe
I prazan značenja
Ustane
Pocrnjelim prsima
Ravno ispred Klause
Prljavi ste
Klaus izvuče rupčić
U nekoj groznici
Rupčićem prođe nekoliko puta
Po nekad zlatinkastom voditelju
Ekskluzivnog putovanja
Pljune na rupčić
Briše ga i briše
Preslaguje rupčić
Pa dalje
Dok mu rupčić ne ispadne
Tada pljuje na ruke
Na ruke
I rukama briše
Prljavštinu s anđela
Pljuje na ruke
I pljuje na njega
I anđeo sve to trpi
Ispršen
Dok Klaus dlanovima riba
Gotovo u plaču
Pocrnjela prsa
Zatim sve brže
Riba i plače i pljuje
Sav je sebe zapljuvao
I plače već na glas
Srčuci kad stigne slinu
Od suza ne vidi više
Ništa
I počne po anđelu
Prvo dlanovima
Čitavim
Zatim skupljenim u šake

Udarati po njemu
Anđelu

Na jedan tren
Sve se zaustavi
Soba je tamna
I zrak je zagušljiv
Anđeo nepomičan pred Klausom
A Klaus još uvijek s rukama u zraku
Sada pomirljivo spusti ruke
Preko čela mu pada pramen kose
Kao da je teško fizički radio
Rukom obriše usta
Stoji bez daljnjih htijenja
Kao mladić
Pred radoznalim pogledom drugog mladića

Anđeo prinese ruke prsima
Počne zatezati
Olabavljeno remenje koje drži krila
Klaus pomisli
Sad je trenutak
Kada će me vlastito srce dotući
Ali ne stigne domisliti tu fantaziju do kraja
Jer već su oko njegovog trupa
Anđelove mnogo veće ruke
I stišću ga
Uz sebe
Pa potom u zrak
Ne bi li ga
Prevalile na pod
Klaus padne
Leđa su mu izgrebena
I ima crvene tragove
Od susreta kože
Sa kopčama orme
Nogom pogodi Klaus u bijesu
Koljeno anđela
I sve se nada
Da će golema masa
Ponovo pasti na njega
I tada da se hrvu
Rukama i nogama da mlati Klaus po njemu
Koji je svoju ljepotu
Svoje veličanstvo
Tako grešno zapustio
Želio bi mu izgrebati lice
Ali umjesto toga
Zubima zagriže u jedno krilo
I trga
Ustiju punih prašine i perja
Kao da će nešto uspjeti
I čuje

Kroz krv
 Koja mu je napunila glavu
 Anđela
 Kako se smije
 I još ga veći bijes obuzme
 Sanja
 Kako će ga uništiti
 Ali ruke su slabe
 Ramena okrugla
 Koljenima bi možda mogao umlatiti anđela
 Pa ga dohvaća
 Nogom
 Gdje stigne
 Sretan
 Kada kost koljena pljesne o meso
 I raste sav od ushita
 I biva sve jači
 Naš Klaus
 Šakama bubnja
 Kao da najavljuje
 Novog sebe
 I tek povremeno
 Šaku raspusti
 Da dodirne
 Vršcima prstiju
 Tijelo voditelja putovanja
 Odjevenog u anđela
 I ostavi to tako
 Par sekundi
 Tiho
 Da se u hrabrosti njegovoj
 Novopronađenoj
 Ne primijeti
 Ta vrsta ljubavi
 Dok anđeo
 Mnogo jači
 Vitla Klausom preko sobe.

KLAUS

Uzmimo da Klaus leži u jednom malom krevetu
 Da se zavukao u njega
 Usprkos canneskom šarmu
 Pješčanih obala
 I tako leži nepomičan
 Te se ne zna
 Je li Klaus bolestan
 Ili je već došao kraj
 No
 U svakom slučaju
 To se ne odražava na njegovo ponašanje
 I na mogućnost odgovaranja na pitanja

Kada se postave pred njega

A kako je danas naš bolesnik

U sobu je ušla medicinska sestra
 Preslika onog istog
 Voditelja ekskluzivnog putovanja
 Ali ovoga puta
 Bez kožnih ormi
 Ali zato s
 Bolničarskom kapom
 I jarko crvenim ružem
 Na tankim usnama
 A kako je danas naš bolesnik
 Pita anđeo
 Odjeven u medicinsku sestru
 Daje mu poljubac anđeoske brige
 Ravno u čelo
 Potapša ga rukom
 Zatim se sagne
 U uskom kostimu
 Da dohvati svoj koferić
 Vadi bočicu
 Nekakvih pilula
 Za trijumf volje
 Nad materijom
 Odgovorno tvrdim
 Kaže anđeo
 Jedino apsolutno sretno vrijeme
 Našeg života
 Vrijeme je provedeno u spavanju
 Kolijevka je izgubljeni raj
 Prizivate li i vi svoju
 Noću u sjećanjima
 Klaus poput djeteta
 Podiže obje ruke anđelu
 Anđeo mu pristupa
 Uzima ga u ruke
 Diže
 Zatim sjeda s Klausom preko koljena
 Prevelikim u anđelovom krilu
 I njiše ga
 Za uspavanku
 Ako želite
 Gospodine
 Možemo vam ponuditi kolijevku
 Njiše ga anđeo
 Ta kolijevka
 Odnosno vaša
 Sjećate se
 Ima jedra čarobne lađe
 U njoj se putuje mračnim šumama
 Mirnim vodama

Ravno
U purpurnu dubinu
Nekog beskrajnog
Neba

Klausa oplahuju valovi anđeoske dobrote
I Klaus se pita
Gdje mu je krevet.



Rona Žulj

in conversation with Vedrana Klepica

Translated from the Croatian
by Marina Miladinov

he *Sun Laughs*, *One or Two Elegies*, an adaptation of *The Pianist*... we may continue the series... what is it that your texts are about, how do they emerge, and – of course – how do you choose your subjects? What are you currently working on? Why? Where?

The Sun Laughs, *Jani's Celebration* (not performed), *One or Two Elegies* (the series ends here)... *The Pianist*, or rather an adaptation of the novel of the same name, can hardly

be listed among 'my' dramatic texts, since adaptations are the point where writing and dramaturgy should be kept apart... at least I am trying to draw a clear line there. Dramaturgy and texts produced to be performed, the concept of which is eventually in the hands of the director, are a result of agreeing about a given concept. Sometimes, as in the case of *The Pianist*, it means sharing your enthusiasm with the rest of the 'logistic tandem', with the author and his work. When the text is yours and produced in a more or less communicative environment, or at the Academy of Dramatic Art with the purpose of completing your final years of study, I prefer dealing with things that concern me: personally and in terms of art. That is a sort of starting point for reflection. It seems fair not to enter the spheres of unknown/alien/popular/exotic, despite the probably exciting new insights that I might gain by doing that.

The Sun Laughs is my answer to the demand or task to write a political drama. It deals with politics in art, or rather with micro-policies, about trying to belong to them or resist them, and about criticizing the highly estimated usefulness of certain modes of behaviour. The title is borrowed from Srećko Kosovel's poem *Sonce se smeje*. Because of its last verse. *Jani's Celebration* was another task – Heracles as an archetype. Within that task, I managed to find my own field of interest, which is to reflect upon the attitude towards the body in which one tries to deny it. *One or Two Elegies* is basically an attempt of a rather unconnected 'I-do-not-understand-but-I-see' type of approach – in hope that seeing things accurately is just as important as formulating a question in the right way.

How do you reflect upon the performing aspects of your texts? What is your main interest in that performing sense, what do you find important, and to what extent do you like to get involved in the process of working on the performance? You are regularly active as a dramaturge as well, so I suppose that you're not the kind of writer for whom the end of writing also means the end of working on the text?

Actually, it is quite the contrary. With some plays/texts I have a very precise vision of how they might look on stage. In that case, it is better to stay away. Other texts are a result of my resistance to that first case. I treat those as spoken texts with no hints (or clear diversification) of characters, no scene, no fictitious places or fictitious 'everyday logic', and so on. I let the others struggle with them. There I also prefer to stay away. Working on a dramaturgy, combined with my own text or an adaptation, belongs to a different (or rather 'special') category. Such texts are written or assembled with the purpose of being staged in perfectly precise circumstances and aestheticisms, and when I am present at their staging, my job is the same as when we work on other people's texts.

If you were to define some aesthetic and political guidelines that you follow while writing, what would they be? Would you pick out certain personalities/ events from the fields of literature, theatre, political economy, or molecular biology that have somehow influenced your work?

I might easily give some names, but it would be a rather pretentious list if written for an interview for Frakcija. Perhaps my decision not to study something like biology is what practically influenced my work even more than what I might mention.

Since you studied dramaturgy, you have an opportunity of (re)defining the dramaturge's position throughout your life. What does that position mean to you and what are your personal interests in working precisely in that field? Does it matter at all?

So far, I've defined my work as a dramaturge from the position of a semiotic supervisor, one that explores the way in which certain decisions alter the meaning of what's presented. But I no longer do that. I'm fed up.

Since our space is rather limited, I will not start a discussion on cultural policies, but we're all aware of the very strong criticism aimed both at the institutions and the independent scene. Where do you see us, the new generations of dramaturges and playwrights, and in which context? Is our scene inert, although I dislike the word, while we are too polite to do something else but hang on the sleeve of the existing initiatives?

I find it impossible to imagine myself in plural form. I think that everyone creates his or her own position, with some coincidence or luck, by struggling to retain one's own attitude according to one's desires and personal or external possibilities. Perhaps we only need to start thinking beyond the acquired paths that lie between the inert spirit of the Academy, the incubator spirit of Theatre &TD, and the city spirit of city theatres.

Your further plans? Even if entirely unrealistic?

My further plans? I want to finish my thesis in order to finally leave my dramaturgy studies behind, once and for all. After that, I would like to work in theatre, but not in the field of dramaturgy. Perhaps I will return to it later. Or maybe not. Maybe I will start writing without the presence of theatre.

Rona Žulj

One or Two Elegies

Translated from the Croatian by Ivana Ivković

The play *One or Two Elegies* was broadcast on the Third Program of Croatian Radio in 2009 in the program *Radio atelier*, directed by Mislav Brečić.

CHARACTERS:

Erika; her brother Klaus, a writer; Klaus's mother; the ghost of the father's genius among the three; an elite cruise guide dressed as an angel; Rainer Maria Rilke in clothing appropriate for a photograph; and a photographer who is a stranger to them all but nevertheless appears.

(...)

Klaus enters onstage
doesn't know what else
Klaus feels a cold sweat
And is not sure of what he's
Getting into

I'd like to

With your permission

Perform a song about make-up

Do you too love love love make-up I love it I love it that
luxurious mask make-up make-up it has its allures
make-up make-up that well obscures.

A HAPPY TIME

I claim with full responsibility
The only absolutely happy time
Of our life
Is time spent sleeping
The cradle a paradise lost
My own
I recall at night
Travel in it through dark forests
Tranquil waters
Straight into the purple depths of some endless
Sky

Klaus is swept by waves of angel dust
And he wonders
Where his bed lays
Wonders swooning
And faced with such an astonishing open fragility
His sister loses her edginess

And bows after him

It's ok

It's ok Klaus

My cradle has sails
Of an enchanted vessel

It's ok

Klaus

With an absent mother
And in her aforementioned assumed role
After exhausting her career
Klaus's sister takes Klaus onto her lap
Turns her face towards him
Her face speaks
Full of worry and passion
Are you alright
Her face speaks
Be alright
Speaks
I am your sister
I am your twin
Do you remember the summer of twenty seven twenty eight
You and I an amiable dual being
Erika has short hair
Cut straight over the ear
She wears a shirt and tie
(Her shirtsleeves rolled up)
And one men's watch
Her face towards Klaus has not
Angled in decades
Her lips parted
Just so
Required for one intake of breath
Always one and the same
Her nose raised in the direction of the question she demands
answered
And perhaps it is already known
Klaus
Settled on her lap
Leaning back
Shoulder against her breast
Not to fall
Fingers gripping his knee
Perched over the other
Perhaps due to the cigarette dangling
(That cigarette hangs on only thanks to the
Damp inside of the upper lip)
His face obscured by a fog
Were it a photograph
And not a scene

Klaus would be completely out of focus
As if that could mean anything
To the state of his spirit
And future
And so leaning back
So cruelly stranded on his sister's lap
And her unexpected gentleness
Klaus is able to direct towards his observer
A gaze
Direct a gaze through him
As if one of them two
Is no longer there.

PIETÀ

They are somehow alike as beings
Completely related
Klaus and his sister
As the photographer⁰¹
Forced the camera
It is an image
Pietà.

THE ANGEL'S STRONGER SURVIVAL

First of all
You do not appear to be the kind of man
To poison himself with drink
That is first of all
Actually you do not appear to be a man
To poison himself at all
Oh no no
You are mistaken
Klaus says
And orders one more drink
Huge angel wings gleam towards him
And then the cruise guide
Serves him a cocktail
I do not loathe the notion of suicide
It was that type of time
Those circles
Suicides did away with more of my friends than
Heinous crime or accidents
I never researched
What brought about that horrible fashion
Must have been a fatal
Bug
In the air

An elite cruise guide dressed as an angel
Casts a severe glance towards Klaus
Still with a stingy smile
Utters
That is not much of a joke Sir

Oh I apologize
Ramblings of a literate
You must forgive me
Continuing
But there's always a touch of genetics
Listen
C.M.
Drank acid in her mother's house
And gargled to dull the mortal anguish
And on
Aunt L
Dead eyes and thinly puckered lips
Reached for salvation by rope
Aunt O
Russian
Painter
Very talented
Her life took a wrong turn
And she jumped out the window
The daughter of A.S.
Did it in Austria
Details escape me
The eldest son of H. von H. blew a bullet
Through his head
My two best friends
Who had never met
Loved death and feared life
Let me tell you how my deadly drink
Lays
In my deadly hand

The angel stretches in front of Klaus
Klaus is rendered speechless
Does not breathe for a moment
Just in front of his face
The angel's golden flesh
Cut by the leather harness
Momentarily stronger
Momentarily yielding
Depending on
How the cruise guide breaths
Klaus sips through his straw
Swallows with difficulty
Burdened with huge wings the angel turns to him

You are beautiful I'd like to be drawn to your chest you are
beautiful where can I obtain this golden body glitter you are

beautiful you have a sense of humor do you know how much
you resemble a real angel I'd like to be drawn to your chest
you are incredibly beautiful do you understand how beautiful
you are how you irresistibly resemble a real angel I like your
wings do you know they reach your lower leg how heavy are
they on lord how beautiful you are how your body glimmers
under the golden particles will you tell me where I can obtain
this golden glitter or at least allow some to cling to my face
so I could then leave them on the sharp edge of your harness
I'd really like to be drawn to your chest

I could almost be soothed by your stronger survival

Ohoho
The gentleman amuses himself with poets

Do you know how
Irresistibly you resemble
A true
Angel

On the angel's lips a semi-smile quivers
His eyes turn warm
Friendly
Klaus sighs with relief

You were taught about angels

By Rilke himself

Yes this is apparent

I adored him
Read his work daily believing
He belongs to the same groups of voyagers in search of god
And the lonely pious
At Rilke's feet I studied the basis of teaching on angels

Every angel is terrifying
The huge cruise guide utters at last

Exactly
I knew one even then
His forehead milky-white
And cold
He was lonely
As angels and animals are lonely
I dedicated poems to him, poems he never read
So I stand stunned faced with your wings.

RAINER MARIA

I do appreciate the poetry of Rainer Maria Rilke he says
No one's preference should
As far as poetry is concerned
Eschew
Rainer Maria Rilke
Klaus stared at the photographer's profile
As he spoke
His eyes following the road
Since Klaus was still no
Expert driver
Virtuous Rilke
The photographer continues
As they pass
From Rome to Florence
The phenomenon of him
Cannot be limited
To some
Unambiguously
Enforceable
System of thought
To some
Solid structure of linguistic
Morphological power

As the drive brings them closer to the Alps
Via Bologna and Verona
Towards Bolzano
They pass more and more German soldiers
Well equipped units strong in number
As Klaus makes notes
The photographer drives an American car and speaks

If possible parables
Were sought
They would
As it is
Appear
In the vicinity of one
Central image
An image
Of a man
Recorded
As a calm
And composed tower
Hanging in the night of tumult and tempest

For even though the German army collapsed
Watching them throughout Italy
Through a window of an American Jeep
One can barely speak of a collapse

And then

That
Central image
Crumbles
Into innumerate
Details of itself
That
Like possible distinct worlds
Open
To the gaze
Of precisely his
Limiting
Eyelids

Klaus meanwhile makes notes on German arrogance
Like this
The army still appears disciplined
Unbeaten in the battlefield
As Germans after the last debacle
Used to say
This arrogance is still aplenty
Satisfied by it
Klaus puts away the notebook and turns his attention once
more
To the photographer's profile

As for seldom a poet
Of our century
Rilke's formation
And growth
Of the body of work
Can be tracked in
Clear
Observable
Harmony
As changing stations
On the road of life⁰²

Well I'll be
Klaus finally voices
You speak like a priest
The photographer grins an unusually feverish smile
At the remark

It was a nice drive
A real springtime journey
They drove from Rome to Munich
Actually the photographer did

⁰² Segments on Rilke from the introduction to *Arhajscome torzu (Archaic Torso of Apollo)*, R. M. Rilke, selection and translation into the Croatian by A. Stamač

Since Klaus was never an
Expert driver.

SALON

Klaus remembers
Mother's salon
How as children they were rarely allowed to
Enter there
How the small
Round table
Held a shallow bowl
Of family photographs
How among these family relics
He discovered a portrait of himself
His former self
How
The chubby little narcissus then
For the first time and with amazement
Observed his image
Unknowingly
Klaus
Sitting in the same shaky Jeep
On the passenger side
Stretches his legs then brings one knee towards the other
Stretches his thighs
Takes a look at his legs
Do they appear thin
Finds his profile
At a favorable angle
In case the photographer might turn
Away from the road
Relaxes his lower jaw
Contemplating the falling rays of light
Whether they emphasize the contour of his cheek
His gaze returning to the face of his own past
And stays there
Hoping
That
That form
Expresses precisely
An irresistible
Yearning
For past
Time.

COLD AND LONELINESS

Imagine standing in front of a man

Partially in darkness

Partially nude

Or with that tendency

Imagine standing in front of someone

Not really close

But still

Close enough to see

Industriously

Observing

Noticing

Details

Due to the sharp angle of the light

Due to his calm

Due to your desire

To be even a step closer

You become aware

Of tiny pores

On otherwise perfect smooth skin

A beard starting to show

Eyebrows that lose direction at their corners

A never before noticed angle of nose

At the very top

The transition of neck to breast

Seemingly indiscernible

Gentle

No bone no muscle

No tense tendon

Again you are the one suffering

Taut nerves

It all becomes discernible

Exposed

For your eyes only

And nothing more

The other unreachable

You then think

You are forced to imagine

One step towards

Your

Or the other's

One step

Then breath

Shallow his upon your shoulder

At irregular intervals

You cannot move your feet

Although your stance is uncomfortable

That close
Your toe cramping on the bare floor
So as not to move forward
Or sideways
It would upset the delicate balance of the
Situation
Then hands
At your waist
Foreign
First fingers then the full palm
Then more
Climb to the shoulder blades
Run across your back
Slightly damp and cold hands like glass
The little finger pressed against the spine
As you ask yourself
Breathing minutely
Does caressing even look
Like this

Imagine hands like those
Damp and cold hands like glass

Don't imagine
If you did imagine
You'd shudder.

RAINER MARIA

Into memories thoughts wear on
I see my childhood's home
Where in the blue salon
I sat with a picturebook
A dolls dress
My only happiness
...
Rainer can always be
Quoted
Mother said

I do not know
The photographer addresses her
Unusual and beautiful madam
How it came to you
To present
Your son
In a dress

I do not know
Rilke's gentle mother says
Who you imagine
You are talking to.

UNIFORM – DAS LIED

You wear this uniform well
Although you do not show the burden of
Military life

My fingers hurt from typing
Mother dear
From typing
Mother dear
On the military's machine

Perhaps you lie to me
Perhaps you only pacify me
When you say
That in Rome
Only artists of life live
That streets are walked by
Cavaliers
Their mustaches too waxed to point
Their hair too greased
Perhaps you only pacify
Mother's timid heart
Too many of her children are
Scattered about the world

In Rome
Mother dear
In Rome my fingers are killing me
Mother dear
From typing
On the military's machine

Perhaps you only pacify me
When you speak of talent
Of certain painters
How you
Assess
Who is
On top
And who is senile
And draws only abominations

From art
Mother dear
My fingers hurt from art
And from typing
On the military's machine

When you speak of lines spoken
By the same boys
As they return
Into your life

Once older
Worthy of admiration
Today younger
Less gifted
Less damned
More capable of living
But the same
The first ones
When you speak of being gifted
Perhaps you only pacify me son

And for them
Mother dear
For them I break my fingers
By typing
On the military's machine
I write
As a soldier
Articles and letters
And sometimes travel.

AND WHAT MORE

Rien que la terre.

ON LIGHTNESS

The importance Klaus is in
Lightness
When you write
It is practiced daily
It is practiced by watching
And in practice
Because without lightness
One cannot become a great writer
And pay tribute to one's ancestors.

KLAUS HAS A SISTER

Again you are cruel
Again you are cruel
And depreciating
As if you don't know
That writing
That embraces living people
Or at least those who have existed is
Nothing else
But an exercise in tact
When there is a whole history
It becomes very apparent

What man skips over
And that becomes a statement

You're a bad writer Klaus
You do not end the sentence where it should
It's a sign of weakness
It's a sign of bad taste
Also
A lack of tack
In a different sense of the word
I cannot but help
To fail to observe that lapse
I am sorry
I am my father's daughter
This is us
Children of geniuses
What one must fear is
Becoming a disappointment
I cannot forgive you
Your too-long sentences
I cannot forgive your
Mania of creation
A genius is so in his aptitude of mimicry
Implementing harshness
A triumph of will over matter.

PHYSICAL ACTION: DIRECTED AT THE FATHER

/Klaus alone on stage. Wearing a swimsuit with navy stripes. Head covered in golden curls. Walks gracefully, glances over his shoulder. Then runs, playful. Glances over his shoulder. Waves his arms as if splashing water. Glances over his shoulder. Becomes still as if expecting a kiss. Glances over his shoulder. /takes off the swimsuit, half-way. Wipes off with a towel. Wipes his face. Frowns with no grimace. And again. And again. Glances over his shoulder. /wrapped in the towel, torso naked, one hand holding an orange. Turns it before his face, smells it with eyes closed, then starts tossing it like a ball. Glances over his shoulder. Tosses the orange like a ball. Smells the orange. Glances over his shoulder. /Klaus dresses into a white shirt with a sailor collar. Head covered in golden curls. Settles under a favorable light, and does nothing else. Waits. Waits. /defeated, Klaus takes off the expensive wig. Defeated, he scratches his head. Someone is playing Für Elise.

OCTOBER

Yesterday the last chapter of the turning-point finished
Today the military physical
I'd like to be accepted

I'd like to take part
For once to also
Take part
The summer day is long and difficult
I have too much free time
I am fed up with freedom
Fed up with loneliness
I long for community
I desire to take part
To be useful
The military doctor is dissatisfied with me
Temporarily rejected
The book should come out in the fall
Today a letter from the army
A new exam
Endless queuing
Very detailed physical
Rejected again
Very distressed
Very discouraged
The book is published
Lots of praise
Nice letters raving reviews
In spite of it I am depressed
A feeling of exclusion
Reviews
All very flattering
depression still persists
Talk of a big European anthology between the two wars
I am not very interested
Sadness
Devastating sadness
All-consuming
A desire to die

TWENTY-FIFTH OCTOBER

A desire to die
Nothing else

TWENTY-SIXTH OCTOBER

A desire to die
How long can one bear this

TWENTY-SEVENTH OCTOBER

A desire to die
I want to die
I'd gladly be dead

I'd take pleasure in
Not having to live
Death would be more pleasant
I want to die.

ANGEL'S RETURN

First of all
You do not look like a man
That is headed to war to die
You do not look like that at all
Those who die are mostly men
Who went to fight
Or who do not know why they went at all
You do not belong to that group
At least you do not advertise it
Am I right
Besides
War
And the military
You have already survived
What are we saying
You are right
Klaus looks at the huge elite cruise guide
Dressed as an angel
But the costume is already worn
White wings gray
And eaten away by moths
Their tips awkwardly trimmed
With scissors
The angel glances at them
Ignore
The tooth of time
It happens to us all
Like a dog
The angel shakes off and from him
Dust flies
Klaus sneezes
I have still not given up my first intention
You are here to help me plan the end

At your service
The cruise guide bows
Deeply
From the wings
From both
A few
Gray feathers fall off
In places
The spine raises the angel's skin
Klaus tilts his head
Chin to shoulder

To turn away his gaze from it
 But the scene is relentless
 Klaus looks at the dilapidated cruise guide
 Dressed as an angel
 From aside
 Eyes of a wolf
 Watches
 As the gilding
 From use
 Peels off the angel
 And a vulnerable very human flesh
 Peeks through
 Under the armpits
 To the stomach
 That
 As the angel is bowed over
 Spreads to both sides
 The angel raises his head
 Mouth open
 Breathing
 Looks at Klaus
 At your service
 He repeats again

Klaus bows his head
 As ashamed
 And says
 Cannes
 Beg your pardon
 Cannes Klaus repeats
 Any holiday offers there
 I read
 Cannes stretches for twenty kilometers
 Square
 It is known for its sandy beaches
 Mostly public
 That is satisfactory
 I believe
 Satisfactory
 Klaus chokes up
 Then again turns his head away

Yes
 The angel stands straight
 Again in his full size
 Then circles the space
 I claimed
 That you are a man
 Who would gladly
 Weep over his own end
 But
 That doesn't matter
 The angel turns his dirty back with wings

And raises his shoulders
 Slouches down
 To light a cigarette
 A cloud of smoke over his head
 Then turns to Klaus
 And waves the match through the air
 Draws once
 Does not bother me at all
 Once again
 Does it bother you
 The angel raises his eyebrows
 And the cigarette
 Holding it like a pencil
 In the air
 Holding it long
 Until a larger amount of ash accumulates
 And drops off on its own
 Then launches the cigarette in an arc towards the floor
 Towards Klaus
 Klaus sees this
 Peripherally
 Not taking his eyes off the angelic guide
 He picks it up
 Bows down and picks it up
 The tossed cigarette
 Still not taking his eyes off
 Draws a puff
 Then leaves the cigarette hanging
 Dangling off the top lip

On the angel's lips a semi-smile
 He turns his back on Klaus
 Once again
 In the same night
 And walks to the chair
 Sits down
 Leans back
 Palms on lap
 Facing up
 Knees apart
 From each other
 Dense and dirty
 The angel appears
 Leaning like this
 On the back of the chair
 Klaus notices
 With his back the angel
 Ruthlessly crushes the wings
 Settles in
 Bends them
 Pushes with his elbow
 Under
 And around him

A small pile of dust
And burnt feathers
Klaus cannot take it all
Stand up please
Klaus says

Beg your pardon

Stand up
Stand up
Klaus approaches him
You are filthy
Stand up

The angel lazily
Full of himself
And evacuated of meaning
Stands up
With blackened chest
Directly facing Klaus
You are filthy
Klaus takes out a handkerchief
In a kind of fever
He passes the handkerchief several times
Over the formerly golden guide
Of an exclusive holiday
He spits on the handkerchief
Wipes and wipes him
Rearranges the handkerchief
And on
Until he drops the handkerchief
Then he spits on his palms
His palms
And wipes with his hands
The filth off the angel
Spits on his palms
And spits on him
And the angel takes it all
Chest out
While Klaus rubs with his hands
Almost crying
Blackened chest
Then faster and faster
Rubs and cries and spits
Spit all over himself
Cries out loud by now
Lapping up the spit when he can
Not able to see from the tears anymore
Nothing
And starts on the angel
Palms first
Whole
Than gathered into fists

Hitting on him
The angel

For one moment
All stops
The room is dark
And the air stifling
The angel immobile in front of Klaus
And Klaus still with his hands up
Now reconcilably lowering his hands
A lock of hair falls across his forehead
As if after strenuous labor
Wipes his mouth with his hand
Stand with no further desire
As a youth
Faced with the curious gaze of another youth

The angel brings his hands to his chest
Starts to tighten
The loose harness carrying the wings
Klaus thinks
This is the moment
When my own heart gives out
But has no time to think this fantasy through
Because his torso is enveloped
By the angel's much larger hands
Pressing him
To him
Then into the air
To
Throw him down
Klaus falls
His back ripped
Red traces on skin
Where skin meets
The harness's buckles
In rage Klaus hits with his foot
The angel's knee
Hoping
That the large mass
Will again fall on him
And they wrestle
With hands and feet Klaus keeps hitting on the one
Who has his beauty
His majesty
So sinfully neglected
He'd like to claw his face
But instead
His teeth bite into one wing
And tears
Mouth full of feathers and dust
As if this can succeed
And he hears

Through the blood
 Filling his head
 The angel
 Laughing
 And an even larger fury overcomes him
 He dreams
 How he will destroy him
 But hands are weak
 Shoulders round
 With his knee maybe he could bludgeon the angel
 So he hits him
 With his leg
 Wherever it lands
 Happy
 When the bone of the knee slaps the flesh
 Growing in rapture
 Becoming stronger
 Our Klaus
 Drumming his fists
 As if announcing
 A new him
 Only once in a while
 He lowers his fist
 To touch
 With the tips of his fingers
 The body of the cruise guide
 Dressed as an angel
 Leaving them
 For a couple of seconds
 Quietly
 That in his courage
 Newly discovered
 That kind of love
 Does not reveal itself
 While the angel
 Significantly stronger
 Twirls Klaus across the room.

KLAUS

Let us say Klaus is lying in a small bed
 That he has crawled into it
 Despite the charm of Cannes
 Of sandy beaches
 And he lies there immobile
 And it is not known
 Whether Klaus is ill
 Or his end has come
 But
 In any case
 This does not reflect on his behavior
 And possibility to answer questions

He is presented with

And how is our patient today

A nurse enters the room
 A copy of the same
 Exclusive travel guide
 But this time
 Without the leather harness
 But with a
 Nurse's cap
 And bright red lipstick
 On thin lips
 And how is our patient today
 Asks the angel
 Dressed as a nurse
 And gives him a kiss of angelic care
 Straight on the forehead
 Taps him with her hand
 Then leans
 In her tight uniform
 To reach for her case
 Out comes a bottle
 Of some kind of pills
 For the triumph of will
 Over matter
 I claim with full responsibility
 The angel says
 The only absolutely happy time
 Of our life
 Is time spent sleeping
 The cradle a paradise lost
 Do you invoke your own
 At night as memory
 Klaus as a child
 Raises both arms to the angel
 The angel approaches him
 Takes him in her arms
 Lifts
 Then sits with Klaus over her knee
 Too big in the angel's lap
 And rocks him
 In a lullaby
 If you so desire
 Sir
 We can offer you a cradle
 Rocked by an angel
 This cradle
 That is your own
 Remember
 It has the sails of an enchanted vessel
 In it one travels through dark forests
 Tranquil waters

Straight
Into the purple depths
Of some endless
Sky

Klaus is bathed by waves of angelic goodness
And Klaus asks
Where is his bed.



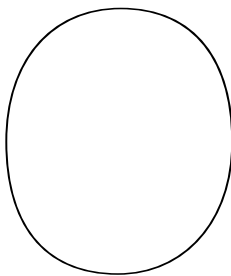
Vedrana

Klepica



Vedrana Klepica

odgovara,
pita Rona
Žulj



tvojem komadu *J.A.T.O.* čula sam prvi put unutar jednog vrlo pozitivnog osvrtu koji se odnosio na njegovo postavljanje u režiji Helene Petković. Reci mi malo više o tom komadu, o toj suradnji, općenito o iskustvima suradnje na polju kazališta kad je postavljanje tvojih komada u pitanju. Možda manje o iskustvima, više o stavovima, zaključcima...

J.A.T.O. je zapravo prvi komad na čijem sam postavljanju odlučila osobno raditi i zato mi je bitan. Nisam tip autora koji smatra svoj posao gotovim u trenutku kad dovrši tekst. Ja se bavim izvedbenim umjetnostima, te su pisanje i izvedba za mene gotovo sinonimi, a jedino po čemu se razlikuju jest modus provedbe ideje. Bez obzira da li se radi o pisanju, okupaciji izvedbenog prostora, dramaturškom radu, radu na koreografiji ili na radiju, radu sa zvukom, jedino što je stvarno bitno jest naći optimalan način kako taj modus iskomunicirati s okolinom. Dijalog je za mene ključan faktor. *J.A.T.O.* sam napisala kao odgovor na vlastito pitanje o tome kakve posljedice (i u javnoj i privatnoj sferi) malodušnost nosi sa sobom, a i na sceni i na radiju sam surađivala sa svojom redateljicom Helenom, koju već mogu nazvati stalnom suradnicom. Mi se dobro razumijemo i ja u radu s njom ponovno utvrđujem što je meni, a zatim i nama zajedno stvarno relevantno, i nerijetko se događa da prije izvedbe dopisujem stvari jer mi ona kaže da je ono što joj objašnjavam drugačije od onoga što trenutačno piše u tekstu. Ne podnosim autokraciju i egoizam, pogotovo ne u kazalištu.

Pamtim te kao jednu od aktivnijih osoba s Akademije dramske umjetnosti. Aktivnijih znači manje inertnih od većine. Znam da ne voliš riječ inertno. Gdje si u odnosu na akademsku inertnost/aktivnost danas, s friškom prošlosti dramaturškog treninga? Koliko te ta škola pripremila za stvari kojima se baviš danas, a koliko te na drugačiji način odredila prema njima?

Prijatelj mi je jednom rekao: ako te ne frustrira umjetnička škola na kojoj studiraš, onda tek imaš razlog za brigu. I to je istina. ADU je jedina institucija koja nudi program dramaturgije u RH i da moram opet birati, pretpostavljam da bih upisala isto. Ali kao i sve (umjetničke) škole, ona pokazuje samo neke putove kojima možeš ići, međutim ne može ti pokazati kako ćeš se po njima kretati.

U idealnim okolnostima, svijetu bez stanarina i lobiranja za pozicije, dakle bez otpora svijeta i bez kompromisa s tvoje strane, gdje se vidiš? Što radiš? S kim surađuješ? Radiš li uopće?

Situacija u našoj kulturi je identična situaciji u politici, ekonomiji, robnoj kući u kojoj radi moja mama, etc. Sistem je korumpiran i služi za samopromociju i zaradu pojedinaca. Plus, u Hrvatskoj se šačica i pol ljudi bavi kulturom, svi se poznaju, svi su si jako bitni, i u takvoj napetoj situaciji ponekad je teško disati. Ja u opisu ovog posla, između ostalog, vidim i probijanje struktura u kojima se nalazimo, zato jer svi prije ili kasnije na vlastitoj koži osjetimo da su neke strukture često zatvorene. No, to se ne postiže kritiziranjem, već radom. Ako nešto mrzim, to je onda blažena umjetnička samodostatnost. Umjetnost jest rad, a kad više ne osjećam izazov u onome što radim, spakiram se i kažem doviđenja. Nemam viška vremena. Da mogu raditi što želim, radila bih isto ono što radim sada, samo bi proces produkcije išao brže jer ne bi bila opterećena stanarinom i računima. U priču o lobiranju neću ulaziti. Zavući se nekome u krilo je vrlo jednostavno. *Status quo.* Reći nekome da ne razmišljaš

isto kao i on je već malo teže. No, nisam ogorčena. Zapravo sam jako dobre volje.

Kao dramaturg dramaturgu: što jedan komad čini relevantnim?

Rizik. Nekomfornost. Iskrenost. Nepretencioznost. Otvorenost. Determiniranost. Samokritičnost. Anomalija. Mislim da je to to. Kazalište je tektonski poremećaj. Išta manje od toga nije vrijedno ni truda ni vremena.

Isto pitanje, ali iz pozicije dramskog pisca. Na koji način odabireš teme? Na koji se način određuješ prema njima? Na koji te način odabir tema određuje unutar scene (ne mislim na daske)?

Teme kojima se bavim moraju se ticati mene, ali ne smiju biti privatne. Trenutak kada sam zadovoljna s tekstom jest onaj u kojem on ruši moje osobne barijere i ograničenja, a svima drugima u najmanju ruku prezentira određenu problematiku. Tekstovi koje napišem s lakoćom vjerojatno su smeće. Tekstovi koje mi je teško pisati i zbog kojih moram tjedan dana npr. kopati po leksikonu političke ekonomije možda će vrijediti nešto. Za mene je pisanje učenje, informiranje i osvještavanje, i ako uspijem napisati tekst kroz koji sam nešto naučila, onda taj tekst imam potrebu (i pravo) i podijeliti s publikom. Nisam skriboman i mrzim hiperprodukciju, zato dva puta razmislim o svakoj rečenici koju napišem. Dobar dio svog školovanja sam provela čitajući knjige i slušajući predavanja o tome što je to političko kazalište, politika u umjetnosti... no sve to ne znači puno do trenutka kad sami ne osvijestite što je to što zapravo proizvodite i plasirate u društvo.

Planovi. Petoljetka. Stanarine. Lobiranja. Kazališni krugovi. Pisanje. Započinjanja. Odustajanja. Život.

Upravo sam završila novi ("ekonomski") tekst, jedva čekam da ga čujem na sceni. Zatim radim na plesnoj produkciji, jer lingvistika i kineziologija jako dobro idu zajedno. Nakon toga pišem jednu adaptaciju koja zapravo nije adaptacija jer ne volim i ne želim pisati adaptacije. Na kompjuter sam si instalirala još jedan program za oblikovanje zvuka, pa se i tim bavim kad stignem, iako se glas kritike unutar kruga mojih najbližih i najliberalnijih prijatelja oštro protivi mojem daljnjem glazbenom djelovanju.

Vedrana Klepica

J.A.T.O.

Tekst J.A.T.O. 2010. godine objavljen je na Trećem programu Hrvatskog radija, u emisiji *Radio atelje*, u režiji Helene Petković, u čijoj je režiji iste godine izveden i na Kazališnoj reviji Akademije dramske umjetnosti u Zagrebu. 2009. godine predstavljen je na festivalu *Mala noćna čitanja* u Teatru &TD, također u režiji Helene Petković, a iste je godine autorica s tekstom sudjelovala na *World Interplayu* i platformi *Tease* u Australiji te ga je predstavila na *Singapore Writers Meetup* programu.

LICA:

J.A.T.O.

BJÖRN

HELENNÄ

korska formacija s 5 do 9 izvođača
(ne računajući Björna i Helennu)

SIVI ORAO

JULIJA

KONOBAR

DEBELI

I još nekoliko njih. Ovisno o situaciji.

(...)

Slušajte me sada dobro! Sletio je u zračnu luku prije 6 minuta, dakle službeno vrijeme, petak točno u 14h i 54 min. Imamo još sat vremena čekanja dok se iskrca s aviona, pozdravi s ministrima obrane i gospodarstva, popravi kravatu...

— I klekne.

— Klekne i poljubi zemlju.

— Poljubi zemlju po kojoj hoda.

— Poljubi zemlju hrvatsku!

SIVI ORAO: On to neće učiniti. To rade samo vrhovni crkveni djelatnici iz Vatikana i haški optuženici na privremenom dopustu. On to sigurno neće učiniti. Na kraju krajeva, zašto i bi?

— Poljubiti zemlju po kojoj hoda...

— Ona ništa nije kriva...

— Ona ništa nije kriva... pjevali su brkati pjevači u politički turbulentnim vremenima.

— Vremena su prošla.

— Pjesme zaboravljene.

— Pjevači počinili suicid.

— Neki uspješno.

— Neki ne.

Slušajte me sad dobro! Sletio je u zračnu luku prije 7 minuta, dakle službeno vrijeme, u petak točno u 14h i 54 min. Imamo još sat vremena čekanja dok se iskrca s aviona, pozdravi s ministrima obrane i gospodarstva, popravi kravatu...

— Kad je Tito umro, vozili su ga vlakom.

— Vozili su ga vlakom od Ljubljane do Beograda.

— Od Ljubljane do Beograda svi vlakovi su kasnili.

— Željeznički radnici radili su dulje no inače.

— Plaćeni su jednako kao i prije.

— No, nikom nije smetalo.

— Ili možda je, pa su zato plakali taj dan.

— Cijeli taj dan i još tjedne i mjesece kasnije.

— Pa onda još i godinama kasnije.

- Zbog plaće ili zbog Tita, ili zbog nekih ljudi koji su došli ili otišli nakon njega.
- Nitko više nije siguran zbog čega.
- Ali plaću, plaću još i danas.
- SIVI ORAO: Danas nitko nije umro i danas nitko neće umrijeti, a ako i hoće, neće biti nitko važan, nitko o kome bi današnja djeca mogla za trideset godina voditi spekulativni razgovor, poput ovog vašeg koji ne može biti ništa drugo no spekulativan jer ste tada, jer ste tada, jer ste tada bili djeca...
- Djeca.
- U embrionalnoj fazi razvoja.
- Potezali majku za pupčanu vrpcu.
- Ritali se neugodno po maternici.
- Zahtijevali doručak, ručak, zvečku i porod.
- Ne dobili ništa od toga.
- Jer je majka čekala oca.
- A otac je čekao vlak.
- A vlak je kasnio satima.
- SIVI ORAO: Istina. Željeznički radnici taj dan zaista nisu imali sreće. Komunistički vođa se nije potrudio odapeti u prigodnoj federalnoj jedinici, pa se na dan transporta njegovog ukrućenog tijela iz federalne jedinice br. 1 u federalnu jedinicu broj 3, horda željezničkih radnika krvavo oznojila pokušavajući uspješno preorganizirati čitav jebeni vozni red kako odapeli generalni sekretar slučajno ne bi zakasnio na vlastiti pogreb.
- Da, svi ostali vlakovi su kasnili.
- Mislite da će danas avioni kasniti?
- Ne vjerujem.
- Mislite da su preorganizirali red letova?
- Morali bi.
- S 4000 metara piste i preko 50 dnevnih letova.
- Računica je jednostavna.
- Ali praksa baš i nije.
- Ne izmišljajte, mogao je odapeti i negdje dalje.
- Što bi tek onda bilo?
- SIVI ORAO: Mogao je odapeti u Kini ili na Tenerifima. Što bi tek onda bilo! Ne znam da li su preorganizirali red letova! Treba nekoga pitati.
- Tito nikad nije bio na Tenerifima.
- Tito je sigurno bio na Tenerifima.
- Tenerife, Lanzarote, Fuerteventura, La Palma, La Gomera, El Hierro.
- Obišao ih je sve!
- I to više puta!
- Na La Palmi je imao stan, u El Hierro ljubavnicu, a na Gomeri vulkan nazvan po njemu.

Slušajte me sad dobro! Sletio je u zračnu luku prije 9 minuta, dakle službeno vrijeme, u petak točno u 14h i 54 min. Imamo još sat vremena čekanja dok se iskrca s aviona, pozdravi s ministrima obrane i gospodarstva, popravi kravatu u ukrca u

ono pretenciozno General Motors smeće od automobila koje nećemo sada imenovati.

- Buick, Chevrolet?
- Hummer, Pontiac?
- Opel, Saab?

SIVI ORAO: Ono neimenovano General Motors smeće od automobila (a koje NIJE Buick, Chevrolet, Hummer, Pontiac, Opel niti Saab) trebalo je biti praćeno nizom luksuznih tamnoplavih njemačkih BMW-a koji će se kasnije razdvojiti na dvije zasebne linije, od kojih će se jedna ponosno provozati središtem grada, a druga, važnija, na koju je dragocjeni teret zapravo i natovaren neprimjetno će šmugnuti ravno do glamuroznog hotela.

Mi čekamo dakle kolonu B.

SIVI ORAO: Naravno da čekamo kolonu B. Drugim riječima, onu nebitnu.

- Nije nebitna.
- Ako malo razmisliš.
- Jako je bitna.

Kolona B će se provozati dužom putanjom, biti namjerno javno primijećena i na ciljano odredište doći točno sat vremena poslije kolone A.

- Kolona B će se provozati dužom putanjom.
- Biti namjerno javno primijećena.
- Na ciljano odredište doći točno sat vremena nakon kolone A.

SIVI ORAO: To su nam ponovili već nekoliko desetaka puta, no bez obzira na to, velika većina prisutnih još uvijek izgleda zaintrigirano dotičnim mudrim planom državno-zaštitarskih djelatnika. Izgledaju ponosno jer su za razliku od standardnih estetsko impotentnih krem odijela dobili specijalna crna, sofisticirana i elegantna, a umjesto standardnih pištolja nabrijane dugocijevne poluautomatike koje bi možda u nekoj drugoj situaciji njihovi testosteronski porivi voljeli isprazniti na prvoj slobodnoj hodajućoj meti.

Ima li još kakvih pitanja?

- Nema.
- Nema.
- Nema.

SIVI ORAO: Nema. Plaća je pristojna. Zadatak umjerenog rizika. Cigaret-pauze tijekom dana gotovo nepodnošljivo duge. Sve što trebamo jest glumiti da čuvamo nešto što ionako nije tamo. U tajnosti sam se

odšuljao u wc i popio još dvije tablete za smirenje, iako mi je bilo jasno da ako prve dvije nisu djelovale, teško da će i ove.

Još jednom vas podsjećam, pustite prvo sve policijske automobile da se izvezu, a zatim se odvezite za svojom grupom.

SIVI ORAO: Činjenica da nisu djelovale, da sam ih pio iz krivih pobuda i u krivom doziranju dodatno me oneraspoložila, pa sam pokušao vratiti elan razmišljanjem da ću za malo više od 3 sata biti doma, sam, u premalom i prevrućem stanu u kojem večera nije skuhana, niti će biti jer je hladnjak već nekoliko dana, iz više različitih razloga, potpuno prazan, a da u ostavi više ne ostavljam ništa jer je najezda kuhinjskih moljaca koji su razvili otpornost na žestoke insekticide prevršila svaku mjeru.

— Idemo.
— Idemo.
— Idemo.

TREĆA

HELENN: Voljela sam putovati dok sam bila mlađa. Prošla sam Španjolsku, Francusku, Italiju, Njemačku, Ukrajinu, Bugarsku. Vidjela Iran, Irak, Libiju i Jemen. Ništa mi nije bilo nedostupno. Skijala sam na vrhu Kavkaza.

BJÖRN: Sunčala se na obali norveških fjordova.

HELENN: Orgijala u Vatikanu.

BJÖRN: Ronila je na dah po Volgi.

HELENN: Tamo sam ga i upoznala.

BJÖRN: Prije 8 godina.

HELENN: Rekao je...

BJÖRN: Idem u Tabriz.

HELENN: Tabriz, Kirkuk, Malaga, Bremerhaven i Novi Sad.

BJÖRN: Prošle godine bili smo u Čečeniji.

HELENN: Bili smo u Čečeniji, Ankari, Reykjaviku i Casablanci.
No nije mi se svidjelo.

BJÖRN: Nije joj se svidjelo.

HELENN: U Čečeniji su nepismeni, u Ankari zli, a Casablanca je prljava.

BJÖRN: Njoj se već dugo vremena ništa ne sviđa.

HELENN: U Reykjaviku je hladno i nitko nema smisla za humor. Napila sam se tamo jedne večeri.

BJÖRN: Ona se uvijek napije jedne večeri.

HELENN: Napila sam se tamo jedne večeri. U prvom mjesecu trudnoće. I napisala sprejem u boji na zid jedne zgrade – *Ja mrzim Reykjavik!!!* Čak sam naučila kako se to piše na islandskom.

BJÖRN: Islandski sam je ja naučio.

HELENN: *Eg hatur Reykjavik!!! Eg hatur Reykjavik* u krvavo-crvenoj nijansi na pročelju ogromne moderne trokatnice. Završila sam na policiji. Naravno.

BJÖRN: Opet je zajebala. Naravno.

HELENN: U Reykjaviku nitko nema smisla za humor. Nazvala sam NJEGA na telefon da mu ispričam što se dogodilo. Bio je ljut i rekao da...

BJÖRN: Svojim nekontroliranim pijanim ispadima ugrožavaš sve što sam dosad napravio!

HELENN: I da mu to već stvarno ide na kurac. U Reykjaviku sam napravila pobačaj. Nazvala sam NJEGA na telefon da mu ispričam što se dogodilo. Rekao je indiferentnim tonom da...

BJÖRN: Tako je možda i bolje!

HELENN: U Reykjaviku nitko nema smisla za humor. Mislim da je i moj tamo umro. Od tada se povlačimo po zemljama Jugoslavije. Ima ih mnogo. Mi smo bili u onoj koja ima obalu. U zemljama Jugoslavije svi su jako humoristični. Sjede usred dana na klupama po glavnim trgovima, puše domaći duhan i ližu domaću rakiju i sprejevima u boji po modernim trokatnicama ispisuju svoja humoristična razmišljanja i reminiscencije. Primijetila sam način na koji se njihova vizija modernih trokatnica bitno razlikuje od one u Reykjaviku. No, nema veze. Bez obzira na to, oni i dalje ispisuju. Cijeli dan. Ispisuju po zidovima svoje analitičke eseje i radio-drame. Crtaju aktove i mrtvu prirodu. Policija mirno stoji pored njih, drži im kantu s bojom i sugerira što bi možda bilo bolje ili gdje su napravili gramatičku grešku, a nakon toga svi zajedno sjednu u neki zdravljak na kriglu pive i veliku porciju čevapa s lukom te smišljaju viceve o pederima i invalidima. U zemljama Jugoslavije svi su jako humoristični. Čak sam se i ja na trenutak oraspoložila. Čak sam ponovno s NJIM zatrudnjela, iako su mi u Reykjaviku tvrdili da mlade djevojke koje naprave abortus prve trudnoće mogu ostati trajno neplodne. Ali ne i ja, jel čujete. Ne i ja! Ja zatrudnim dok kažete keks! Odlučila sam to proslaviti. Odlučila sam jedne noći nakon litre domaće rakije i nekoliko porcija šiš-čevapa napisati na jednu zidanu ogradu *Ja volim Hrvatsku*. Naučila sam kako se to piše na hrvatskom. *Ja volim Hrvatsku*. No onda je došla skupina lokalnih liberala i ateista, nazvala me prokletom nacionalističkom kurvom i prebila na mrtvo ime. Govorila sam im da nisam nacionalistička kurva i da zapravo uopće nisam odavde i da sam trudna i to usprkos pesimističnoj prognozi islandskih ginekologa. No oni me nisu slušali. Samo su ostrugali moju zgrušanu krv i mrtvi fetus sa svojih liberalno-ateističkih *Diesel* hlača i *Benetton* majici i otišli dalje, potvrđujući moju tezu da su u zemljama Jugoslavije svi jako humoristični. Mislila sam nazvati NJEGA i ispričati mu ovaj smiješni, smiješni vic, ali bilo je već kasno, i znala sam da se mora

odmoriti, jer...

BJÖRN: Sutra sviramo!

HELENNÄ: I znala sam da je...

BJÖRN: Ovako možda i bolje!

HELENNÄ: Voljela sam putovati dok sam bila mlađa. A sada više nisam sigurna koliko imam godina.

ČETVRTA

JULIJA: U pičku materinu, u pičku milu materinu, opet kasnim, opet kasnim, opet kasnim, opet sam krenula prekasno, krenula sam prekasno iz razloga što ja uvijek krenem prekasno, ne toliko zbog toga što krenem poslije onog vremena za kojeg sam trebala krenuti koliko zbog toga što ne računam na jebene izvanredne situacije poput one usrane prometne nesreće koja se dogodila na križanju ulice te i te i ulice te i te u kojoj je poginulo ono dvoje ljudi, ona i on ili on i ona, pa zatim na tramvaje koji ne mogu danas voziti jer je cijeli grad iz tog i tog jebenog razloga zablokiran, pa onda na bankomat privredne poštanske narodne banke pokraj kojeg sam prošla ali zaboravila s njega podići novce, iste one koje moram imati u novčaniku osim ako ne želim biti prisiljena prije izlaska iz auta popušiti prastari deformirano-dlakavi kurac taksistu, jer kakve sam sreće danas taj kurac može biti jedino takav, ne, ne, ne, ne, na sve to ja ne računam i baš zato se čini da sam krenula prekasno, i baš zato sam bila iznenađena kada sam došla prerano kao da baš u trenutku kada sam se pomirila sa svim svojim propalim očekivanjima dobijem zadatak raditi ono što najviše mrzim mrzim najviše, čekati, čekati, čekati i još malo pička mu materina usrana čekati i to sa raščupanom kosom jer sam trčala žureći se da ne zakasnim na taksi i na kurac i na koncert, čekati, čekati, s jedva vidljivom ali ipak poderanom očicom na novim sivim svilenim sto kuna vrijednim čarapama iz trgovine te i te, valjda nitko neće vidjeti, samo sjedni i prekriži noge, nitko neće vidjeti, koga ovdje zanima očica na tvojoj usranoj čarapi, nikog jer svi pričaju s nekim i smiju se kao da su popizdili, koji kurac vam je toliko smiješno, jebote, šta, šta, ili, još gore, nježno se dotiču dlanovima i primaju za nadlakticu i mirišu kosu jedni drugima, poput narajcanih mačaka u veljači, jedino ti ne, ti se družiš sa svojom poderanom očicom i iskreno se nasmiješ i relativno odahneš tek kada shvatiš da tvoja poderana očica neće biti glavna vijest u sutrašnjoj rubrici crne kronike, jer nju je već rezerviralo ono dvoje mrtvih na križanju ulice te i te i ulice te i te, on i ona, ili ona i on, ajde, ustani, prošeći se ponosno, ima vremena do početka koncerta, popravi kosu, popravi ruž, poželi čašu alkohola, najbolje vina, najbolje bijelog, da se ističe uz tvoju najbolju crnu

jebozovnu haljinu, jer ako ti je nešto išlo u životu onda su to boje i njihovo kombiniranje, a ako ti nešto nije išlo u životu onda je to sve ostalo. *Onda je to sve ostalo.*

PETA

JATO: Sletjeli smo u Zagreb.

Jučer oko 5 sati popodne.

Trebali smo sletjeti u pola 4.

No, zrakoplov je kasnio.

Zbog nama dobro poznatih razloga je kasnio.

Punih sat i pol.

Od tada do sad ništa se bitno nije promijenilo.

Nebo je i dalje tmurno i ljepljivo.

Jedino se relativna vlažnost zraka s 88 spustila na 79.

Sada barem malo lakše dišemo.

To o relativnoj vlažnosti zraka ne bismo inače znali.

Ali nismo znali što bi cijelu noć sa sobom.

Pa smo na kraju u nedostatku inspiracije ili želje za bilo kakvom drugom vrstom zabave provjerili i lokalne biometeorološke stranice.

Kasnije i one europske.

Došli smo do zaključka da je taj dan od Zagreba u većem kurcu bio jedino Bukurešt.

S relativnom vlažnošću zraka od 97%.

To je strašno.

To je za popizdit.

To je nepodnošljivo.

A onda smo odlučili učiniti stvari zanimljivijima.

Ajde!

Oklada.

Za koliko?

Za 5 eura.

Ako je u Barceloni relativna vlažnost zraka 37%, a tlak 1017.2 hPa, kolika je temperatura?

Toleriraju se greške od maksimalno 3 stupnja.

34 stupnja.

Netočno. 28.

Oklada.

Za 10 eura.

Ako je u Oslu temperatura zraka 19 stupnjeva, a vlažnost 50%, koliki je tlak?

Do koliko se hektopaskala maksimalno toleriraju greške?

Nije bitno. Pogađaj.

1010.6 hPa.

Netočno.

997.3 hPa.

Postalo je ozbiljno.

Oklada. 15 eura. Skopje. 15 stupnjeva, 1015.2 hPa. Vlažnost? 16.

Točno.

Oklada. 20 eura. 21 stupanj, 50% vlažnosti. Tlak 1011.5 hPa. O

kojem gradu je riječ?

Moskva.

Oklada. 30 eura. Amsterdam. 84% vlažnosti. Tlak 1014.0 hPa.

Kolika je temperatura?

15 stupnjeva.

Točno.

Oklada. 40 eura. Helsinki. 8 stupnjeva. 1013.1 hPa. Kolika je vlažnost?

92%

Točno.

Oklada. 50 eura. 7 stupnjeva. 68% vlažnosti. 1010.6 hPa. Koji grad je u pitanju?

Beograd.

60 eura.

27 stupnjeva.

Točno.

Sarajevo.

Točno.

12 stupnjeva.

Točno.

13 stupnjeva.

Točno.

56% vlažnosti.

Točno.

84% vlažnosti.

Točno.

100 eura!

68% vlažnosti.

58%

37%

45%

82%

Luxemburg.

1007. 9 hPa.

Točno.

Lisabon.

200 eura!!!

35 stupnjeva.

25 stupnjeva.

Istanbul.

Rim.

Padova.

Berlin.

Pariz.

Kijev.

Točno!

Točno!

Točno!

Točno!

Uskoro smo dokazali kako u kratkom roku možemo gotovo savršeno apsolvirati ovu igru.

Igru čija se pravila temelje na apsolutno nepostojećim zakonitostima.

Na lažnim pretpostavkama.

Björn je, doduše, bio najkreativniji.

Za okladu je dokazao da...

BJÖRN: ...nemoguće je u roku od 10 minuta naći besplatni web s dječjom pornografijom.

I Helenna je dokazala nešto.

Dokazala je da se može vratiti u hotel mrtva pijana.

U 4 sata ujutro.

Sa sjebanom usnicom i razbijenom desnom rukom.

A da se Björn pritom pravi da nije ni primijetio.

BJÖRN: Doteturala si u sobu kada sam ja već lagano drijemao i imala si razbijenu usnicu i veliku ružnu ogrebotinu koja je prekrivala cijelu desnu nadlakticu i dobar dio ramena i uvukla si se u krevet praćena smradom nekog nepodnošljivog slatkastog alkohola kojeg si noćas beskompromisno lijevala u sebe i zgrušane krvi koju namjerno nisi niti pokušala oprati prije dolaska u krevet, te si mi se priljepila uz leđa poput zmije, omotala svoje noge grčevito oko mojih bokova, u brzom ritmu mi dahtala uz potiljak, prošaptala hrapavim glasom nešto o tome kako je Jugoslavija humoristična zemlja, te nas prisilila da spavamo u lokvi znoja koji je u potocima tekao s naših tijela. Što ti je s usnom?

HELENN: Nisi me to pitao.

BJÖRN: Gdje si ozlijedila ruku?

HELENN: Nisi me to pitao.

BJÖRN: Gdje si bila?

HELENN: Nisi me pitao ni to.

BJÖRN: Jesi li dobro?

HELENN: Ni to te nije zanimalo.

BJÖRN: Jugoslavija ne postoji već 20 godina.

HELENN: Otkud bih ja to trebala znati!

BJÖRN: Znam da to znaš.

HELENN: Ne znam ja više ništa.

BJÖRN: Možda zato jer si opet pijana.

HELENN: Trijezna sam već predugo.

BJÖRN: Onda se samo šališ.

HELENN: Izgubila svaki smisao za humor.

BJÖRN: Ne usudim se ni pomaknuti.

HELENN: Nisi se ni pomaknuo.

BJÖRN: Ne usudim se niti pogledati te.

HELENN: Nisi me niti pogledao.

BJÖRN: Ako to učinim morat ću ti nešto reći.

HELENN: Morat ćeš me nešto pitati.

BJÖRN: Ili ćeš ti mene nešto pitati.

HELENN: Ako me pogledaš, pitat ću te, znaš to.

BJÖRN: A to je još gore.

HELENN: U svakom slučaju, došlo bi do neke razmjene informacija.

BJÖRN: Do nekog bjesomučnog dijaloga.

HELENN: Do promišljanja o već donesenim odlukama.
BJÖRN: Za koje nam je trebala vječnost da ih donesemo.
HELENN: Pa onda ipak nismo učinili ništa.
BJÖRN: Pa smo tako samo ležali u tišini.
HELENN: Ni pogledali se niti pomaknuli.
BJÖRN: Dočekali prve zrake sunca s otvorenim očima.
HELENN: Fiksiranim na različite točke u sumornoj hotelskoj sobi.
BJÖRN: Praveći se da spavamo.
HELENN: Znajući da smo budni.
BJÖRN: I da ni sljedeću noć nećemo ni oka sklopiti.
HELENN: Niti noć poslije toga.
BJÖRN: Ni onu sljedeću.
HELENN: Da ćemo do sredine tjedna izgledati poput hodajućih leševa.
BJÖRN: Osim toga, da je bilo nešto ozbiljno...
HELENN: Što? Što da je bilo nešto ozbiljno?
BJÖRN: Nazvala bi me istog trena.
HELENN (iron.): Da. Nazvala bih te istog trena.
BJÖRN: Kao što me uvijek nazoveš...
HELENN: Kada je u pitanju nešto ozbiljno...
BJÖRN: A ja na to kažem da opet pretjeruješ.
HELENN: Jutro je postajalo sve konkretnije.
BJÖRN: Oko 8 sati smo prestali glumiti da spavamo.
...
BJÖRN: Dobro jutro.
HELENN: Dobro jutro.
BJÖRN: ???
HELENN: Vruće je...
BJÖRN: Da.
HELENN: ???
BJÖRN: Jesi dobro spavala?
HELENN: Jesam. Ti?
BJÖRN: Jesam, ok.
HELENN: ???
BJÖRN: ???
HELENN: ???
BJÖRN: ???
HELENN: Jesi gladan?
BJÖRN: Gladan sam.
HELENN: Idemo na doručak?
BJÖRN: Ok. Idemo na doručak.
...
...
...
BJÖRN: Što ti je s usnom?
...
...
HELENN: Ništa.

ŠESTA

JATO: Nakon doručka Björn je još jednom provjerio sve.
BJÖRN: Da li je sve u redu? Posljednji put pitam!
JATO: Ti misliš da je netko od nas nešto zaboravio? To misliš?
BJÖRN: Želim da provjerimo. Želim da provjerimo.
JATO: Da li je netko nešto zaboravio?
HELENN: Sve je u redu Björn, sve je u redu.
BJÖRN: Tebe nisam ništa pitao...
HELENN: Samo kažem da je sve u redu!
BJÖRN: Nisam te ništa pitao.
JATO: Gdje ti je saksofon, Björn? Gdje ti je saksofon?
BJÖRN: Doći će.
HELENN: Donijet će ga ostali.
JATO: Donijet će ga ostali?
HELENN: Kad dođu danas busom.
JATO: Kad dođu danas busom?
HELENN: Da, kad dođu danas s busom. Ostao je u Budimpešti.
JATO: Nije ostao u Budimpešti, Helenna je to jako dobro znala, da saksofon nije ostao u Budimpešti.
BJÖRN: Koji kurac me još zajebavate s tim saksofonom! Koji kurac?
HELENN: Nitko ne zajebava. Nitko ne zajebava!
JATO: Zašto bi zajebavali, Björn? I ako zajebavamo, koga bi zajebavali?
BJÖRN: Jel to sad bitno? Jel to sad bitno? Jel jebeni saksofon sad stvarno bitan?
JATO: Mi svoje stvari imamo. A gdje su tvoje? Samo to kažemo, samo to.
HELENN: Nije bitno, stvarno nije bitno.
JATO: Bitno je, jako je bitno. Nama je to jebeno bitno. Gdje ti je saksofon, Björn?
BJÖRN: Dosta, sad je dosta.
HELENN: Sve je u redu. Samo smo malo neispavani. Inače je sve u redu.
JATO: Rekla si da si dobro spavala, Helenna.
HELENN: Dobro sam spavala. Rekla sam da sam dobro spavala!
JATO: A Björn? Da li je Björn dobro spavao?
BJÖRN: Spavao sam! Dobro sam spavao! Jebemu!
JATO: Onda smo svi jako dobro naspavani.
HELENN: Da, svi smo naspavani.
BJÖRN: Onda je sve odlično. Jel sve odlično?
HELENN: Da, sve je sjajno, sjajno!
BJÖRN: Jel možemo sad provjeriti da li nam što nedostaje?
JATO: Osim tvog saksofona?
BJÖRN: Da, osim mog jebenog saksofona koji sada nije bitan, u pičku materinu! Jel možemo sad provjeriti da li nam što nedostaje osim jebenog saksofona? Jel možemo? Jel možemo? Jel možemo? Ha?
HELENN: Možemo! Možemo! Idemo provjeriti!
JATO: Dobro. Dobro. Dvije električne gitare.

BJÖRN: Dobro.

JATO: Dva kontrabasa.

BJÖRN: Dobro.

JATO: Jedan bubanj.

Jedan klavir.

Jedna violina.

Dvije trube.

Jedan francuski rog.

Jedan trombon.

Jedan kornet.

Dva samplera.

BJÖRN: Dalje...

JATO: Dalje?

BJÖRN: Da, dalje!

JATO: Želiš dalje?

BJÖRN: Da, DALJE, želim DALJE!

HELENN: Mi smo... Mi jesmo došli. Mi smo ovdje.

JATO: Deset putnih torbi?!

BJÖRN: Deset putnih torbi? Ma nemoj!

JATO: Šesnaest pari hlača.

BJÖRN: Šesnaest pari hlača? Nisam vas to pitao, jebem vam sunce!

JATO: Neizrecivo mnogo donjeg rublja.

BJÖRN: Mnogo donjeg rublja... Pitao sam da li nam što nedostaje!!!

JATO: Majice.

Čarape.

Šalovi.

I kape.

HELENN: Mi smo... Mi smo došli. Svirati. Možda baš upravo za vas. Mi smo došli svirati za vas.

BJÖRN: Dalje! DALJE! DALJE!

JATO: Björn, napet si!

Malo si napet, Björn.

BJÖRN: Sve je u redu. Sve je u redu. Samo sam malo neispavan. Samo sam malo jebeno neispavan! Samo sam malo jebeno neispavan!

JATO: Znamo.

BJÖRN: I nisam se lijepo obukao. Nisam stigao.

HELENN: Zapravo...

BJÖRN: Nisam imao u što. Nisam imao kada. Ali vi ste se lijepo obukli. Vi ste se stvarno fino sredili večeras!

JATO: Kud idete nakon ovog?

Na neku večericu?

Na neko piće?

Na neki seks?

Neka.

To je zgodno.

BJÖRN: Samo vi dajte! I hvala što ste došli u ovako velikom broju. Stvarno! Hvala vam!

HELENN: Jer, mi smo došli svirati... Za vas.

BJÖRN (očajan): Ali jesmo li ponijeli sve?

JATO: Četkice za zube, šamponi za kosu, kreme za lice, škarice za nokte, dezodoransi za nju i njega, dva fena za kosu, četiri pincete.

HELENN: Hvala vam što ste došli u ovako velikom broju!

JATO: Jedna pumpica za astmatičare, tablete protiv bolova iz svih krajeva Europe, nekoliko kutija tampona, još više kutija prezervativa, najviše kutija cigareta, i 15 grama kokaina.

HELENN: 15... 15 grama kokaina...

BJÖRN: Mislite li da nismo zaslužili vaše povjerenje?

JATO: Dok smo bili u Budimpešti, 15 grama kokaina nije bilo. Dok smo bili u Budimpešti imao si saksofon. Sada imaš 15 grama kokaina.

HELENN: Gdje ti je saksofon, Björn... Gdje ti je saksofon... Björn...

BJÖRN: Šuti! Šuti! Šuti! Šuti!

HELENN: Gdje...

BJÖRN: Šuti!

JATO: Jedan urastao nokat.

HELENN: Jedna namjerno prekinuta trudnoća.

JATO: Jedna astma.

HELENN: Jedna nenamjerno prekinuta trudnoća.

JATO: Jedna epilepsija. Jedan dijabetes.

Tri alergije. Jedna smrt.

Tko?

Naš prijatelj. Nije bitno.

Smrt. Smrt. Smrt.

Što mu je ono bilo? Infarkt?

Infarkt.

Da, drugi po redu.

Ovog puta koban.

Šteta. Tako mlad.

Nije bio baš mlad.

Koliko?

Oko 35 godina.

Bio je mlad.

Nije bio mlad.

Nije bio ni star.

Bio je taman.

Ali počeo je ćelavjeti.

Udebljao se. Nije se pazio.

Jeo je masno. Pio je žestoko.

Slabo se kretao.

Bilo je za očekivati.

Umro je prošle godine.
Pokopali smo ga u Ingolstadtu. Kraj Münchena.
Ruhe in Frieden, lieber Freund.
U Münchenu je pokopana Leni Riefenstahl.
Za nju svi znaju. Za ovog neće nitko.
Kako se ono zvao?
Ne sjećamo se više.
Nema veze. Nije nam ni bio osobito drag.
Zu viel schrecklich!

HELENN: Mi smo došli svirati... Jer...

JATO: Jer... Što više tišine postoji, to je lakše zaboraviti tko smo. Lakše je zaboraviti kako su nam zvučali glasovi. Kako smo se smijali. I kako smo plakali. Nije istina da ne možete zaboraviti tko ste. Samo je potrebna tišina. Mnogo tišine. Tišina stvara nesigurnost. A nesigurnost izjeda čovjeka polako. Natjera vas da dvaput promislite sve što mislite reći. A s vremenom, s vremenom zaboravite kako otvoriti usta i konstruirati suvisli komad zvuka. Šutjeli smo toliko dugo sve dok nismo postali potpuno beskorisni. Dok nam se paučina nije počela namatati oko glasnica i istrunulih kutnjaka. Sve dok i najveći demagozi među nama nisu postali samo hrpe dosadnog mesa koje očima traži jednu sigurnu točku za koju se može prihvatiti. Sve dok ta točka ne postanu nečije tuđe oči. Sve dok te oči ne postanu znak odobravanja. Sve dok te oči ne prestanu biti oči a postanu miris svježih pičke ili guste erekcije. Zatim smo se ustali i otišli prema tim mirisima. I poševili s njima. Nasilno. Posesivno. Sve dok ne bi iz naših grla ponovno izletio krik koji je razbio cijelu jednu vječnost. Čuli smo sami sebe kako nekontrolirano stenjemo u navali duplih ili čak troduplih orgazama. Drugi krik je započinjao tamo gdje je završio prvi. Ponekad bi se i preklapali. I tada smo po prvi put otkrili ponovno zvuk. Bio je drugačiji od svega što smo do tada čuli. I tako smo se odlučili ševiti sve dok sav zvuk koji je postojao nije izašao na vidjelo. Sve dok čista pornografija nije postala osnovni motiv našeg postojanja. Nemilosrdno smo derali pičke, žvakali klitorise, lizali se straga, pušili po nekoliko kuraca odjednom, a grla su se očistila, pročistila tim istim krikovima i tada, baš tada, odlučili smo se baviti glazbom. Ali ne samo glazbom. Jer...

BJÖRN: Mi nismo glazbena skupina.

JATO: I mi nismo komunistička partija.

Mi nismo vjerski pokret, niti aktivistička organizacija.

HELENN: Mi ne sviramo zapravo toliko dobro,

Mi ne razumijemo vašu politiku,

Mi ne vjerujemo u vašega boga.

BJÖRN: Mi smo hrpa iskompleksiranih i umornih kurčeva i pičaka različitih dobnih skupina i različite nacionalnosti.

JATO: Različite visine.

Različito glazbeno talentirani.

I različito otporni na pritisak.

JATO: Mi ne znamo što učiniti sa sobom niti kako samo ovdje došli.

HELENN: Mi slavimo kad je prerano i plaćemo kad je prekasno.

BJÖRN: Mi smo politički subverzivni, društveno beskorisni.

HELENN: Intelektualno nedostupni i fizički neprivlačni.

JATO: Mi smo sve što ne volite i mi smo sve što vama ne treba.

HELENN: Mi smo oni mačići koje su u vodu bacili.

BJÖRN: I mi smo pijani seks kojeg se jutro poslije ne sjećate.

HELENN: Ali...

BJÖRN: S vremena na vrijeme...

JATO: Možda baš kad najmanje očekujete...

HELENN: Netko se sažali nad jednodnevnim mačićima i ostavi ih na životu...

BJÖRN: Samo treba malo strpljenja...

HELENN: Samo treba malo takta...

BJÖRN: Samo treba malo...

HELENN: Samo treba - MALO.

SEDMA

JULIJA: ...probiti do šanka. Probiti do šanka. Samo se treba malo probiti do šanka. Pokušaj se kretati uz zid da bi ti što manji broj ljudi mogao gledati u čarape, i sve je u redu, uvjeravaš se da je sve u redu, iako se svi parovi oko tebe već bave ozbiljnijom predigrom, maknite se, pustite me da prođem, jebemu krv, odite se doma ševit, ali ta te pomisao odmah razbjesni pa svakom paru zaželiš dodatno raspad braka ili retardiranu djecu. Proguraš se na krcati šank. Znaš da si užasna i neurotična, da ne pozdravljaš ljude koje poznaješ i da prijateljski mašeš apsolutnim neznancima, i zapravo, uopće te to ne smeta.

KONOBAR: Izvolite.

JULIJA: Vina. Bijelog. Čistog.

KONOBAR: Vina. Bijelog. Čistog. 2 decilitra, 3?

JULIJA: Svejedno. Ako želite da malo ranije dođem po još jednu čašu, onda 2. Ako želite da malo kasnije dođem po još jednu čašu, onda 3. U svakom slučaju doći ću po još jednu čašu.

KONOBAR: Onda 2 decilitra. Pa će biti uskoro 4. A ne 6. Što je bolje!

JULIJA: Ne znam. Ne znam da li je to bolje. Uskoro iskapim pa tražim još. Natočite mi još.

KONOBAR: Točim vam još. Još 2 decilitra. A sada idem poslužiti onog gospodina tamo.

JULIJA: Pijem. Pijem još dva decilitra. Osjećam kako mi se u ruke a zatim i u cijelo tijelo ponovno uvlači toplina.

Prestajem misliti na poderanu očicu na mojim jebemu pas mater 100 kuna preskupim čarapama iz trgovine te i te. Konobar je otišao poslužiti nekog gospodina. Zgodan je. Gospodin. Konobar nije zgodan. Previsok je, s prekratkim nogama i prevelikom guzicom. A gospodin je zgodan. Taman moj tip. Ali, gospodin ima ženu pod rukom. A konobar bocu vina. Pa ti sad biraj što ti je draže. Što ćemo onda večeras? Evo, vraća se. Konobar. Nasmiješi mu se.

KONOBAR: Još nešto, madamme?

JULIJA: Madame, nazvao te madamme, očito mu se sviđaš zašto bi te inače nazvao madamme. Još jednu monsieur, još jednu, kažeš mu, i on toči i ti piješ, i on toči i ti piješ i jebeni koncert kasni već više od pola jebena sata, koji kurac oni rade unutra, koji kurac da kažeš konobaru, nisi još dovoljno pijana da bi se mogla ovako ponašati, ali zato se gužva oko šanka očistila.

KONOBAR: Madame čeka nekoga?

JULIJA: Bravo genijalac, da madamme čeka nekoga, zato pije ovdje za šankom sama već četvrtu ili petu čašu vina, jer čeka svog vjernog muškarca kojem je valjda na wc-u zapeo kurac za šlic, ili, ne, igramo se one igre, kao da se ne poznajemo, znaš, pa će seks kasnije bit intrigantniji. Ne, ne, madamme ne čeka nikoga, osim eventualno još jednog točenja.

KONOBAR: Dobro podnosite alkohol.

JULIJA: Ali zato loše podnosim sve ostalo.

KONOBAR: Imali ste loš dan?

JULIJA: Imala sam loš dan, toliko loš da sam na ljestvici vrijednosti vagala dvoje ljudi koji su poginuli na križanju ulice te i te i ulice te i te i puknutu svilenu očicu. No dosta o tome. Kroz prozor vidiš policijske rotirke i sve veću gužvu, ne daleko ali ne i dovoljno blizu. Koji kurac se sad događa. Možda su uhvatili jebene jazzere s kokainom u saksofonskim cijevima i sad svi idu u čuzu, ništa od koncerta, a ti ćeš se napit i poševit s neskladno građenim konobarom. Eto već si sve predvidjela.

KONOBAR: Kolona i pol, ha! Ovo može još jedino jebeni Papa nadmašit.

JULIJA: Što? Što može još samo jebeni Papa nadmašit?

KONOBAR: Ovo... sutra je na trgu... ovo mu je valjda hotel.

JULIJA: Ovo... sutra je na trgu... ovo mu je valjda hotel?! Kakva je to konstrukcija? Baš si rječit u pičku materinu, upravo si sad to htjela reći konobaru, baš si rječit, konobare, u pičku materinu, al ugrizla si se za jezik prije toga, i hvala kurcu što jesi, o dotičnom događaju već nekoliko tjedana svi mediji kolosalno bruje, a ti si ih, po običaju, pratila uolikoj mjeri da si potpuno zaboravila da upravo večeras dolazi OVAJ koji sutra ima ONO na trgu. Sada bar znaš zbog čega je cijeli jebeni grad zablokiran.

KONOBAR: Da, spavat će valjda u onom hotelu, ali kasne, trebali su doći ranije, ne znam zašto, kasne, evo, natočit ću ti još.

JULIJA: Kasni, kasni, veliki političar koji sutra ima ONO će spavati u onom hotelu, baš tik do mog koncerta, veliki kralj Istanbula, pariški plemenski vođa, njemački maharadža, islamski predsjednik ili nepalski vojni general – on kasni. Iz automobila izlazi policija, zaštitari, psi-ubojice, obalna straža, zračna sigurnost i nekolicina civila, ali čini se da je to tek kolona za doček, jer je ispred hotela parkirano definitivno još uvijek premalo automobila za ONOG koji sutra ima ONO. Vidiš ih samo kao mrlje. Jesu li predaleko ili si popila previše? Daj mi još jednu čašu.

KONOBAR: Evo madamme!

JULIJA: Eto kako funkcioniraju muško – ženski odnosi. On može biti ružan poput posljedica holokausta, ali ako ti triput ugodnim glasom kaže 'madamme', gotovo, osvojio te...

KONOBAR: Točim...

JULIJA: On toči, ali ti i dalje ne možeš prestati gledati u one mrlje i rotirke koje se vide kroz velika staklena francuska vrata, i pomisliš da su možda kasnili zbog one nesreće jer su morali proći ulicom tom i tom, možda je to u pitanju, koliko strke oko jedne prometne nesreće, ali ne, nije sigurno to u pitanju, ali u ovoj prostoriji je sve manje strke, jer se bend navodno počeo penjati na scenu i svi su krenuli prema svojim mjestima pa tako i ti u zadnjim trenucima ispruživši čašu još jednom prema ugostiteljskom Quazimodu visokog rasta, uhvativši posljednje kapi iz boce vina te, naravno, njegovo seksipilno namigivanje kojem si se definitivno nasmiješila, ali ne znaš više da li iz pristojnosti ili zato jer ti je zapravo bilo drago...

(...)

Vedrana Klepica

in conver-
sation
with Rona
Žulj

Translated from the Croatian
by Marina Miladinov

first heard about your *J.A.T.O.* from a very positive review, which spoke about its staging by Helena Petković. Tell me a bit more about that piece. About the collaboration. And generally about your experiences with collaboration in theatre when someone else stages your plays. Perhaps not so much about the experiences, but rather about your attitudes, conclusions...

J.A.T.O. is actually the first play where I decided to work on its staging myself and that's why it is important to me. I am not the type of writer who thinks that his or her job is finished at the moment of finishing the text. My field of interest is the performing arts as such, which means that writing and performance are almost synonymous for me – the one thing in which they differ from each other is the way you realize the idea. Whether it's writing, occupying the space of performance, dramaturgy, choreography, working on the radio, or working with sound, the only thing that matters is to find the best way of communicating that way of realizing the idea to your surroundings. For me, dialogue is crucial. I wrote *J.A.T.O.* in response to my own question about the consequences (for the private and public spheres) of low spiritedness. I collaborated with my director Helena, whom I can already call my permanent collaborator, on stage and on the radio. We understand each other very well and while working together with her, I rediscover what really matters to me and consequently to both of us. It often happens that I add things before the performance because she tells me that what I've been explaining to her is not really what the text is saying. I can't stand autocracy or egotism, especially in theatre.

I remember you as being one of the most active persons at the Academy of Dramatic Art. By active I mean less inert. Much less inert than most people. I know that you dislike the word "inert". Where do you stand regarding academic inertness/activity today, with regard to your recent training in dramaturgy? To what extent has the school prepared you for the things that you do today and to what extent has it defined you with respect to them?

A friend of mine once said: if you're not frustrated by the art school at which you study, then you must really get worried. And that's true. ADU is the only institution offering a dramaturgy programme in Croatia and if I had to choose again, I guess I would choose it again. But just like all other (art) schools, it will show you only some of the ways that you can take. It can't show you how you should move along them.

In ideal circumstances, a world with no rent to pay and no lobbying for positions, in other words, where the world wouldn't resist you and you wouldn't have to accept compromises, where would you see yourself? What would you do? Whom would you collaborate with? Would you work at all?

In our culture, the situation is the same as in our politics, economy, or the department store where my Mom's working, etc. The system is corrupted and it serves for the self-promotion and profit of certain individuals. Plus, there is a handful of people dealing with culture in Croatia and everyone knows everyone else, all of them are terribly important to each other, and in such a situation, loaded with tensions, it is sometimes difficult to breathe. I consider it a part of my job that I must, among other things, break through the structures in which we are now, since sooner or later we must all feel on our own skin that some of these structures are quite closed. But that's not achieved by criticizing them; you must work hard. If I hate something, then it's that blessed artistic self-sufficiency. Art is work, and when I no longer see

any challenge in what I'm doing, I pack my stuff and say good-bye. I don't have time to lose. If I could do anything I wanted, I would do the same things that I do now; only the process of production would be faster, since I wouldn't be burdened by the rent and the bills. I will not elaborate on the lobbying story. Crawling into someone's lap is very easy. Status quo. But telling someone that you actually think differently is already a bit harder. No, I am not embittered. In fact, I am in a very good mood.

Tell me as one dramaturge to another: what makes a piece relevant?

Risk. Non-conformism. Honesty. Unpretentiousness. Openness. Determinacy. Self-criticism. Anomaly. I think that's it. Theatre is a tectonic disturbance. Anything less than that is hardly worth one's effort or time.

The same question, only from the position of a playwright. How do you choose your topics? How do you relate to them? How does that choice of topics define you within the scene (I don't mean the stage now)?

The topics I deal with must concern me personally, but they shouldn't be private. The moment in which I am happy with the text is the moment in which it breaks down my personal barriers and limitations, while to all the others it should at least present a particular issue. Those texts that I have written at ease are probably rubbish. The texts that I find difficult to write and for which I must, let's say, dig into the lexicon of political economy for a week, will perhaps be worth something. For me, writing means learning, informing, and raising awareness, and if I manage to write a text through which I've learned something, then I feel the need of sharing it with the public (and the right to do it). I am not a scribomaniac and I hate hyperproduction. That's why I tend to think twice about each and every sentence. A good part of my training I spent reading books and attending lectures on what is political theatre, politics in art, and so on... but all that doesn't mean much before you become aware of what it is you're actually producing and sharing with the society.

Project. Five-year plan. Rent. Lobbying. Theatre circles. Writing. Beginning. Giving up. Life.

I've just completed my new ("economic") text and I can hardly wait to see it on stage. I am also working on a dance production, since linguistics and kinesiology go very well together. After that, I will write an adaptation, which is actually no adaptation at all, since I don't like adaptations and I don't want to write them. I've installed another sound editing programme on my computer, so I am also doing that when I have time, even though there are critical voices from amongst my closest and most liberal friends that sharply oppose my further involvement with music.

Vedrana Klepica

J.A.T.O.

Translated from the Croatian by Maja Sviben

The text of *J.A.T.O.* was published in 2010 at the Third Programme of the Croatian Radio in the program *Radio Atelier*, directed by Helena Petković, in whose direction it was staged in the same year at the Theatre Revue of the Academy of Dramatic Art Zagreb. In 2009, it was presented at the *Small Night Readings* festival at Theatre &TD, likewise directed by Helena Petković. That same year, the text participated at *World Interplay* and the *Tease* platform in Australia, as well as the *Singapore Writers Meetup* programme.

CHARACTERS:

J.A.T.O.:

BJÖRN

HELENNÄ

A chorus consisting of 5 to 9 performers
(not including Björn and Helenna)

GREY EAGLE

JULIA

BARTENDER

FATSO

And a few others. Depending on the situation.

(...)

Listen carefully now! He landed at the airport 6 minutes ago, official time: Friday at exactly 14:54. We have an hour of waiting while he disembarks the plane, greets the Ministers of Defense and Economy, straightens his tie...

- And kneels.
- Kneels and kisses the land.
- Kisses the land he walks on.
- Kisses the Croatian land!

GREY EAGLE: He will not do that. Only top Vatican ecclesiastical officials and the Hague defendants on temporary leave do that. He most certainly will not. After all, why would he?

- Kiss the land he walks on...
- The land is innocent...
- The land is innocent... sang the mustachioed singers in politically turbulent times.
- Those times have passed.
- Those songs forgotten.
- Those singers committed suicide.
- Some of them successfully.
- Some of them not.

Listen carefully now! He landed at the airport 7 minutes ago, official time: Friday at exactly 14:54. We have an hour of waiting while he disembarks the plane, greets the Ministers of Defense and Economy, straightens his tie...

- When Tito died, they transported his body by train.
- By train from Ljubljana to Belgrade.
- From Ljubljana to Belgrade all the other trains were late.
- The railway workers worked longer than usual.
- They were paid the same.
- But, nobody minded.
- Or perhaps somebody did, and that's why they cried on that day.
- On that day and weeks and months later.

- And then years later.
- Because of their paycheck or Tito, or other people who came and left after him.
- Nobody knows for sure anymore.
- But they cry, they still cry today.

GREY EAGLE: Today nobody died and today nobody will die, and if somebody does, it won't be anyone important, no one who would be the topic of a speculative conversation led by today's children thirty years from now, a conversation like this one that cannot be anything else but speculative because at that time, because at that time, because at that time you were children...

- Children.
- In the embryonic stage of development.
- Who pulled on their mother's umbilical cord.
- Kicked ruthlessly at her womb.
- Demanded breakfast, lunch, a rattle and a birth.
- Got none of it.
- Because the mother waited for the father.
- And the father waited for the train.
- And the train was late for hours.

GREY EAGLE: True. The railway workers were really out of luck that day. The communist leader didn't try hard enough to bite the dust in a suitable federal unit, so on the day of transport of his stiff body from federal unit no.1 to federal unit no.3 a bunch of railway workers worked bloody hard to reorganize the whole fucking timetable so the deceased general secretary wouldn't be late for his own funeral.

- Yes, all the other trains were late.
- You think the planes will be late today?
- I don't think so.
- You think they reorganized the flight schedule?
- They should have.
- With 4000 meters of runway and over fifty flights daily?
- It's simple mathematics.
- But not that simple to put into practice.
- Don't get wild ideas, he could've dropped dead somewhere even further away.
- What would've happened then?

GREY EAGLE: He could've died in China or in the Canaries. What would've happened then! I don't know if they reorganized the schedule. We should ask someone.

- Tito's never been to the Canaries.
- Tito must've been to the Canaries.
- Tenerife, Lanzarote, Fuerteventura, La Palma, La Gomera, El Hierro.
- He's been to all of them!

- More than once!
- Had a flat on La Palma, a mistress in El Hierro, and a volcano named after him on La Gomera.

Listen carefully now! He landed at the airport 9 minutes ago, official time: Friday at exactly 14:54 . We have an hour of waiting while he disembarks the plane, greets the Ministers of Defense and Economy, straightens his tie and gets into that pretentious General Motors crap of a car we won't name at this point.

- Buick, Chevrolet?
- Hummer, Pontiac?
- Opel, Saab?

GREY EAGLE: That nameless General Motors crap of a car (which is NOT a Buick, Chevrolet, Hummer, Pontiac, Opel or a Saab) should be followed by a number of luxury dark blue German BMWs that are to part into two separate lines, one of which will drive proudly through the center, and the other, the more important one, the one that carries the precious cargo, will steal away directly to the glamorous hotel.

So we're waiting for line B.

GREY EAGLE: Of course we're waiting for line B. In other words, the irrelevant one.

- It's not irrelevant.
- If you think about it.
- It's very relevant.

Line B will take the longer route, be deliberately seen publicly and will arrive to the assigned destination precisely one hour after line A.

- Line B will take the longer route.
- Be deliberately seen publicly.
- Arrive to the assigned destination precisely one hour after line A.

GREY EAGLE: They have repeated that several dozens of times, but regardless, a large number of people present still look intrigued by the aforementioned wise plan of the governmental protection workers. They look proud because instead of the standard, aesthetically impotent beige suits they were given special black ones, sophisticated and elegant, and instead of standard guns, they were given spruced up semi-automatic guns that, in any other situation, their testosterone drives would've loved to try out on the first available free walking target.

Any other questions?

- None.
- None.
- None.

GREY EAGLE: None. The pay is more than decent. The task moderately risky. Cigarette breaks during the day almost unbearably long. All we need to do is pretend to be guarding something that isn't really there anyway. I sneaked to the bathroom and took two more anxiety pills, although it was clear to me that if the first two hadn't worked, it was unlikely that these would.

I would like to remind you once again, allow for the police cars to drive away first, and then leave after your group.

GREY EAGLE: The fact that they didn't work, that I took them for the wrong reason and in the wrong dosage, made my mood additionally worse, so I tried to restore my élan by thinking that in a little more than three hours I will be home alone, in an apartment that is too small and too hot, where dinner is not cooked, nor will be, because the fridge has been, for many different reasons, completely empty for a couple of days now, and I leave nothing in the pantry anymore because the number of kitchen moths that have developed resistance to heavy insecticides has gone beyond every limit.

- Let's go.
- Let's go.
- Let's go.

THREE

HELENN: I loved to travel when I was younger. I've been to Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Ukraine, Bulgaria. I've seen Iran, Iraq, Libya and Yemen. Nothing was inaccessible. I skied on the mountaintops of the Caucasus.

BJÖRN: Sunbathed on the beaches of Norwegian fjords.

HELENN: Orgied in the Vatican.

BJÖRN: Free-dived in Volga.

HELENN: That's where I met him.

BJÖRN: Eight years ago.

HELENN: He said...

BJÖRN: I'm going to Tabriz.

HELENN: Tabriz, Kirkuk, Malaga, Bremerhaven and Novi Sad.

BJÖRN: Last year we went to Chechnya.

HELENN: We went to Chechnya, Ankara, Reykjavik and Casablanca. But I didn't like it.

BJÖRN: She didn't like it.

HELENN: In Chechnya they were illiterate, in Ankara evil, and Casablanca is dirty.

BJÖRN: She hasn't liked anything for quite some time now.

HELENN: Reykjavik is cold and nobody has a sense of humor. I got drunk there one night.

BJÖRN: She always gets drunk one night.

HELENN: I got drunk there one night. It was in my first month of pregnancy. I wrote graffiti in color on the wall of a building – *I hate Reykjavik!!!* I even learned to write it in Icelandic.

BJÖRN: I taught her Icelandic.

HELENN: I wrote *Eg hatur Reykjavik!!!* *Eg hatur Reykjavik* in a blood-red shade on the façade of a huge modern three-storey building. I ended up at the police station. Of course.

BJÖRN: She fucked up again. Of course.

HELENN: Nobody has a sense of humor in Reykjavik. I phoned HIM to tell him what happened. He was angry and said...

BJÖRN: With your uncontrolled drunken tantrums, you fuck up everything I do!

HELENN: And that it really fucking annoys him. I had an abortion in Reykjavik. I phoned HIM to tell him what happened. He said, indifferently...

BJÖRN: Maybe it's for the best!

HELENN: Nobody has a sense of humor in Reykjavik. I think mine died there, too. Since then we've been traipsing through the republics of Yugoslavia. There are many. We've been to the one that has a coast. In Yugoslavia everybody is very funny. In the middle of the day they sit around on benches in central squares, smoking local tobacco and licking local rakia brandy and writing their humorous thoughts and reminiscences in colorful spray on modern three-storey buildings. I noticed how their vision of a three-storey building differs a lot from that in Reykjavik. But, it doesn't matter. Regardless of that, they keep writing. All day. They write their analytical essays and radio-plays on the walls. They paint nudes and still-lives. The police stand there peacefully, holding their can of paint for them, suggesting what might sound better or where they made a grammatical mistake, and afterwards everybody goes to a bar for a glass of beer and a large serving of kebab with onions where they come up with jokes about fags and invalids. In Yugoslavia everybody is very funny. I was even in a better mood for a moment. I even got pregnant with HIM again, although I was told in Reykjavik that young girls who abort their first pregnancy might become infertile. But not me, do you hear that? Not me! I get pregnant in a second! I decided to celebrate. One night after a liter of local rakia brandy and a few servings of shish-kebab I decided to write *I love Croatia* on a stone wall. I learned to write it in Croatian. *Ja volim Hrvatsku.*

But then a group of local liberals and atheists came by, called me a bloody nationalist whore and beat the hell out of me. I told them I was not a nationalist whore, that I'm actually not even from here, and that I'm pregnant in spite of the pessimistic prognosis of Icelandic gynecologists. But they didn't listen to me. They just scraped off my clotted blood and dead fetus from their liberal-atheist *Diesel* jeans and *Benetton* t-shirts and went on, confirming my thesis that everybody in Yugoslavia is very funny. I thought of calling HIM up and telling him this funny, funny joke, but it was late already, and I knew he had to rest, because...

BJÖRN: We are playing tomorrow!

HELENN: And I knew that it was...

BJÖRN: For the best!

HELENN: I loved to travel when I was younger. And now I'm not sure anymore how old I am.

FOUR

JULIA: Fucking hell, fucking shit, I'm late again, I'm late again, I'm late again, I left late again, I left late because I always leave late, not so much because I leave after the time I should have left but because I don't count on there being a fucking state of emergency like that damned traffic accident that happened at the intersection of such-and-such streets, and where two people got killed, she and he, or he and she, and I don't think about the fact that the trams won't be running today because the city is blocked for I don't know which reason, and I don't think about the ATM of united postal national bank that I passed by but forgot to take money from, the same money I need to have in my wallet if I don't want to suck the ancient hairy and deformed dick of a taxi driver when leaving the car, because lucky as I am, that dick can only be like that on this day, no, no, no, no, no, I don't think about any of that and that's why it seems I left too late, and that's why I was surprised that I actually came early, it's like in the moment when I finally accepted all my failed expectations, I was given a task that had me doing what I hate most, wait, wait, wait, with disheveled hair because I ran in a hurry not to be late for the taxi and the dick and the concert, and with a hardly noticeable but still present run in my new grey silk too expensive stockings from shop such-and-such, hope nobody sees it, just sit down and cross your legs, nobody will see it, who here wants to know about a run in your damned stocking, nobody's interested because everybody's talking to someone, laughing like crazy, what the fuck is so funny, goddammit, what, what, or, worse, they touch

each other's palms and elbows gently and smell each other's hair, smell, smell hair, like aroused cats in February, everybody, almost everybody smells each other, except for you, you're in the company of your stocking run and smile sincerely and feel relatively relieved when you realize that your run ladder won't be breaking news tomorrow, because that is reserved for those two dead people at the intersection of streets such-and-such, he and she, she and he, come on, stand up, walk proudly, there's time until the concert begins, fix your hair, fix your makeup, wish for a glass of alcohol, wine would be best, white would be best, to contrast with your best slutty black dress, because if you do something well in life, it's colors and combining them, and if there's something you don't do well, that's everything else. *That's everything else.*

FIVE

JATO: We landed in Zagreb.

Yesterday around 5.

We were supposed to land at half past 3.

But, the plane was late.

Late for reasons very well known to us.

A whole hour and a half.

Nothing important has happened from then till now.

The sky is still dark and sticky.

Only the relative air humidity dropped from 88 to 79.

At least now we're breathing easier.

And we wouldn't know about the relative air humidity otherwise.

But we didn't know what to do with ourselves throughout the night.

So, because of a lack of inspiration and want for any other kind of entertainment we checked the local biometeorological stations.

And the European ones later.

We came to the conclusion that on that day only Bucharest was more fucked than Zagreb.

With a relative air humidity of 97%.

That's terrible.

That's unbearable!

That's completely fucked up!

And then we decided to make things interesting.

C'mon!

A bet!

For how much?

For 5 euros.

If the humidity in Barcelona is 37%, and air pressure 1017.2hPa, what is the temperature?

Mistakes of a maximum three degrees are tolerated. 34 degrees.

Incorrect. 28.
A bet.
10 euros.
If the temperature in Oslo is 19 degrees, and the humidity
50%, what is the pressure?
Maximum mistake tolerance in hPa?
It doesn't matter. Guess.
1010.6 hPa.
Incorrect.
997.3 hPa.
It became serious.
A bet. 15 euros. Skopje. 15 degrees. 1015.2 hPa. Humidity?
16.
Correct.
A bet. 20 euros. 21 degrees, 50% humidity. Pressure 1011.5 hPa.
Which city?
Moscow.
A bet. 30 euros. Amsterdam. 84% humidity. Pressure 1014.0
hPa. What is the temperature?
15 degrees!
Correct.
A bet.
40 euros. Helsinki. 8 degrees. 1013.1 hPa. What is the
humidity?
92%
Correct!
A bet.
50 euros. 7 degrees. 68% humidity. 1010.6 hPa. Which city?
Belgrade.
Correct!
60 euros!
27 degrees!
Correct!
Sarajevo!
Correct!
12 degrees!
Correct!
13 degrees!
Correct!
56% humidity.
Correct!
86% humidity!
Correct!
100 euros!
68% humidity!
58%!
37%!
45%!
82%
27 degrees.
Correct.
Luxemburg.
1007.9 hPa.

Correct.
Lisbon.
200 euros!
35 degrees.
25 degrees.
Istanbul!
Rome.
Padua.
Berlin.
Paris.
Kiev.
Correct.
Correct.
Correct.
Correct.
Soon we proved that in a short period of time we could learn
to play the game almost perfectly. A game whose rules
are based on absolutely non-existing laws.
On false assumptions.

Björn though, was the most creative among us.
He won the bet by proving it was...

BJÖRN: Impossible to find a free website with child
pornography in 10 minutes.
And Helenna also proved something.
She proved that she could return to the hotel dead drunk.
At 4 o'clock in the morning.
With a fucked up lip and injured arm.
And that Björn would pretend to not even notice.

BJÖRN: You staggered into the room when I was already
dozing off and you had a split lip and a huge ugly
scratch that covered the whole of your upper right arm
and a fair portion of your shoulder and you crawled into
bed followed by the stench of some unbearable alcohol
you single-mindedly poured into yourself tonight, and
clotted blood you deliberately didn't even try to wash
off before coming to bed. You glued yourself to my back
like a snake, wrapped your legs convulsively around my
hips, panted in a fast rhythm at the back of my head,
whispered in a broken voice something about
Yugoslavia being a funny country, and you made us
sleep in a puddle of sweat that ran in streams down our
bodies. What's with your lip?

HELENN: You didn't ask me that.

BJÖRN: Where did you hurt your arm?

HELENN: You didn't ask me that.

BJÖRN: Where were you?

HELENN: You didn't ask me that either.

BJÖRN: Are you ok?

HELENN: You didn't want to know that.

BJÖRN: Yugoslavia ceased to exist 20 years ago.

HELENN: How the hell should I know that!

BJÖRN: I know you know.

HELENN: I know nothing anymore.

BJÖRN: Maybe because you're drunk again.

HELENN: I've been sober for far too long.

BJÖRN: Then you're just joking.

HELENN: I lost my sense of humor.

BJÖRN: I don't dare move.

HELENN: You haven't even moved.

BJÖRN: I don't dare to look at you.

HELENN: You haven't even looked at me.

BJÖRN: If I do that, I'll have to say something.

HELENN: You'll have to ask me something.

BJÖRN: Or you'll ask me something.

HELENN: If you look at me, I'll ask you, you know that.

BJÖRN: Which is even worse.

HELENN: In any case, there would be some exchange of information.

BJÖRN: A frantic dialogue.

HELENN: A reconsidering of decisions already made.

BJÖRN: Decisions that took ages to make.

HELENN: So we did nothing.

BJÖRN: So we just lay there in silence.

HELENN: Neither of us looking at each other or moving.

BJÖRN: We waited for the first rays of sun with our eyes open.

HELENN: Fixed at different points in the dreary hotel room.

BJÖRN: Pretending to be asleep.

HELENN: Knowing that we are awake.

BJÖRN: Knowing that we won't sleep a wink the following night.

HELENN: Nor the night after that either.

BJÖRN: Or the one after that.

HELENN: Knowing that by the middle of the week, we'd look like the walking dead.

BJÖRN: Besides, if it were anything serious...

HELENN: What? What if it was anything serious?

BJÖRN: You would've called me instantly.

HELENN: Yes. I would've called you instantly.

BJÖRN: As you always do...

HELENN: When it's serious...

BJÖRN: And then I say you're overreacting again.

HELENN: The morning was becoming more concrete.

BJÖRN: Around 7 we stopped pretending we were asleep.

...

BJÖRN: Good morning.

HELENN: Good morning.

BJÖRN: ???

HELENN: It's hot...

BJÖRN: Yes.

HELENN: ???

BJÖRN: Did you sleep well?

HELENN: Yes. You?

BJÖRN: Yeah, ok.

HELENN: ???

BJÖRN: ???

HELENN: ???

BJÖRN: ???

HELENN: Are you hungry?

BJÖRN: I'm hungry.

HELENN: Do you want to have breakfast?

BJÖRN: Ok. Let's go have breakfast.

...

...

...

BJÖRN: What happened to your lip?

...

...

HELENN: Nothing.

SIX

JATO: After breakfast, Björn checked everything once more.

BJÖRN: Is everything alright? This is the last time I ask.

JATO: You think one of us forgot something? That's what you think?

BJÖRN: I want us to check. I want us to check.

JATO: Did anybody forget anything?

HELENN: Everything's ok Björn, everything's ok.

BJÖRN: I didn't ask you...

HELENN: I'm just saying everything's ok.

BJÖRN: I haven't asked you anything.

JATO: Where's your sax, Björn? Where's your sax?

BJÖRN: It's coming.

HELENN: The others are bringing it.

JATO: The others are bringing it?

HELENN: When they arrive by bus today.

JATO: When they arrive by bus today?

HELENN: Yes, when they arrive by bus today. It's in Budapest.

JATO: It was not in Budapest, Helenna knew that perfectly well, that the sax was not left in Budapest.

BJÖRN: Why do you bother me with that goddamned sax? What the fuck?

HELENN: Nobody fucking does. Nobody fucking does.

JATO: Why would we fucking bother you? And if we did, who would we fucking bother?

BJÖRN: Is that important now? Is that important now? Is that fucking sax really important?

JATO: We have our stuff. Where's yours? That's all we're saying, that's all!

HELENN: It's not important, it really isn't.

JATO: It is, it's important. It's fucking important to us. Where's your sax, Björn?

BJÖRN: Enough, enough now.

HELENN: Everything's alright. We just didn't get much sleep.
Otherwise we're fine.

JATO: You said you slept well, Helenna.

HELENN: I slept well. I said I slept well!

JATO: And Björn? Did Björn sleep well?

BJÖRN: I slept! I slept well! Fuck!

JATO: Then we all slept well.

HELENN: Yes, we all slept well.

BJÖRN: Then everything's fantastic. Isn't everything
fantastic?

HELENN: Yes, everything's great, great!

BJÖRN: Could we check now if we're missing anything?

JATO: Besides your sax?

BJÖRN: Yes, besides my fucking sax that is not important
right now, fucking hell! Can we check if we're missing
anything besides the fucking sax? Can we? Can we? Can
we? Ha?

HELENN: Yes we can! Yes! Let's check.

JATO: Ok. Ok. Two electric guitars.

BJÖRN: Check.

JATO: Two double basses.

BJÖRN: Check.

JATO: One drum.

One piano.

One violin.

Two trumpets.

One French horn.

One trombone.

One cornet.

Two samplers.

BJÖRN: Go on...

JATO: On?

BJÖRN: Yes, on!

JATO: You want to go on?

BJÖRN: Yes, ON, I want to go ON!

HELENN: We're... We've arrived. We're here.

JATO: Ten travel bags.

BJÖRN: Ten travel bags? No shit?!

JATO: Sixteen pairs of pants.

BJÖRN: Sixteen pairs of pants? That's not what I fucking
asked you!

JATO: An inexpressible amount of underwear.

BJÖRN: A lot of underwear... I asked if we are missing
something!!!

JATO: T-shirts.

Socks.

Scarves.

And caps.

HELENN: We're... We're here. To play. Maybe just for you.
We're here to play for you.

BJÖRN: Go on! ON! ON!

JATO: Björn, you're stressed.

You're a little stressed, Björn.

BJÖRN: Everything's ok. Everything's ok. I just missed some
sleep. I just didn't get enough fucking sleep! I just didn't
get enough fucking sleep! I just didn't get enough
fucking sleep!!

JATO: We know.

BJÖRN: And I didn't dress up. I didn't have the time.

HELENN: Actually...

BJÖRN: I had nothing to wear. And I had no time. But you're
all dressed up. You just look fucking fantastic!

JATO: Where are you going after this?

For some dinner?

For a drink?

For some sex?

Sure!

That's nice!

BJÖRN: Go ahead! And thanks for showing up in such a great
number! Really! Thanks!

HELENN: Because, we're here to play... For you.

BJÖRN (desperate): But did we fucking bring everything?

JATO: Toothbrushes, hair shampoo, facial creams, nail
scissors, deodorants for her and him, two hairdryers,
four pairs of tweezers.

HELENN: Thank you from coming in such a great number!

JATO: One inhaler for asthma, painkillers from all over Europe,
a few packs of tampons, even more packs of condoms,
more than enough packs of cigarettes, and 15 grams of
cocaine.

HELENN: 15... 15 grams of cocaine...

BJÖRN: You think we didn't earn your trust?

JATO: While we were in Budapest, there was no cocaine.

While we were in Budapest, you had a sax. Now you
have 15 grams of cocaine.

HELENN: Where's your sax, Björn... Where's your sax... Björn...

BJÖRN: Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

HELENN: Where...

BJÖRN: Shut up!

JATO: One ingrown nail.

HELENN: One unintentionally terminated pregnancy.

JATO: One asthma.

HELENN: One unintended miscarriage.

JATO: One epilepsy. One diabetes.

Three allergies. One death.

Who?
 Our friend! It doesn't matter!
 Death. Death. Death.
 What happened to him? Heart attack?
 Heart attack.
 Yeah, the second one.
 That time it was fatal.
 Bad luck. So young.
 He was not so young.
 How old?
 Around 35.
 He was young.
 He wasn't young.
 But he wasn't old either.
 He was just right.
 But he started to lose hair.
 He got fat. Didn't look after himself.
 He ate junk food. Drank a lot of liquor.
 Didn't exercise.
 It was to be expected.
 He died last year.
 We buried him in Ingolstadt. Near Munich.
 Ruhe in Frieden, lieber Freund.
 Leni Riefenstahl was buried in Munich.
 Everybody knows that. No one will know of this guy.
 What was his name?
 We don't remember anymore.
 Doesn't matter. We didn't like him very much anyway.
 Zu viel schrecklich!

HELENN: We're here to play for you... Because...

JATO: Because... The more silence there is, it is easier to forget who we are. It is easier to forget what our voices sounded like. How we laughed. How we cried. It is not true that you cannot forget who you are. It just takes silence. Lots of silence. Silence creates insecurity. And insecurity eats at a person slowly. It makes you think twice about anything you mean to say. And with time, with time you forget how to open your mouth and construct a meaningful piece of sound. We were quiet for so long that we became totally useless. Until cobwebs started to envelop our vocal chords and rotten teeth. Until even the greatest demagogues among us became only chunks of boring meat with eyes that look for one single fixed point to cling to. Until that point became somebody else's eyes. Until those eyes became a sign of approval. Until those eyes stopped being eyes and become the scent of fresh cunt or thick erection. And then we stood up and followed those scents. And fucked them. Violently. Possessively. Until a cry that broke an entire eternity flew out of our throats again. We heard ourselves moaning uncontrollably under

double or triple orgasms. The second cry started where the first ended. Sometimes they would overlap. That's when we rediscovered sound for the first time. It was different from anything we had heard until then. And that's when we decided to continue to fuck until all existing sound came out. Until pure pornography became the core motif of our existence. Ruthlessly, we tore cunts, chewed on clitorises, licked at each other from behind, sucked a couple of dicks at the same time, and throats became clear, cleared by those cries and then, right then, we decided to do music. But not just music. Because...

BJÖRN: We're not a band.

JATO: We're not the communist party.

HELENN: We're not a religious movement, nor an activist organization.

JATO: We don't really play that well.

We don't really understand your politics.

We don't really believe in your God.

BJÖRN: We're a bunch of complex-ridden, tired dicks and cunts of different ages and different nationalities.

JATO: Of different heights.

Different musical talents.

And differently resistant to pressure.

JATO: We don't know what to do with ourselves, nor how we got here.

HELENN: We celebrate when it's too early and cry when it's too late.

BJÖRN: We're politically subversive, socially useless.

HELENN: Intellectually unavailable and physically unattractive.

JATO: We're everything you dislike and everything you don't need.

HELENN: We're the day-old kittens that got thrown into water.

BJÖRN: And we're the drunk sex you don't remember the morning after.

HELENN: But...

BJÖRN: From time to time...

JATO: When you least expect it...

HELENN: Somebody takes pity on one-day-old kittens and leaves them alive...

HELENN: It just takes a little patience.

BJÖRN: It just takes a little tact...

HELENN: It just takes a little...

BJÖRN: It just takes... A LITTLE.

SEVEN

JULIA: ...to get to the bar. Get to the bar! You just need to get to the bar. You try to move next to the wall so that the number of people who might look at your stockings is reduced to a minimum, and everything is alright, you make yourself believe that everything is alright, although all the couples around you are now already involved in serious foreplay, out of my way, let me through, fuck all, go home and screw there, but that thought makes you even angrier so you additionally wish every couple a failed marriage or retarded children. You make your way to the crowded bar. You know you're horrible and neurotic, that you don't say hello to people you know and that you make friendly waves to absolute strangers, but really, that doesn't bother you at all.

BARTENDER: What can I get you.

JULIA: Wine. White.

BARTENDER: Wine. White. 2dl, 3?

JULIA: Whichever. If you want me to come for another glass earlier, then 2. If you want me to come later, then 3. In any case, I'll come and get another glass.

BARTENDER: Then 2. That would make it 4 soon. And not 6. Which is better!

JULIA: I don't know. I don't know if it's better. I drink it up and ask for more. Pour me more.

BARTENDER: I pour you more. Another 2 dl. And now I'll go serve the gentleman over there.

JULIA: I drink. I drink another 2 dl. I feel warmth crawling into my arms, and then into my whole body. I stop thinking about the run on my fucking 100 kn too expensive stockings from such-and-such shop. The bartender went to serve a gentleman. He's handsome. The gentleman. The bartender is not. Too tall, with too short legs and too big a behind. The gentleman is handsome. Just my type. But, the gentleman has a woman at his arm. And the bartender has a bottle of wine. So choose your preference. What will it be tonight? There, he's coming back. The bartender. Smile.

BARTENDER: Anything else, Madame?

JULIA: Madame, he called you Madame, he obviously likes you, why else would he call you Madame. Another one, Monsieur, another one, you tell him, and he pours, and you drink, and he pours and you drink, and the fucking concert is already more than a half hour late, what the fuck are they doing in there, what the fuck should you tell the BARTENDER, you're not drunk enough to act like this yet, but the crowd around the bar has dispersed.

BARTENDER: Madame is waiting for someone.

JULIA: Bravo, you genius, Madame is waiting for someone, that's why she drinks her fourth or fifth glass of wine alone at the bar, because she's waiting for her faithful

man whose dick probably got stuck in his zipper in the bathroom, or, no, we're playing that game, like, we don't know each other, you know, so the sex would be more interesting afterwards. No, Madame isn't waiting for anybody except for another drink perhaps.

BARTENDER: You hold your liquor well.

JULIA: That's why I don't hold myself well.

BARTENDER: You had a bad day, it seems.

JULIA: I had a bad day, such a bad day, that on a value scale I weighed two people who died at the intersection of such-and-such street with such-and-such street against a stocking run. But enough of that. Through the window you can see police lights and the crowd getting bigger, not far away, but not close either. What the fuck is going on now. Maybe they caught the fucking jazzers with cocaine in the sax tubes and now everybody's going to jail, no concert, and you'll get drunk and screw the poorly built bartender. There, you have it all figured out.

BARTENDER: Look at that line of cars! Only the Pope's visit could beat this!

JULIA: What? What could the fucking Pope beat?!

BARTENDER: This! Tomorrow... On the main square! This is his hotel I think!

JULIA: This... Tomorrow, on the square this is his hotel?! What kind of construction is that?! You're so eloquent, fucking shit, you were about to say, but you bit your tongue before you did, and thank God you did, there's been a media frenzy over the event for weeks now, and you couldn't have cared less so of course you forgot that tonight HE that has THAT THING tomorrow is coming. Now you at least know why the whole city's blocked.

BARTENDER: Yeah, they're supposed to bring him to the hotel, but they're late, they should've been here earlier, I don't know why they're late, here, I'll pour you more.

JULIA: Late, late, the great politician who has THAT THING tomorrow will sleep in the hotel just next to my concert, the great king of Istanbul, the Parisian tribe leader, the German maharaja, the Islamic president or the Nepalese general – he is late. The police, security service, killer dogs, coast guard, air defense and a few civilians exit the car, but it seems that they're only the welcoming committee, because that's still too few cars for HIM that has THAT THING tomorrow. You see them only as spots. Did they go too far or did you have too much to drink? Give me another glass.

BARTENDER: There you go Madame.

JULIA: Here's how male-female relationships work. He may be as ugly as the holocaust consequences, but if he calls you Madame with a pleasant voice three times, that's it, he's got you...

BARTENDER: I'm pouring...

JULIA: He's pouring, but you can't seem to stop looking at those spots and police lights that you can see through the huge French window, and you think they might be late because of the accident, because they had to pass through such-and-such street, maybe that's it, what a fuss over one traffic accident, but no, that's surely not it, but the fuss in this room is diminishing because the band has apparently started going on stage and everybody's gone to their seats, and so have you, extending your glass to the tall catering Quasimodo, catching the few final drops of wine from the bottle, and, of course, his sexy wink you most definitely smiled at, but you don't know any more if it was from courtesy or you actually liked it...

(...)



Anica
Tomić

Jelena
Kovačić



Anica Tomić

odgovara,
pita Maja
Sviben

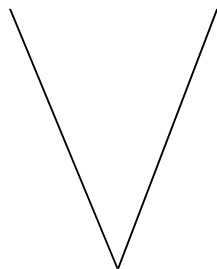
Složila bih se s Lehmannovom rečenicom da se povijest novog kazališta *može napisati kao povijest uzajamnog ometanja teksta i pozornice*. Po mojem mišljenju, u tom stalnom ometanju i nametanju svih čimbenika koji tvore i tekst i pozornicu, stvara se magični jezik koji je neopisiv onoliko koliko je neopisiv spoj koji stvara *hapax* ili trenutnu spoznaju onoga što kao produkt na sceni naposljetku dobivamo. Kada započinjemo s čitanjem nekog teksta, započinjemo naivno i zaneseno, dopuštajući da nam rečenica otvara meandre koji će nas asocijativno zavesti (jer ćemo im to dopustiti) i odvesti na krivi put. Ali ti krivi putovi, tek kad se spoje s onim što nam na sceni nudi glumačko tijelo i njegova mizanscenost, u nekom suludom spoju, nama kao prvom ili drugom gledatelju, otvaraju niz pitanja.

Tekstovi koje stvaramo za nas su poput tisuću puta preslušanih monologa koje vodimo same sa sobom, i tek se njihova fina i meka struktura upisana na papir pretvara u neki diskurs koji bi mogao nalikovati dramskom. Ali dramsko ne nastaje upisivanjem na papir, to upisivanje tek je put ka dramskom, koje nam izmiče onoliko puta koliko nam izmiču i one najtanje nijanse koje pokušavamo dobiti u zjevovima između rečenog i ne-rečenog, glumstvenog i ne-glumstvenog, komičnog i ne-komičnog, kao i tragičnog i ne-tragičnog. Kao suputnici ili supatnici tog istog teksta pojavljuju se glumačke tišine, ali i traženja, ono što ostaje zapisano u nekom pogledu između dva izvođača na sceni. Tek ti pogledi postaju dramski tekst, iako nisu upisani na papir.

Naša traženja uvijek su dugotrajna i iziskuju koncentraciju stalnog i ponovnog traženja istinolikosti onoga što se govori i onoga što se vidi. Upravo u nekoj nijansi razlike onoga što glumac govori i onoga kako djeluje na sceni, stvara se pravi način upisivanja, ali i prenošenja onoga što smo htjele. Ponekad je potrebno potpuno odbaciti sve rečenice, zaboraviti ih i pokušati tek kroz jedan apstraktni pojam koji glumac ni iz čega unosi u svoje tijelo napisati/preispisati potpuno novi diskurs koji nije prenosiv na papir i čije pamćenje ostaje, ali i odlazi s glumčevim tijelom. Po mojem mišljenju, tu nastaju najtočniji i najljepši dramski tekstovi ili poezija ne-upisanog i ne-izrečenog, mjesta koja osim u glumačkim tijelima ostaju zapisana i u očima gledača. Onih tih, ali i aktivnih drugih koji pažljivo nadopisuju sve što mi nismo uspjele, i time zajedno s glumcima i njihovim tišinama ispisuju neke nove dramske tekstove, neprenosive jezikom, a zauvijek utisnute u njihove memorije. U pamćenjima onih koji odlaze, nastaju i nestaju predstave, a nama stvaraju obavezu još jednog davanja i traženja nekog novog jezika u nama samima.

Jelena Kovačić

odgovara,
pita Maja
Sviben



Već samo čitanje na svojevrsan način označava početak pisanja, ono je već samo po sebi dio procesa pisanja ili ga barem pokreće, kao da čitanje uzrokuje dijalog s pročitanim, kao da traži odgovor ili reakciju. Ono što pišemo ne mora direktno biti vezano uz ono što čitamo, ali se na to asocijativno nadovezuje. U našim predstavama uvijek razlikujemo dva teksta: tekst izvedbe i pisani tekst. Inzistiramo na tom razlikovanju.

Redovito se događa da sam pisani tekst nije ishodišna točka predstave. Kako god izgledao proces na predstavi, prva faza pisanja uvijek su razgovori, tek onda dolaze replike, one ulaze u tekst, u njemu pronalaze svoje mjesto, gotovo svojevrijedno, ponekad se osjećamo kao da je tekst već napisan, a mi samo izabiremo riječi, kombiniramo ponuđeno. U tekstu nas uvijek zanimaju detalji, mali pomaci koji uzrokuju razliku. U tom smislu u tekstu izvedbe riječ često biva zamijenjena gestom, pogledom, reakcijom, tišinom, kao da scena nadopisuje sve ono što tekst nije uspio. Ono što ispisujemo nisu replike, već kontekst, ono što se događa u pukotinama značenja. Zbog toga rečenica mora biti čista. Kad ju jednom ustanovimo, kad pronađemo njen krajnji oblik, želimo da ostane nepromijenjen, zato da se ne bi proizveo suvišak značenja, da se njena namjera ne uprlja. Odnos s tekstom uvijek je dvostruk. U njemu se izmjenjuju uživanje i distanciranje, upravo u tom distanciranju čuvamo funkciju dramaturga. Ne vezujemo se za tekstove kao na nešto samo po sebi razumljivo i zatvoreno. Oni ništa ne zaključuju, ne volimo stavljati točke na rečenice, jer im na taj način uskraćujemo život asocijacija. Ono što lik izgovara postaje bitno tek u suodnosu s onim kako i gdje to izgovara, te kome rečenicu upućuje. U tom su smislu naši tekstovi ovisni o svojoj izvedbi. Oni su tek jedan element cjelokupne izvedbe, ali tu ne postoji hijerarhija elemenata, tekst je jednako važan kao i glazba, na primjer. Sve se događa u formalnoj i sadržajnoj kombinaciji svih elemenata predstave. U tom smislu o tekstu uvijek razmišljamo kroz izvedbu, modificiramo ga u odnosu na ono što izvedba s njim želi postići, odnosno, točnije rečeno, u odnosu na ono što izvedba želi postići sama po sebi. Ne vjerujemo da je sasvim svedeno što glumci na sceni izgovaraju, barem ne u onome što mi radimo. Tekst je važan, ali mu se ne priznaje hijerarhijsko mjesto najvažnijeg ili ishodišnog. On je u službi predstave, jednako kao što je predstava u službi teksta. Za nas je jedan od ključnih izazova iznalaziti nove odnose teksta i izvedbe.

Anica Tomić i Jelena Kovačić

Oprostite, mogu li vam ispričati...?

Drama *Oprostite, mogu li vam ispričati...?* postavljena je 2008. godine u produkciji Zagrebačkog kazališta mladih. Na 17. međunarodnom festivalu malih scena Rijeka predstava je osvojila nagradu Veljko Maričić za dramaturgiju. Fragment drame bit će objavljen u francuskom izdanju *Anthologie du Theatre Croate* urednika Nataše Govedić, Dominique Dolmieu i Miloša Lazina, izdavačke kuće *Maison d'Europe et d'Orient*.

1. RAZGOVOR ZA STOLOM U VRTU ISPRED KUĆE – PRVI

PETAR: Martini.
 FILIP: Da nazdravimo.
 PETAR: Za vas dvoje.
 ANA: Zato smo ovdje.
 FILIP: I za vas dvoje.
 PETAR: Danas je vaš dan, neka bude za vas.
 FILIP: Sutra ćemo nazdravljati za nas, danas za sve.
 FILIP: Mogu li vam ispričati jednu tužnu priču?
 EMA: Ne.
 ANA: A ja?
 EMA: Ne, prvo fotografiranje.
 ANA: Dosadna si.
 EMA: Samo jednu.
 ANA: Jednu, ali onda me moraš ostaviti na miru.
 FILIP: Ajde i ti s njima.
 PETAR: Ja ću poslije.
 PETAR: Ana, lijevo, pola koraka. Dobro, malo okreni lice prema Emi. Dobro. Ne, ne, malo Ema glavu prema gore, Filipe ne vidim ti lice. Tako, Ana malo više gore, opet si se pomaknula, bliže. Tako!
 EMA: Čekaj, čekaj, stol nije čist.
 FILIP: To se neće vidjeti.
 EMA: Vidjet će se... Evo ga.
 ANA: Ja bih ipak u sredinu.
 PETAR: Ne, to nije dobro. Filip mora biti u sredini, on je najviši.
 FILIP: Da, ovo je najbolje.
 PETAR: Tako.
 EMA: Ne. Mi stojimo na krivom mjestu. Idemo tamo.
 PETAR: Ovdje nema svjetla. Idemo tamo.
 EMA: Ne. Idemo tamo.
 PETAR: Ne idemo tamo.
 EMA: Ne! Ne! Ne! Ne! Tu! Ovdje je dobro. Sjednite .

2. / 3. STRAH – PRVI

EMA: Ovaj stol je napravio moj muž.
FILIP: Stol je stajao u vrtu.
ANA: Moj je otac uvijek govorio da je za svaku obitelj od najveće važnosti stol.
PETAR: Za njim se stvara obitelj.
EMA: Makar se za njim ne progovori ni riječi.
EMA: Daj mi taj pištolj, jebem ti mater.
EMA: Ajde!
FILIP: Ja ću sada preuzeti ulogu oca.
OTAC: Prestani!
ANA: Strah me.
OTAC: Što si rekla?
ANA: Mrzim te.
EMA: Nemoj ga izazivati.
OTAC: Šuti.
EMA: Što to radiš? Spusti to!
OTAC: Što spusti, jebem ti mater bezobraznu! Što plačeš, jebem ti mater!
EMA: Nemoj!
OTAC: Što nemoj! Jebem vam mater! Što se bojiš, a?
EMA: Makni se od nje!
OTAC: Neću ti ništa! Šta si se usrala!
ANA: Reci mu da prestane!
OTAC: Šuti! Šuti! Jebem ti mater! Što se bojiš, a? Prestani plakati! Čuješ? Prestani plakati!

4. RAZGOVOR ZA STOLOM U VRTU ISPRED KUĆE – DRUGI A

PETAR: Stol je čist.
FILIP: Vrlo čist.
ANA: Mogu li vam ja sada nešto ispričati?
EMA: Ne. Nešto nedostaje. Znam! Cvijeće.
SVI: Aaaaaa!
ANA: Možemo i bez cvijeća.
EMA: Bit će ljepše s cvijećem. Što da nabereš? Znam! Tulipane! Mogu sama.
EMA: Daj mi te tulipane, jebem ti mater!!!
FILIP: Mogu li vam ja ispričati jednu strašnu priču?
PETAR: Mogu ja.
ANA: Ne, ja ću vam ispričati.
EMA: Ne... Nešto nedostaje. Znam. Cvijeće.
FILIP: Što ćete popiti?
PETAR: Svejedno.
FILIP: Da ja izaberem?
PETAR: Da.
FILIP: Onda neka bude martini.
FILIP: Martini! Za martini je najbolja čaša od debelog stakla. Kao što je ova. Prvo se stavlja led, led mora biti prvorazredan, vrlo hladan. Vrlo čvrst. Samo, leda nema. Zatim promiješamo. I serviramo. Izvolite!

PETAR: Hvala!
FILIP: Da nazdravimo?
PETAR: Bez Eme?
FILIP: Nazdravit ćemo još jednom kad se vrati.
EMA: Evo ga. Sad se možemo fotografirati.
PETAR: Jesi li vidjela kako su tvojoj majci uspjeli tulipani?
ANA: Uvijek joj uspiju.
PETAR: Trudila se.
EMA: Napraviti ću od njih buket za sutrašnje vjenčanje.
ANA: Uvenut će do sutra.
EMA: Nabrat ću nove. Ovi su za fotografranje. Idemo.
ANA: Ne da mi se više.
EMA: Onda ćemo Filip i ja. Sjedni kraj mene. Čekaj, čekaj, čaše.
PETAR: Možda bolje da ustanete, Ema.
EMA: Ne, sjedit ćemo. Sjedni pokraj mene.
FILIP: Ne, bolje da ustanemo.
EMA: Ne, sjedit ćemo.
FILIP: Ne ustat ćemo.

5. ANINA PRIČA

ANA: Oprostite, mogu li vam ispričati jednu tužnu priču?
EMA: Naravno.
ANA: Jedne večeri hodala sam ulicom... ne! Jedne večeri sanjala sam jedan čudan san. Hodala sam ulicom, bilo je mračno, na ulici nije bilo nikoga, kada sam došla do svoje kuće pokucala sam na vrata. Otvorila mi je jedna žena koja je izgledala kao moja majka. Ja sam je pitala: "Oprostite, zar ovdje ne stanuje moj otac?" Ona mi je odgovorila: "Ne, njega već odavno nema." "Nemoguće, nitko mi nije javio.", rekla sam.
"Žao mi je."
"Znate li možda gdje je?"
"Ne, ne znam."
"Koliko dugo ga nema?"
"Ne znam."
"Mogu li ući?"
"Ne."
"Molim vas, moram ga naći."
"Maknite se, ovdje nema nikoga. Živim sama."
"Mi smo imali isti ovakav stol, takav stol je napravio moj otac."
"Baš me briga!"
"Molim vas, pustite me da uđem!"
EMA: Maknite se!
ANA: "Samo da pogledam, možda ga ipak nađem."
EMA: Maknite se! Maknite se!
ANA: "Pustite me!"

6. RAZGOVOR ZA STOLOM U VRTU – DRUGI B

PETAR: Ja sam sanjao jedan čudan san.
ANA: Baš me briga.
FILIP: Mogu li vam ja sada ispričati jednu strašnu priču?
ANA: Ne sada, poslije. Neće!
PETAR: Idemo tamo. Neće.
ANA: Idemo tamo. Neće.
PETAR: Idemo tamo. Neće.
FILIP: Ptičica – neće.
FILIP: Mogu li vam ja sada ispričati?
EMA: Ne. Sad ćemo sjediti. I smijati ćemo se. I slušati ćemo glazbu. Kako ja volim talijanske kancone.
PETAR: Ovako je najbolje.
EMA: Znam.
FILIP: Ti uvijek znaš kako je najbolje.
EMA: Uvijek.
FILIP: Ja sam pravi sretnik. Pronaći u mojim godinama ovakvu ženu... Mogu li sada ispričati jednu strašnu priču?
EMA: Ne.
ANA: Pravi sretnik.
PETAR: Filip, pogledajte prema Emi. Tako.
EMA: Nasmij se. Jače.
PETAR: Neće?
FILIP: Da vidim.
PETAR: Što ćete popiti? Martini?
ANA: To je trebalo biti za sutra.
EMA: Sutra ćemo piti šampanjac.
ANA: Kao na pravom vjenčanju.
EMA: Da.
FILIP: Evo, tko se hoće fotografirati?
ANA: Ja bih vam sada ispričala još jednu priču.
EMA: Ne, fotografiraj Anu i Petra. Tu, ispred stola.
ANA: Nemoj.
EMA: Samo jednu.
ANA: Jednu, ali onda nas moraš pustiti na miru.
PETAR: Ja ću sjesti pokraj Ane?
EMA: Uzmi cvijeće.
ANA: Možemo i bez toga.
EMA: Bit će ljepše s cvijećem. Kako bi ti bila krasna mlada.
ANA: Jednog dana.
EMA: Jednog dana će biti prekasno.
ANA: Prestani.
EMA: Tako Možeš ga malo podići da se bolje vidi.
EMA: Petre, ti pogledaj Anu, tako, i ti Ana njega. Smijete se. Tako. Krasno. Ovo će biti sjajna fotografija.
FILIP: Ptičica! Neće.
EMA: Šteta.

7. SAN O ŽENI KOJA PLAČE

FILIP: Najbolje da vam ja sada ispričam jednu strašnu priču?
PETAR: Može.
FILIP: Kada sam se nakon višegodišnjeg izbivanja vratio u svoju zemlju, moja je kuća bila na istom mjestu na kojem sam ju i ostavio. Te večeri puhao je snažan vjetar, psi su zavijali. Moji su koraci odjekivali pustim gradom. Kada sam otključao vrata, začuo sam neko čudno jecanje. Pratio sam zvuk jecaja i došao do jednog stola. Pod njim je plakala jedna žena. Ja sam je pitao: "Zašto plačeš?" Ona mi je odgovorila.
EMA: Molim?
FILIP: Zašto plačeš?
EMA: Što?
FILIP: Zašto plačeš?
EMA: Zato što sam nesretna.
FILIP: Što radiš ovdje?
EMA: Ha?
FILIP: Što radiš ovdje?
EMA: Čekam svoga muža.
FILIP: Koliko ga dugo već čekaš?
EMA: Otkad je otišao u rat.
FILIP: Hoće li se vratiti?
EMA: Što?
FILIP: Hoće li se vratiti?
EMA: Neće.
FILIP: Zašto ga onda čekaš?
EMA: Ne znam. Jeste li vi ikada bili u ratu? Jeste li vi ikada bili u ratu?
FILIP: Ne... Nisam želio ići u rat, jer rat znači smrt, a smrt se teško zaboravlja.

8. TIŠINA**9. GLAZBA / PLES**

PETAR: Mogu li vam sada ispričati svoju tužnu priču?
SVI : Ne.

10. PETROVA TUŽNA PRIČA

PETAR: Mogu li vam sada ja ispričati jednu tužnu priču?
EMA: Naravno.
PETAR: Sjednite! Zovem se Petar, našu je kuću jednog jutra pogodila granata, majka je kuhala kavu i poginula na mjestu, otac je čitao novine i umro u bolnici nakon tri dana. I ja sam htio umrijeti, ali nisam uspio...
EMA: Daj mi tu vodu, jebem ti mater.

PETAR: A sada, volio bih ubijati ljude, želio bih zaklati najmanje desetoro ljudi, ubijao bih ih jednog po jednog, metak u čelo, prerezan grkljan, rasporio bih im utrobe, velikim nožem, polako, duboko, do crijeva. Lomio bih im kosti. Iskopao bih im oči, i nagurao ih u njihova nacerena usta, rastvorio bih im glave, izvadio mozak, i gazio po njemu debelim, prljavim đonovima. Odrezao bih im dlanove i noge. Njihove bih utrobe napunio bombama, a onda gledao kako se rasprskavaju u nepovrat. Zavezao bih ih za stolice, izbušio deset rupa na tijelu i onda čekao da polako umru, dok im sva krv ne oteče iz njihovih napuhanih tijela. Udarao bih ih lancima, do krvi, pa do kostiju, sve dok im se svaki mišić ne pretvori u kašu. Mrcvario bih ih do besvijesti. Onda bih ubio sebe, objesio bih se na glavnom trgu, na debelo uže, volio bih tako visjeti tjednima, sve dok mi tijelo ne prekriju rojevi muha. Ali ne mogu to napraviti.

11./12. RAZGOVOR ZA STOLOM U VRTU ISPRED KUĆE 3A / OČEVA SMRT

EMA: Čuješ?
PETAR: M-m.
EMA: Muha, promašila sam.
FILIP: Gdje su čaše?
PETAR: Sad ću ih donijeti.
ANA: Ja ću.
EMA: Ne, ti sjedi. Idem ja.
FILIP: Pomoći ću ti.
EMA: Mogu sama.
FILIP: Treba kupiti novi stol. Ovaj će se raspasti.
ANA: Ovaj stol je napravio moj otac.
FILIP: Znam.
ANA: Moj otac je poginuo u ratu. Kad su nam javili bio je mrtav već tri dana. Potpuno hladan, i pokopan negdje na brzinu. Legni.
FILIP: Ovako?
EMA: Ne. Ovako.
ANA: Pokopan u plitkom grobu, u rupi koju su iskopali rukama, a onda zatrpali nogama, brzo da se ne usmrdi, jer je bilo vruće, a meso se brzo kvari na vrućini.
EMA: Zato nad njegovim grobom nisu mogli plakati, jer su prvo povraćali, pa su onda plakali nad svojom rigotinom, vjerujući kako plaču nad njegovim raspadnutim tijelom. Njegovo je truplo bilo zastrašujući primjer ostalim truplima, raspuknuto, raskomadano, bez svog početka i kraja.
ANA: Jebem ja njemu mater, neka ide u kurac, boli me kurac što tu sad leži mrtav, gušim se po noći, ne mogu spavati, čujem ga kako dolazi, gleda me. Kad je prvi put otišao, rekao je da to radi zbog nas, da će biti bolje, da ćemo biti sretni. Kad se vratio, više ništa nije bilo kao

prije, sjedio bi za stolom i plakao. Ako bih ja počela plakati, udario bi me, tako da bih pala sa stolice. U ladici je držao bombe, rekao je ako sve propadne, da se moramo ubiti, da moramo ići s njim. Rekao mi je da je ubijao ljude, zbog mene. Ja nisam htjela da on ubija. Rekao je da sam nezahvalna i da pazim što govorim. Rekao je da i mene može ubiti. Da on jedini ima pravo na to. On me napravio, on će me i ubiti. Jebem ja njemu mater, jebem ti takvog oca, boli me kurac za sve što je vidio, meni je bilo dovoljno da vidim njega. Jebem ja mater njegovim bombama i ratnim pokličima. Neka idu svi u kurac, smrde, zaudaraju, gade mi se, gadi mi se ovdje, jebem ti mater ovakvoj zemlji, boli me kurac za vaše traume, kao što i vas boli za moju. Jebem ja vama mater. Plačite, ridajte, vrištite, boli me kurac, i ja plačem, kome puca kurac za to. Nikome. Nikome ni ne treba pucat, jebem ja svima mater, što hoćete od mene jebene seljačine. Neka ide sve u tri pičke materine, ionako nije ispalo onako kako sam ja htjela, ionako me nitko nije pitao što ja hoću, nitko me nije pitao, nitko me nije pitao, nitko me nije pitao.

FILIP: Mogu li sad ustati?

ANA: Možeš.

13. RAZGOVOR ZA STOLOM U VRTU ISPRED KUĆE – 3B

FILIP: Sad ćemo nazdraviti.
ANA: Ja bih vam htjela ispričati još jednu priču.
EMA: Ne, prvo fotografiranje. Ana, Petar i ja.
PETAR: Ja ću poslije.
EMA: Ne, sada.
FILIP: Za uspomenu. Stanite iza stola. Ti, Petre u sredinu.
EMA: Bolje da ja stanem u sredinu.
FILIP: Ne, Petar je najviši.
EMA: Kakve to veze ima. Ja ću biti u sredini.
PETAR: Tako je, majka u sredini.
EMA: A otac fotografira.
ANA: On nije ničiji otac.
FILIP: Ne, nije dobro, Petar mora biti u sredini, a vas dvije zamijenite mjesta.
PETAR: Neka Ema bude u sredini. Meni je svejedno.
FILIP: Najbolje bi bilo da Ema sjedne, a vas dvoje ostanite stajati.
EMA: Ovako?
FILIP: Da. Ana, ti malo bliže Petru, još malo. Tako. Smijte se. Odlično.
EMA: Ne. Čekaj. Nešto nedostaje. Znam, cvijeće.
ANA: Možemo i bez cvijeća.
EMA: Bit će ljepše s cvijećem. Uzet ću tulipane.
ANA: Ne mogu više stajati.
PETAR: Onda sjedni.
EMA: Evo ga.

PETAR: Vidiš kako su tvojoj majci uspjeli tulipani.
 FILIP: Uvijek joj uspiju.
 EMA: Napraviti ću buket za sutrašnje vjenčanje.
 ANA: Uvenut će do sutra.
 EMA: Nabrat ću nove. Digni se, ja ću sjediti.
 ANA: Kako hoćeš.
 FILIP: Idemo, Petre malo bliže Ani, tako. Smijte se. Jače.
 EMA: Ne, ne, ne, čekaj! Staviti ću i pticu.
 PETAR: Što ćete staviti?
 EMA: Pticu. To mi je Filip poklonio.
 EMA: Daj mi tu pticu, jebala te ptica jebem ti mater!
 ANA: Divno.
 FILIP: To je moj osobni trofej.
 PETAR: Nisam znao da se time bavite.
 EMA: Ovo će biti krasno. Izgleda kao prava.
 ANA: Odvratna je.
 FILIP: Idemo, smijte se. Ana, smij se!

EMA: Čekaj, mi stojimo na krivom mjestu. Idemo tamo.
 ANA: Ne. Ovdje nema svjetla. Idemo tamo.
 EMA: Ne, idemo tamo.
 PETAR: Ne, ovdje nije dobro. Idemo tamo.
 FILIP: Ne, idemo tamo.

14. O VRTU / EMIN MONOLOG / TEROR

PETAR: I što sad?
 EMA: A sada bih ja željela da mi Filip kaže da je moj vrt divan.
 FILIP: Tvoj vrt je predivan.
 EMA: Hvala, jako se brinem o njemu. Sada bih htjela da mi Petar kaže da se to vidi i da mi Ana kaže što sam sve posadila
 PETAR: To se jako vidi.
 ANA: Posadila si cinije, maćuhice, petunije, pupavice, prkose, ruže i tulipane.
 EMA: Obožavam tulipane. Sadim ih u proljeće.
 FILIP: Ja najviše volim ruže. Crvene.
 ANA: Meni su draže bijele.
 EMA: Polijevam ih ujutro i navečer. Koristim organsko gnojivo.
 PETAR: Organsko gnojivo je najbolje.
 FILIP: Tulipani izgledaju čudno.
 EMA: Bolesni su. Listovi su im puni žućkastih ličinki. One seru i rastu, buše hodnike u listovima.
 FILIP: Umrijet će.
 EMA: Posadit ću nove.
 FILIP: Odlična ideja.
 ANA: Hajde nam sad ti ispričaj jednu tužnu priču.
 EMA: Ja nemam tužnu priču.
 ANA: Imaš. Hajde, ispričaj nam.
 EMA: Moj muž je volio naš vrt. Zajedno smo brinuli o njemu. Moj muž je volio vrt, a ja sam voljela njega. Ponekad smo satima sjedili u vrtu i slušali ptice. Ništa nismo

govorili. Samo smo slušali. Nisam htjela da ide, ali je otišao. Dugo ga nije bilo. Čekala sam ga u našem vrtu, za stolom koji je napravio prije nego što je otišao u rat. Ponekad sam sjedila satima, čekala sam da mi kaže da je sve gotovo i da se više ne trebam bojati. Da se njega više ne trebam bojati. Jedne večeri vratio se kasno, nismo znali da će doći, nismo već danima znali gdje je. Ne, nije bilo tako. Ana je počela plakati. A ja... ja sam ugasila svjetla. I ništa se nije vidjelo jer je vani bio mrak.

PETAR: I onda?
 EMA: I onda smo začuli korake...
 PETAR: I?
 EMA: Čuli smo...
 FILIP / OTAC: Gdje ste? Gdje ste, pička vam materina? Gdje ste, pička li vam materina?
 FILIP / OTAC: Ema! Ema! Čega se bojiš? Mene?
 EMA: Što to radiš? Spusti to!
 FILIP / OTAC: Ovog se bojiš?
 EMA: Makni se od nje!
 FILIP / OTAC: I ja se bojim, koga boli kurac!
 ANA: Pusti me!
 FILIP / OTAC: Šta se dereš?
 EMA: Makni se od nje!
 FILIP / OTAC: Ti šuti!
 EMA: Makni se od nje!
 FILIP / OTAC: Rekao sam ti da šutiš! Jebem ti mater!
 EMA: Ne. Ne, nije bilo tako.
 FILIP: Nego?
 EMA: Ne znam. Ne sjećam se. Mislim da ipak nisam ugasila svjetla.
 FILIP: Aha...

15. RAZGOVOR ZA STOLOM U VRTU ISPRED KUĆE 4

FILIP: Da nazdravimo?
 PETAR: Za vas dvoje.
 FILIP: I za vas dvoje.
 PETAR: Da se fotografiramo?
 EMA: Pred praznim stolom?
 FILIP: Poslije ćemo pred punim.
 EMA: Ne, donijet ću čaše. I martini.
 ANA: To je trebalo biti za sutra.
 EMA: Sutra ćemo piti šampanjac.
 PETAR: Prvo fotografiranje.
 EMA: Da nikad ne zaboravimo ovaj divan dan.
 ANA: Baš divan.
 FILIP: Gdje ćemo se fotografirati?
 EMA: Za stolom. Ana, sjedni pokraj mene. A ti Petre stani iza nas, Filip će nas fotografirati.
 PETAR: Ja ću poslije.
 EMA: Ne sada.
 FILIP: Spremni?

EMA: Smijte se.

FILIP: Može?

EMA: Ne, ne, čekaj! Cvijeće, stavit ću cvijeće na stol, bit će
ljepše.

FILIP: Odlična ideja.

EMA: Tulipani su ove godine predivni.

FILIP: Što si rekao?

PETAR: Ništa.

EMA: Ana, uzmi ti cvijeće, tako, baš ti pristaje. Čuješ?

PETAR: Muhe.

EMA: Promašila sam.

FILIP: Da donesem pticu?

EMA: Odlična ideja.

ANA: Odvratno. Ja se ne želim s tim fotografirati.

EMA: Samo jednu. To mi je Filip poklonio.

FILIP: Idemo.

EMA: Ne, čekaj, donijet ću stolnjak.

ANA: Ne treba nam stolnjak, dobro je i ovako.

EMA: Ne, bit će ljepše sa stolnjakom, ovaj stol je tako ružan.

PETAR: Mogu li vam još nešto ispričati?

EMA: Ne.

ANA: Čuješ?

PETAR: Ne.

ANA: Opet je došla.

PETAR: Evo još jedne.

ANA: Sviđa im se ova mrtva ptica.

EMA: Gluposti, to je od vrućine.

EMA: Idemo, fotografiranje.

FILIP: Neće.

EMA: Neće?

EMA: Šteta, ovo je mogla biti tako krasna fotografija.

Anica Tomić

in conver- sation with Maja Sviben

Translated from the Croatian
by Marina Miladinov

would agree with Lehmann's statement that the history of new theatre *can be written as a history of mutual obstructions between text and stage*. According to me, it is in that permanent obstruction and imposition of all those factors that constitute both the text and the stage that a magic language emerges, which is just as indescribable as the link that creates the *hapax* or the momentary insight into that which eventually comes out as the stage product.

When we begin to read a text, we approach it with naïveté and enthusiasm, allowing each sentence to open meanders that will seduce us into associations (because we will let them do it) and take us astray. But when these aberrations merge with that which the actor's body and its mise-en-scène character offers to us into some sort of crazy fusion, for us as the first or the second spectators, that creates lots of questions.

The texts that we create for ourselves are like monologues that we have heard a thousand times, monologues that we have with ourselves, and it is only their fine and soft texture noted down on paper that will transform them into a discourse that might resemble dramatic theatre. But the dramatic does not emerge from noting down these things on paper; that inscription is only a path towards the dramatic, which escapes us as often as the finest nuances that we seek to obtain in gaps between what has been said and what has not, between the acting and not-acting, comical and non-comical, and also tragic and non-tragic. The co-travellers and co-sufferers of that text are the acting silences and quests, that which remains inscribed in a look exchanged between two performers on stage. It is these looks that become the dramatic text, even though they haven't been noted down on paper.

Our quests are always long and require concentrated, permanent, and repeated search for the veracity of what is said and what is seen. And it is precisely in some nuance between what the actor utters and how it appears on stage that generates the true way of inscribing things and transmitting what we wanted. Sometimes it may be necessary to reject some sentences altogether, to forget them and try to write/rewrite an entirely new discourse out of a single abstract notion that the actor brings into his body, out of nothing, a discourse that is not transferrable onto a piece of paper, yet its memory lingers on, leaving only with the actor's body. In my opinion, this is where the most accurate and most beautiful dramatic texts or poetry of the non-inscribed and non-uttered are created, places that remain inscribed not only in the actors' bodies, but also in the eyes of the spectators. Of those quiet, yet active Others that carefully add everything that we have failed to write, thus writing some new dramatic texts with their silences, together with the actors, texts that can't be transmitted through language, but remain forever imprinted in their memories. It is somewhere there that the performances emerge and vanish, in the memories of those who will go away, leaving us with the obligation to give and seek once more a new language within ourselves.

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Translated from the Croatian
by Marina Miladinov

It is the very reading that marks the beginning of writing in a way; it is in itself a part of the writing process or at least initiates it, as if the reading were the cause of the dialogue with what has been read, as if demanding a response or reaction. What we write needn't be necessarily related to what we read, but it is associated with it and builds upon it. In our performances, we always distinguish between two texts: the text of the performance and the written text. And we insist on that differentiation. It regularly happens that the written text as such is not the starting point for the performance. Whatever the performance process may look like, the first phase of writing always consists of conversations, which then lead to the script, entering the text and finding their own place within it, almost arbitrarily; sometimes we feel as if the text were already written, and we only select the words, combine what is offered. Within the text, we are always interested in details, small shifts that make a difference. In that sense, in the performance text words often get substituted through gestures, looks, reactions, silence, as if the stage were adding whatever the text failed to include. What we write down is not the script, but the context, what happens in the cracks of meaning. That's why sentences need to be pure. Once we establish a sentence and find its final form, we want it to remain unaltered to prevent a surplus of meaning, the pollution of its intent. Our relationship with the text is always ambiguous. It alternates immersion and distancing, and it is precisely in that distance that we retain our function as dramaturges. We don't get attached to the texts as something that is self-understandable and enclosed. There is no conclusion to them; we prefer not to place periods at the end of sentences, since thus we would deprive them of their life of associations. What the character says becomes important only in its relation to the why and where he or she says it, or to whom the sentence is directed. In that sense, our texts depend on their performance. They are only a part of the whole, but without an essential hierarchy of elements: the text is equally important as the music, for example. It all happens in a combination of all elements of performance, both formal and substantial. That is why we always think of the text through performance, we modify it according to what the performance may achieve with it, or rather, what the performance may want to achieve in itself. We don't believe that it doesn't matter what the actors are saying on stage, at least not in what we're doing. The text is important, but is not assigned the hierarchical place of primacy or origin. It remains in the service of performance, just as the performance remains in the service of text. For us, finding out new relationships between text and performance is one of the key challenges.

Anica Tomić and Jelena KovačićExcuse Me,
May I Tell You...?

Translated from the Croatian by Nikola Krnjaić

Excuse Me, May I Tell You...? was staged in 2008, in the production of Zagreb Youth Theatre. At the 17th *International Small Scenes Theatre Festival Rijeka*, the performance won the *Veljko Maričić* award for dramaturgy. A fragment of the play will be published in the French edition of *Anthologie du Theatre Croate*, edited by Nataša Govedić, Dominique Dolmieu, and Miloš Lazin, published by *Maison d'Europe et d'Orient*.

1. CONVERSATION AT THE TABLE IN THE GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE – FIRST

PETAR: Martini.

FILIP: Let's make a toast.

PETAR: To the two of you.

ANA: That's why we're here.

FILIP: And to the two of you.

PETAR: Today's your day; let's make it to you.

FILIP: Tomorrow we'll drink to us, today to all of us.

FILIP: Can I tell you a sad story?

EMA: No.

ANA: Can I?

EMA: No, let's take pictures first.

ANA: You're boring.

EMA: Just one.

ANA: One, but then you have to leave me in peace.

FILIP: Go with them.

PETAR: I'll go later.

PETAR: Ana, to the left, half a step. Good, now turn your face a little more towards Ema. Good. No, no, Ema look up a bit, Filip I can't see your face. Like that, Ana up a little, you've moved again, closer. That's right!

EMA: Wait, wait, the table isn't cleared.

FILIP: You won't see that.

EMA: You'll see... There.

ANA: I'd rather stand in the middle.

PETAR: No, that's not good. Filip has to stand in the middle, he's the tallest.

FILIP: Yes, that's the best way.

PETAR: Like that.

EMA: No. We're standing in the wrong spot. Let's go over there.

PETAR: There's no light here. Let's go over there.
EMA: No. Let's go over there.
PETAR: No let's go over there.
EMA: No! No! No! No! Here! Here is good. Sit down.

2. / 3. FEAR – FIRST

EMA: My husband made this table.
FILIP: It used to stand in the garden.
ANA: My father always used to say that the table is of great importance to every family.
PETAR: Families are made at it.
EMA: Even though not a word is spoken at it.
EMA: Give me that gun, motherfucker.
EMA: Come on!
FILIP: Now I'll take over the role of the father.
FATHER: Stop it!
ANA: I'm scared.
FATHER: What did you say?
ANA: I hate you.
EMA: Don't provoke him.
FATHER: Shut up.
EMA: What are you doing? Put that down!
FATHER: What do you mean put it down, insolent motherfucker! Why are you fucking crying now!
EMA: Don't!
FATHER: Don't fucking what! Fucking motherfuckers! What are you afraid of, eh?
EMA: Get away from her!
FATHER: I won't hurt you! Why'd you shit in your pants!
ANA: Tell him to stop!
FATHER: Shut up! Shut up! Fucking hell! What are you afraid of, eh? Stop crying! Do you hear me? Stop crying!

4. CONVERSATION AT THE TABLE IN THE GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE – SECOND A

PETAR: The table's clean.
FILIP: Very clean.
ANA: Can I tell you something now?
EMA: No. Something's missing. I know! Flowers.
EVERYBODY: Aaaaaah!
ANA: We can do without flowers.
EMA: It would be nicer with flowers. Which ones shall I pick? I know! Tulips! I can do it myself.
EMA: Give me those tulips, you motherfucker!!!
FILIP: Can I tell you a horrible story now?
ANA: No.
PETAR: Can I?
ANA: No. Can I?
PETAR and FILIP: No!

FILIP: What'll you have?
PETAR: Anything.
FILIP: Shall I choose for you?
PETAR: Yes.
FILIP: Then let it be a martini. A thick glass is best for a martini. Like this one. First you put in ice, it has to be first class, very cold. Very firm. Except that we have no ice. Then stir. And serve. Here you go!
PETAR: Thank you!
FILIP: Shall we make a toast?
PETAR: Without Ema?
FILIP: We'll toast once more when she returns.
EMA: Here we go. Now we can take a picture.
PETAR: Did you see how well your mother's tulips turned out?
ANA: They always do.
PETAR: She made an effort.
EMA: I'll make a bouquet for the wedding tomorrow.
ANA: They'll fade by tomorrow.
EMA: I'll pick new ones. These are for the picture. Let's go.
ANA: I don't feel like it anymore.
EMA: Then Filip and I will. Sit next to me. Wait, wait, our glasses.
PETAR: Maybe you should stand up, Ema.
EMA: No, we'll sit. Sit next to me.
FILIP: No, it's better if we stand.
EMA: No, we'll sit.
FILIP: No, we'll stand.

5. ANA'S STORY

ANA: Excuse me, can I tell you a sad story?
EMA: Of course.
ANA: One evening I was walking down the street, no! One evening I had a strange dream. I was walking down the street, it was dark, there was nobody around, and when I reached my house I knocked at the door. A woman who looked like my mother opened the door. I asked her: "Excuse me, doesn't my father live here?" She answered: "No, he hasn't been around for a long time now." "Impossible, nobody told me anything." I said.
"I'm sorry."
"Do you know where he is?"
"No, I don't."
"How long has he been gone?"
"I don't know."
"Can I come in?"
"No."
"Please, I have to find him..."
"Go away, there's nobody here. I live alone."
"We had a table just like this one, my father made a table like that."

"I don't care!"

"Please, let me come in."

EMA: "Go away."

ANA: "Just let me have a look, maybe I'll find him."

EMA: Go away! Go away!

ANA: Leave me alone!

6. CONVERSATION AT THE TABLE IN THE GARDEN – SECOND B

PETAR: I had a weird dream too.

ANA: I don't care.

FILIP: Can I tell you a horrible story now?

ANA: Not now, later. It won't work!

PETAR: Let's go over there. It won't work.

ANA: Let's go over there. It won't work.

PETAR: Let's go over there. It won't work.

FILIP: Cheese – it won't work.

FILIP: Can I now tell you...

EMA: No. Now we will sit. And laugh. And listen to music.
How I like Italian songs.

PETAR: This is the best way.

EMA: I know.

FILIP: You always know the best way.

EMA: Always.

FILIP: I really am a lucky man. To find such a woman at my
age... Can I tell you a horrible story now?

EMA: No.

ANA: A really lucky man.

PETAR: Filip, look towards Ema. That's right.

EMA: Smile. Harder.

PETAR: It won't work?

FILIP: Let me see.

PETAR: What'll you have to drink? Martini?

ANA: That was supposed to be for tomorrow.

EMA: Tomorrow we'll drink champagne.

ANA: Like at a proper wedding.

EMA: Yes.

FILIP: Here, who wants to take a picture?

ANA: I would like to tell you another story now.

EMA: No, take a picture of Ana and Petar. Here, in front of the
table.

ANA: Don't.

EMA: Just one.

ANA: One, but then you'll have to leave us in peace.

PETAR: Should I sit next to Ana?

EMA: Take the flowers.

ANA: We can do without them.

EMA: It will be nicer with flowers. You'd make such a pretty
bride.

ANA: Some day.

EMA: Some day it will be too late.

ANA: Stop it.

EMA: Right. Hold it a little higher so I can see it better.

EMA: Petar, look at Ana, right, and you Ana look at him. Smile.

Right. Very nice. This will be a great picture

FILIP: Cheese! It won't work.

EMA: Too bad.

7. DREAM OF A WOMAN CRYING

FILIP: It'd be best if I tell you a horrible story now?

PETAR: Of course.

FILIP: When I returned to my country after years of being
away, my house was still in the same place where I had
left it. A strong wind was blowing that evening, the
dogs were howling. My steps echoed in the deserted
town. As I unlocked the door, I heard a strange
moaning. I followed the sound and came to a table.
Underneath it a woman was crying. I asked her: Why are
you crying? She answered me.

EMA: Pardon me?

FILIP: Why are you crying?

EMA: What?

FILIP: Why are you crying?

EMA: Because I'm unhappy.

FILIP: What are you doing here?

EMA: Huh?

FILIP: What are you doing here?

EMA: I'm waiting for my husband.

FILIP: How long have you been waiting for him?

EMA: Since he left for the war.

FILIP: Will he return?

EMA: What?

FILIP: Will he return?

EMA: He won't.

FILIP: Then why are you waiting for him?

EMA: I don't know. Were you ever in the war? Were you ever
in the war?

FILIP: No. I didn't want to go to war, because war means
death, and you don't forget death easily.

8. SILENCE

9. MUSIC / DANCE

PETAR: Can I tell you my sad story now?

EVERYBODY: No.

10. PETAR'S SAD STORY

PETAR: Can I tell you a sad story now?

EMA: Of course.

PETAR: Sit down! My name is Petar, our house was hit by a grenade one morning, my mother was making coffee and was killed on the spot, my father was reading the paper and died in the hospital three days later. I wanted to die too, but I didn't succeed...

EMA: Give me that fucking water, you fucking motherfucker.

PETAR: And now, I'd like to kill people, I'd like to slay at least ten people, I'd kill them one by one, a bullet to the head, a cut throat, I'd disembowel them, with a big knife, slowly, deep, into their guts. I'd break their bones. Gouge out their eyes, and shove them into their grinning mouths, crack their skulls open, take out their brains, and stomp on them with thick, dirty soles. I'd cut off their hands and feet. I'd fill up their insides with bombs, and then watch as they are blown to shreds. I'd tie them to chairs, drill ten holes into their body and then wait until they died slowly, until all the blood ran from their bloated bodies. I'd whip them with chains, until they bleed, until their bones break, until their every last muscle has turned to pulp. I'd torture them for ages. Then I'd kill myself, I'd hang myself on the main square, with a thick rope, I'd like to hang there like that for weeks, until my body is covered with swarms of flies. But I can't do that.

11./12. CONVERSATION AT THE TABLE IN THE GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE 3A / FATHER'S DEATH

EMA: Do you hear that?

PETAR: Mhmm.

EMA: A fly. I missed it.

FILIP: Where are the glasses?

PETAR: I'll fetch them now.

ANA: I will.

EMA: No, you sit down. I'll go.

FILIP: I'll help you.

EMA: I can do it myself.

FILIP: We need to buy a new table. This one's going to fall apart.

ANA: My father made this table.

FILIP: I know.

ANA: My father was killed in the war. By the time they let us know, he was already dead for three days. Completely cold, and buried somewhere quickly. Lie down.

FILIP: Like this?

EMA: No. Like this.

ANA: Buried in a shallow grave, in a hole they dug with their hands, and then covered with their feet, quickly before

it started to smell, because it was hot, and flesh rots quickly in the heat.

EMA: That's why they couldn't cry at his grave, because they were throwing up first, and then they cried over their vomit, believing that they were crying over his dead body. His corpse was a frightening example to the other corpses, cracked open, dismembered, without its beginning and end.

ANA: Fuck the motherfucker, fuck him, I don't give a fuck that he's lying dead here now, I choke at night, I can't sleep, I hear him coming, looking at me. When he left the first time, he said he was doing it for us, that it would be better, that we would be happy. When he came back, nothing was like it used to be, he would sit at the table and cry. If I started to cry he'd hit me, so hard that I'd fall off the chair. He kept bombs in the drawers; he said if everything failed we'd have to kill ourselves, we'd have to go with him. He told me he had killed people, for me. I didn't want him to kill. He said I was ungrateful and to watch what I was saying. He said he could kill me too. That only he had the right to that. He made me, he could kill me. Fuck the motherfucker, fuck a father like that, I don't give a fuck what he saw, it was enough for me to see him. Fuck his bombs and war cries. Fuck them all, they stink, such a stench, they make me sick, they make me sick here, fuck a country like this, I don't give a fuck about your traumas, just like you don't give a fuck about mine. Fuck you motherfuckers. Cry, weep, scream, I don't give a fuck, I cry too, who gives a fuck about that. Nobody does. Nobody should give a fuck, fuck everybody, what the fuck do you want from me you fucking hicks. I don't give a fuck about anything, nothing turned out the way I wanted anyway, nobody asked me what I want anyway, nobody asked me, nobody asked, nobody asked.

FILIP: Can I get up now?

ANA: You may.

13. CONVERSATION AT THE TABLE IN THE GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE – 3B

FILIP: Now we'll make a toast.

ANA: I'd like to tell you one more story.

EMA: No, pictures first. Ana, Petar and me.

PETAR: I'll go later.

EMA: No, now.

FILIP: For the memory. Stand up behind the table. You, Petar, go in the middle.

EMA: It's better if I stand in the middle.

FILIP: No, Petar is the tallest one here.

EMA: What difference does it make? I'll stand in the middle.

PETAR: That's right, the mother in the middle.

EMA: And the father is taking the picture.
 ANA: He's nobody's father.
 FILIP: No, that's no good, Petar has to be in the middle, and you two switch places.
 PETAR: Let Ema be in the middle. It's all the same to me.
 FILIP: It would be best if Ema sat here and you two stood over there.
 EMA: Like this?
 FILIP: Yes. Ana, stand a little closer to Petar, a little more. That's it. Smile. Terrific.
 EMA: No. Wait. Something is missing. I know, flowers.
 ANA: We can do it without flowers.
 EMA: It will be nicer with flowers. I'll take the tulips.
 ANA: I can't stand any longer.
 PETAR: Then sit down.
 EMA: There we go.
 PETAR: Do you see how well your mother's tulips have done.
 FILIP: They always do.
 EMA: I will make a bouquet for the wedding tomorrow.
 ANA: They'll fade by tomorrow.
 EMA: I'll pick new ones. Stand up, I'll sit down.
 ANA: As you wish.
 FILIP: Let's go, Petar a little closer to Ana, that's right. Smile. Harder.
 EMA: No, no, no, wait! I'll put the bird here as well.
 PETAR: What'll you put?
 EMA: The bird. I got it from Filip.
 EMA: Give me that fucking bird, fucking hell.
 ANA: Lovely.
 FILIP: It's my personal trophy.
 PETAR: I didn't know you were involved in chicken hunting.
 EMA: This'll be lovely. It looks real.
 ANA: It's disgusting.
 FILIP: Let's go, smile. Ana, smile!

EMA: Wait, we're standing in the wrong spot. Let's go over there.
 ANA: No. There's not enough light here. Let's go over there.
 EMA: No, let's go over there.
 PETAR: No, it's no good here. Let's go there.
 FILIP: No, let's go there.

14. ABOUT THE GARDEN / EMA'S MONOLOGUE / TERROR

PETAR: And now what?
 EMA: Now I'd like Filip to tell me how wonderful my garden is.
 FILIP: Your garden is wonderful.
 EMA: Thank you, I take good care of it. Now I would like Petar to say that it shows and Ana to tell me what I planted in it.
 PETAR: It really shows.

ANA: You planted zinnias, pansies, petunias, coneflowers, moss-roses, roses and tulips.
 EMA: I adore tulips. I plant them in the springtime.
 FILIP: I like roses. Red ones.
 ANA: I prefer white ones.
 EMA: I water them in the morning and in the evening. I use organic fertilizer.
 PETAR: Organic fertilizer is best.
 FILIP: The tulips look strange.
 EMA: They're sick. Their leaves are full of yellowish larvae. They shit and grow, drill tunnels in the leaves.
 FILIP: They'll die.
 EMA: I'll plant new ones.
 FILIP: A terrific idea.
 ANA: Come, now, tell us your sad story.
 EMA: I don't have a sad story.
 ANA: Yes you do.
 EMA: My husband loved our garden. We took care of it together. My husband loved the garden, and I loved him. Sometimes we sat in it for hours and listened to the birds. We didn't say anything. We just listened. I didn't want him to go, but he went. He was gone for a long time. I waited for him in our garden, at the table he made before he went to war. Sometimes I sat for hours, waiting for him to tell me that it's all over and that I don't need to be afraid any longer. That I don't need to be afraid of him any longer. One evening he came back late, we didn't know he would come, we didn't know where he was for days. No, it wasn't like that. Ana started crying. And me... I turned off the lights. We couldn't see anything because it was dark outside.
 PETAR: And then?
 EMA: And then we heard steps...
 PETAR: And?
 EMA: We heard...
 FILIP / FATHER: Where are you? Where the fuck are you? Where the fucking hell are you?
 FILIP / FATHER: Ema! Ema! Who are you afraid of? Me?
 EMA: What are you doing? Put it down!
 FILIP / FATHER: Are you afraid of this?
 EMA: Get away from her!
 FILIP / FATHER: I'm afraid of it too, but who gives a fuck!
 ANA: Let me go!
 FILIP / FATHER: Why are you screaming?
 EMA: Get away from her!
 FILIP / FATHER: Shut up!
 EMA: Get away from her!
 FILIP / FATHER: I told you to shut up! Damn it!
 EMA: No! No! That's not how it was.
 FILIP: How then?
 EMA: I don't know. I don't remember. I think I didn't turn off the lights after all.
 FILIP: Aha...

15. CONVERSATION AT THE TABLE IN THE GARDEN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE

FILIP: Shall we make a toast?
PETAR: To the two of you.
FILIP: And to the two of you.
PETAR: Shall we take a picture?
EMA: At an empty table?
FILIP: Later we'll take one at a full table.
EMA: No, I'll bring glasses. And martinis.
ANA: That was supposed to be for tomorrow.
EMA: Tomorrow we'll drink champagne.
PETAR: Let's take pictures first.
EMA: So that we never forget this beautiful day.
ANA: Really beautiful.
FILIP: Where will we take the picture?
EMA: At the table. Ana, sit next to me. And you, Petar, stand behind us, Filip will take the picture.
PETAR: I'll go later.
EMA: No, now.
FILIP: Ready?
EMA: Smile.
FILIP: Okay?
EMA: No, no, wait! Flowers, I'll put flowers on the table, it'll be prettier.
FILIP: Terrific idea.
EMA: The tulips are wonderful this year.
FILIP: What did you say?
PETAR: Nothing.
EMA: Ana you take the flowers, that's right, they really suit you. Do you hear?
PETAR: Flies.
EMA: I missed.
FILIP: Shall I fetch the bird?
EMA: Terrific idea.
ANA: Disgusting. I don't want to take a picture with that.
EMA: Just one. I got it from Filip.
FILIP: Let's go.
EMA: No, wait, I'll fetch a table cloth.
ANA: We don't need a table cloth, it's fine as it is.
EMA: No, it'll be prettier with a tablecloth, this table's so ugly.
PETAR: Can I tell you another thing?
EMA: No.
ANA: Do you hear?
PETAR: No.
ANA: There it is again.
PETAR: There's another one.
ANA: They like this dead bird.
EMA: Nonsense, that's because of the heat.
EMA: Let's go to take pictures.
FILIP: It won't work.
EMA: It won't work?
EMA: That's a shame, this could have been a lovely picture.

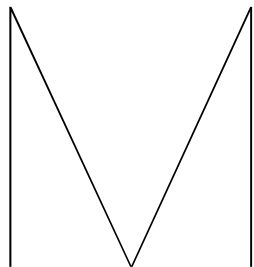
Maja



Sviben

Maja Sviben

odgovara,
pitaju
Anica
Tomić
i Jelena
Kovačić



oj odnos prema tekstu, kao i prema pisanju, proizlazi iz stava prema mnogobrojnim drugim stvarima u životu, a mogao bi se najkraće sažeti ovako: sve su ti opcije otvorene, ali moraš preuzeti odgovornost. Kako uglavnom radim unutar kolektiva, tekst smatram na neki način produženom rukom dramaturgije te svoj rad prvenstveno, čak i kad pišem, zovem

dramaturgijom, jer me zanima kazalište u cjelini. Sklona sam vjerovati da dramski tekst ne postoji bez kazališta (ili barem kao takav meni nije zanimljiv – ne vjerujem u koncept drama namijenjenih samo čitanju, jer mislim da svaki tekst može poslužiti kao predložak za izvedbu). Tekst smatram prvenstveno ulogom, odnosno doprinosom dramskog pisca koji je jednako vrijedan kao i ostali ulozi – ulozi izvođača, redatelja, koreografa... Zanimljiv mi je kao posljedica ili komplementarna radnja unutar *devising* kazališta. Ne mislim da tekst mora nužno nastati prije predstave niti biti njeno ishodište, no isto tako ne mislim da je nevažno kako se tretira na pozornici. Više me zanima tekst izvedbe nego pisani tekst i često ne doživljam razliku između didaskalija i dijaloga, odnosno meni osobno ona prestaje biti važna. Pa ipak, ne vjerujem u nepreciznu misao i mislim da pisanje ne bi trebalo služiti kao prilika za autorsku samovolju – većini pisaca trebaju dobar dramaturg i redatelj kako bi im pomogli da tu misao oblikuju za pozornicu i kako bi ona (p)ostala u svakom trenutku relevantna. S jedne strane mi se čini kako se u suvremenom kazalištu, barem domaćem, kroz pokušaje da se tekstove učini lakše probavljivima publici, pojavila potpuna nebriga za tekst koja je često proizvod rada nekompetentnih izvođača i redatelja. S druge strane, mnogi su dramski autori svoje mjesto pronašli na putu prema postdramskom kazalištu jer je ono dramsko pismo oslobodilo okova nužnih žanrovskih odrednica i dobro poznatih formata.

Iako ne mislim da je rizik u kazalištu moguć jedino kroz eksperiment, kroz nešto novo i drukčije (a kazalište koje nije rizično me ne zanima!), pa tako ne bih htjela zastupati tezu da je jedini ispravan način traženje odmaka od poznatih obrazaca i tradicionalnih putanja, vjerujem da kazalište funkcionira samo ako je ljudima koji ga rade stalo do materijala i sadržaja kojima se bave, zato i govorim o odgovornosti, za koju ponekad smatram da postoji u premalim dozama, no upravo je ona ta koja čini naš rad fleksibilnim, podložnim propitivanju i zanimljivim. Bilo da je riječ o tekstu, dramaturgiji ili nečem trećem, možda teže objašnjivom, meni osobno je rad unutar SKROZ-a⁰¹ pružio priliku za pronalazak novih oblika suradnje i komunikacije – s drugim sustavima mišljenja, s kolegama i s publikom – dajući nešto svoje, zauzvrat sam dobila mogućnost bezgraničnog multipliciranja vlastitih ideja i stavova, uz sigurnosnu mrežu zajedničke odgovornosti, što je za mene najveća vrijednost koju kao autor mogu dobiti.

01 SKROZ je umjetnički kolektiv koji su 2005. godine osnovale redateljica Nora Krstulović i dramaturginja Maja Sviben. Riječ je o grupi autora koja djeluje timski u situacijama u kojima je autorstvo produkt kolektivnog rada ili onima u kojima je granicu pojedinačnog autorskog djelovanja nemoguće odrediti.

Maja Sviben

Točka izvorišta

Tekst *Točka izvorišta* 2004. godine dobio je nagradu za dramsko djelo *Marin Držić*. 2005. godine predstavljen je u Motovunu u obliku koncertnog čitanja, na dramskoj koloniji HC ITI-ja *Od teksta do predstave* u režiji Marija Kovača. 2006. godine izveden je u režiji Marija Kovača i produkciji KUFER-a u Zagrebačkom kazalištu mladih.

LIKOVI:

DINKA
DAMJAN
MORANA
EVA
MARTIN
MAMA
VANJA
TAMARA
BORIS
RANKO
LUKA
NIKOLA
HRVOJE
DENIS

(...)

TAMARA: Ajde jednom budi iskren.

DAMJAN: Ja sam uvijek iskren.

TAMARA: Ne seri.

DAMJAN: Daj se smiri.

TAMARA: Neću se smiriti! Ne znam samo koji mi je vrug bio da se ponovno s tobom spetljam. Evo ti tvoje vino i nosi se!

DAMJAN: Tamara!

TAMARA: Van!

(Izgura ga van kroz vrata. On se za sekundu vrati.)

DAMJAN: Nije bilo nikakvog parfema, jel'da?

TAMARA: Nije.

13. EXPLORE

(Eva se budi u Damjanovom zagrljaju.)

EVA: Dobro jutro.

DAMJAN: Budan sam.

EVA: I sad ćeš otići.

DAMJAN: Oprosti.

EVA: Ja sam već jučer znala da je greška.

DAMJAN: Zar je bilo toliko loše?

EVA: Ne. Ali ti ne znaš miješati poslovno i privatno.

DAMJAN: Kako znaš?

EVA: Ne sjećaš se? Ispričao si mi sve o Morani.

DAMJAN: Prokleti alkohol. Ne ljutiš se?

EVA: Zašto? Ja sam tebi ispričala sve o Martinu.

DAMJAN: Ničeg se ne sjećam, oprosti.

EVA: Možda i bolje. Mislio bi da sam totalno jadna.

DAMJAN: Jel ti misliš da sam ja jadan?

EVA: Prilično.

DAMJAN: Zar mi nisi ti rekla da je iskrenost precijenjena vrlina?

EVA: Jesam. Ali da bi održali čiste poslovne odnose, neću ti lagati.
 DAMJAN: Uf.
 EVA: Hoćeš i ovo staviti u dokumentarac?
 DAMJAN: Ne bih rekao.
 EVA: Zato i ne možeš imati normalnu vezu. Jer ni sebi ne možeš priznati da radiš gluposti. A kad si i priznaš, onda ih dobro skrivaš.
 DAMJAN: Boli me glava.
 EVA: A meni se ne da voditi ovaj razgovor. Ništa mi ne značiš, ne želim ti pomagati. Obuci se i odi doma.
 DAMJAN: Oprosti.
 EVA: Nema na čemu. Bilo mi je lijepo. Evo, usput sam malo poradila i na tvom egu. A sad idi.
 DAMJAN: Više se nećemo vidjeti?
 EVA: Bolje ne. Možda na premijeri filma.
 DAMJAN: Nazvat ću te.
 EVA: Nemoj.
 DAMJAN: Za premijeru.
 EVA: To može. Bok.

(Eva se pokriva preko glave, Damjan je želi još nešto pitati, ali odustaje. Oblači se dokraja u tišini i odlazi.)

14. ALLOW SAVE FOR FAST RECOVERY

MORANA: Tri dana. Pa nije ni puno.
 DAMJAN: Ni ti se nisi baš pretrgla.
 MORANA: Nitko nije kriv.
 DAMJAN: Oboje smo krivi.
 MORANA: Htjela sam zaboraviti da postojiš.
 DAMJAN: To je samo posao.
 MORANA: Nije se ni dogodilo. Nije se ni moglo dogoditi.
 DAMJAN: To nismo bili mi.
 MORANA: To je samo posao.
 DAMJAN: To je samo posao.
 MORANA: Što hoćeš od mene? Sad.
 DAMJAN: Ne znam.
 MORANA: Zašto si nazvao?
 DAMJAN: Zašto nisi spustila slušalicu? Mislio sam da ćeš prekinuti.
 MORANA: Nisam mislila da ćeš imati što reći.
 DAMJAN: Ono što stvarno želim je netko uz kog mogu šutjeti. Kad sam umoran i kad sam bezvoljan, i kad mi se čini da su riječi suviše, ne želim biti sam.
 MORANA: To više nije pitanje izbora. Pitanje je što je dopušteno.
 DAMJAN: Je li dopušteno biti na krivom mjestu u krivo vrijeme? Biti žestok i nježan istovremeno?
 MORANA: Ne uvijek. Ponekad. Sasvim slučajno.
 DAMJAN: O čemu misliš?

MORANA: Mislim kako moja glava savršeno pristaje tvom ramenu. I ne mogu vjerovati da smo sve upropastili.
 DAMJAN: Dođi.
 MORANA: Ne mogu.
 DAMJAN: Ništa se neće promijeniti ako me dodirneš, to znaš. To više nije isti dodir.
 MORANA: Koža pamti. Selektivno. Rastreseno. Neprincipijelno. Osjetit ću ono što želim, a ne ono što je stvarno.
 DAMJAN: Ništa nije stvarno. Nije se dogodilo. Nije se moglo dogoditi.
 MORANA: Nije se smjelo dogoditi.
 DAMJAN: Znala si... nekako... sigurno.
 MORANA: A ti nisi?
 DAMJAN: Ja inače nikad ne lažem.
 MORANA: Imaš li uopće koju manu?
 DAMJAN: Ne, prilagodljiv sam. Što ti tražiš?
 MORANA: Tražim samo bezuvjetnu ljubav.
 DAMJAN: Samo?
 MORANA: Da, ako bolje razmisliš, vidjet ćeš da je to najlakše. Za to su sposobne i životinje puno niže inteligencije od nas.
 DAMJAN: Ali ne ja.
 MORANA: Ali ne mi.

15. AUTOARCHIVE OLD DOCUMENTS

(Zvono na vratima.)

MAMA: Tko bi to mogao biti?
 DINKA: To je sigurno onaj moj blesavi brat.
 MAMA: On nikad ne dolazi nedjeljom.
 DINKA: On ne dolazi, točka. Ali s obzirom da ja nisam nikog pozvala, a tebi nikad nitko ne dolazi, može biti ili on ili Jehovini svjedoci.
 MAMA: Otvori vrata.
 DINKA: (vraća se) Danas mijenjaju "Kulu stražaru" za ručak.
 DAMJAN: Bok mama.
 MAMA: Sine razmetni. Uopće se ne javljaš. Ostavila sam ti sto poruka.
 DAMJAN: Trideset i šest, da budemo precizni. Joj, mama, kad dođem doma i čujem tu brojku...
 DINKA: ... i još znaš da su sigurno sve od mame...
 DAMJAN: ... izgubim volju za preslušavanjem. Osim toga, imaš broj mobitela, nazovi me.
 MAMA: Neću te zvati na mobitel, kad nisi doma, onda vjerojatno radiš.
 DAMJAN: Ti me uvijek možeš zvati.
 MAMA: Mogao bi baš i ti mene koji put nazvati. Onako, za promjenu.
 DINKA: Pa da bankrotira... Koliko ti laješ na telefon, to si on ne može priuštiti.

DAMJAN: Evo vidiš, mama, gnjaviš. Čak je i Dinka osjetila potrebu ustati u moju obranu. Di si, sister? Kako faks?
DINKA: Isto ko i prije. Kad ćeš mi nać neki posao?
DAMJAN: Daj prvu godinu pa ćemo razgovarat. Ja sam mislio da ti briješ na kazalište.
DINKA: Predomislila sam se.
DAMJAN: Vidiš, mama, to su ti geni.
MAMA: Ne znam samo od kog ste to naslijedili, od mene sigurno niste.
DAMJAN: (Dinki) Al nije ti baš pametno. Nikad nećeš izaći iz sjene velikog brata.
DINKA: Znaš, stvarno me stalno pitaju za tebe. Nešto u vezi s onim prozorom koji si razbio.
MAMA: Kakav prozor?
DINKA: Popravili su ga.
DAMJAN: Znači, ipak se nešto mijenja na faksu. Otkud ti znaš za to?
DINKA: Pričala mi je cura iz kantine.
DAMJAN: Lana?
DINKA: Ne, Petra. Priča očito ide s koljena na koljeno.
MAMA: Kakav prozor?
DAMJAN: Ma, mama, stvarno nije važno. Razbili smo prozor na jednom snimanju. To je bilo davno i slučajno.
DINKA: Sin ti je u biti huligan, ali ti to nisi skužila cijeli život jer ga, kao i sve majke, slijepo voliš.
DAMJAN: Kao i sve moje ostale majke.
DINKA: Idiote!
DAMJAN: Vi bi trebali biti obrazovaniji od nas šljakera.
MAMA: Kakvih šljakera?
DAMJAN: To je podjela s faksa. Šljakeri i teoretičari. Dramaturzi su teoretičari.
MAMA: A tko su šljakeri?
DAMJAN: Svi ostali.
DINKA: To su fore iz tvog vremena, negdje... paleolitika. Neandertalske.
DAMJAN: Mama, kaj imaš u frižideru?
DINKA: Jel vidiš da je došao jest?
DAMJAN: Došao sam doma nakon tri dana i skužio da ono malo što je bilo u frižideru više nije jestivo.
MAMA: Hoćeš da ti nešto skuham?
DINKA: Nevjerojatno, meni ne kuhaš ni kad sam bolesna.
MAMA: Ti ionako ništa ne jedeš. Onda?
DAMJAN: Nemoj, uzet ću si nešto...
MAMA: Sigurno? Nije mi teško.
DAMJAN: Sigurno. Daj sjedni.
MAMA: A gdje si bio tri dana?
DAMJAN: Na putu.
MAMA: Na putu? Zašto mi to nisi rekao?
DAMJAN: Nisam išao na Aljasku. Tražili smo lokacije za neko snimanje. Nije jako važno.
MAMA: Gdje?
DAMJAN: Plitvice.

MAMA: Plitvice! Da sam znala, umrla bih od brige. Tamo je još sve minirano.
DAMJAN: Zato ti i nisam rekao.
MAMA: Damjane!
DINKA: Mama, daj mu ipak nešto skuhaj. (bratu) Ovo je sad čisto sažaljenje.
DAMJAN: Ne moraš, stvarno.
MAMA: A što ako baš želim?
DAMJAN: Onda bi bilo nepristojno da odbijem, a kako si me ti dobro odgojila...
MAMA: Idem.
(Mama izlazi.)
DINKA: Ok, sad prestani srat. Mogao si napuniti svoj frižider. Zašto si došao?
DAMJAN: Moj dućan ne radi nedjeljom.
DINKA: A ti živiš na nekom brdu usred ničega. Kakve su to gluposti?
DAMJAN: Ja živim na brdu usred ničega. U mom kvartu su samo bolnice.
DINKA: Mogao si ići jesti na psihijatriju, nitko te ne bi provalio.
DAMJAN: Došao sam vidjeti tebe, sis.
DINKA: Aha. Kod koga si ti spavao ovaj vikend? Nije te ni nahranila?
DAMJAN: Bio sam na Plitvicama.
DINKA: Baš čudno, onda sam tvog dvojnika vidjela u petak u Aquariusu.
DAMJAN: Nemoguće. Znaš da ne izlazim u Aquarius.
DINKA: Pa ni ja.

(Pauza.)

DINKA: Dakle, hoću čuti cijelu priču.
DAMJAN: Nije to za tebe.
DINKA: Da, ja sam balavica kojoj se ništa ne govori. Sva sreća da me cijeli život čuvate od silnog obiteljskog zla!
DAMJAN: O čem ti pričaš?
DINKA: Nije bitno. Hoćeš mi reći?
DAMJAN: Ne znam baš.
DINKA: Onda ću pogađat. Zaljubio si se... ali ne u onu s kojom si bio u Aquariusu... ni u onu o kojoj pričaš u intervjuima...
DAMJAN: Ne mogu vjerovati da čitaš to smeće.
DINKA: Samo kad se radi o tebi. I sad si napravio neko sranje pa si došao po savjet, i to mamin, ali ne želiš priznati da ga želiš. Jer, ti si zapravo mamin sin, zato i imaš problema sa ženama.
DAMJAN: Sačuvaj me bože te džepne psihologije. I to još od sestre.

DINKA: Ali u pravu sam.

DAMJAN: Ni najmanje.

DINKA: Zнала sam. Zaboravljaš da ja cijeli život slušam priče o tvojim curama.

DAMJAN: I, koji je zaključak?

DINKA: Ti si nepopravljivi slučaj, a ja se nikad neću udati, jer ako dobri dečki kao ti rade ovakve gluposti svojim curama, nema nade za muški rod.

DAMJAN: Onda, sis, što da radim?

DINKA: Iskreno, nemam pojma. Ako si stvarno zaljubljen, kako si uopće mogao napraviti tako nešto?

DAMJAN: Ne znam. Fakat ne znam. Glup sam.

DINKA: Jesi.

(Vraća se mama.)

MAMA: Opet se vrijeđate?

DAMJAN: Dinka me tješi.

MAMA: Krasno. Juha se kuha.

DAMJAN: Dinka, ti si htjela nešto reći... nešto o obiteljskom zlu koje ti tajimo...

DINKA: (odreže) Rekla sam, nije bitno.

MAMA: Dinka?

DINKA: Priča gluposti.

(Pauza. Dugačka i neugodna.)

DAMJAN: Ej, o čem sad pišeš?

DINKA: O međuljudskim odnosima.

DAMJAN: Nisi mogla biti detaljnija.

DINKA: Ne volim pričati o tome. Što ti snimaš?

DAMJAN: Ma neki dokumentarac.

MAMA: O čemu?

DAMJAN: O agencijama za ljubav.

MAMA: Hm?

DINKA: Posredničkim agencijama.

MAMA: Zašto tako posprdno pričaš o tome?

DAMJAN: Uopće ne pričam posprdno.

MAMA: Pričaš.

DAMJAN: Daj mama ne gnjavi.

MAMA: Ne volim kad to radiš. Omalovažavaš ljudsku nesreću.

DAMJAN: Joj mama...

MAMA: Ništa joj mama. Lako je tebi zezati se na tuđi račun kad imaš dvadeset sedam i starost ti se čini udaljena svjetlosnim godinama.

DAMJAN: Mama, nisi u pravu.

MAMA: Misliš da je tim ljudima drago što moraju na taj način nalaziti partnere? To su obično ljudi koji su sve drugo iskušali. I onda jedva skupili hrabrosti da bi im se dvadesetogodišnjaci izrugivali u nekoj emisiji!

DAMJAN: Ja ne radim tako! Da ikad dođeš vidjeti koji moj film, znala bi!

MAMA: Da me koji put pozoveš, došla bih!

DAMJAN: Zovem te! Svaki put! Uvijek kažem Dinki!

MAMA: Pa da, ona dva puta godišnje kad svратиш, razgovaraš samo sa sestrom. Ja sam uvijek kao peti točak. I ne želim dolaziti na premijere, imam osjećaj da ti smetam.

DAMJAN: Ne smetaš, koliko ti to puta moram reći?!

MAMA: Nikad ne razgovaraš sa mnom!

DAMJAN: Kad se s tobom ne da razgovarati! Uvijek ovako završi!

MAMA: Evo, opet mi se obraćaš svisoka! Zato i kažem da ne možeš napraviti dobar film! Ti si uvijek iznad svih nas. Savršeni Damjan.

DAMJAN: Dobro, što tebe briga kakve filmove ja radim?

MAMA: Smeta me kad s omalovažavanjem pričaš o toj agenciji! Što ti zapravo znaš o tome kako je to biti sam?

DAMJAN: Ja znam da sam u toj agenciji upoznao ženu svog života. Za tim glupim stolom. Pod tim glupim pravilima. I sad sam sâm. Eto, htjela si razgovarati. Reci sad.

(Pauza.)

DINKA: Zašto nam nikad nisi rekla? Za tatu.

(Mama je pogleda, uplašeno.)

DINKA: Da je on otišao prije. Da me nije htio.

DAMJAN: Dinka, nemoj...

MAMA: Ne želim razgovarati o tome.

DINKA: Zašto onda čuvaš sve papire? U kojima me se odriče? U kojima izričito traži da ne nosim njegovo prezime?

MAMA: Vi znate?

DAMJAN: Odavno.

DINKA: Zašto je to bilo tako teško reći? I što s onim silnim božićnim darovima? Ti si ih kupovala u njegovo ime?

MAMA: Nisam htjela da među vama bude neka razlika.

DINKA: Zašto je otišao? Jer ja nisam njegova kći?

MAMA: Nije otišao. Ja sam ga otjerala.

DAMJAN: Jer ti nije vjerovao.

MAMA: A ja nikad ne lažem.

DAMJAN: Osim nama.

MAMA: Nisam vam lagala. Samo vam nisam rekla neke nepotrebne i opterećujuće informacije.

DINKA: Da, to tko mi je pravi otac je stvarno nepotrebna informacija!

MAMA: On ti je pravi otac. Samo on to nije želio biti pa si je svašta umislio.

DINKA: A ti si ga otjerala. Samo zbog toga. Zar ga nisi pokušala uvjeriti?

MAMA: Ne. Zar je zaslužio?

DAMJAN: Ne znamo. Ti nam reci.

MAMA: On nije bio dobar za vas. Vi niste obična djeca.

DAMJAN: Zato nam je i trebao običan otac. Da nas potjera u krevet i da nam zabrani izlaske.

MAMA: Ne.

DINKA: Jer nije bio dovoljno dobar za tebe.

MAMA: Bio je dobar za mene, ali ne i za vas.

DINKA: O, jadna žrtvo! Jel to čujem neko predbacivanje u glasu?

MAMA: Što si ti umišljaš, Dinka? Ja sam svoje odabrala, i odabrala sam šutjeti o tome. Vi ste me natjerali da pričam.

DINKA: Trebala sam šutjeti. Pustiti te da se dokraja života pržiš.

DAMJAN: Pusti je.

DINKA: Neću. Ne misliš da smo sad zaslužili malo poštovanja? Da prema nama postupa kao prema odraslima koji mogu i sami donositi neke odluke?

DAMJAN: A što bi ti napravila? Išla ga tražiti?

DINKA: Pa možda i bih.

DAMJAN: Zašto?

DINKA: Jer moram znati.

MAMA: On naprosto nije htio drugo dijete. Nema tu ništa posebno, Dinka.

DINKA: Tebi to nije posebno?

MAMA: Meni si ti posebna. I to mi je dovoljno. Bez obzira na njega.

DAMJAN: Ne vjerujem ti. Više ti ništa ne vjerujem.

MAMA: Misliš da je meni život bio sjajan? Biti sama s dvoje djece? Znati, negdje duboko u sebi, da ću uvijek ostati sama?

DAMJAN: Zbog nas?

MAMA: Zbog vas. Prvo me nitko nije gledao jer sam bila ružna. Umorna. A sad sam naprosto stara.

(Pauza.)

MAMA: Saberi se, Damjane. Ne želim ti svoju starost. A ti konačno odrasti, onda ćemo možda i moći razgovarati bez glupih obzira.

(Mama izlazi.)

DAMJAN: Zar ti nikad ne možeš držati jezik za zubima?

16. CTRL+ALT+DEL

DINKA: U tom nekom rasutom užasu činilo mi se stvarno svejedno kamo vodi. Moglo je završiti trenutačno, bez razloga i povoda, jer ja sam jedini razlog. Ja sam granica između istine i laži, granica tog dijela svemira. Završiti može samo ono što je počelo, a početi može samo

nešto što već ne traje i što nije još urezalo tragove na nama, što nas nije okaljalo svojim neprekidnim, prilijepljenim prisustvom. Priče, kao i laži, mogu uvijek otpočinjati od početka i završavati bez završetka jer ne preuzimaju odgovornost.

Krajevi će se onda događati po inerciji, kao kad vam odjednom jesenski vjetar donese neku novu misao, a ljetna sanjarenja naprosto ispare iz glave. Inerciju je nemoguće kontrolirati.

Kako znati koji je kraj pravi? Kraj može biti samo jedna točka u nizu. Bilo koja točka.

Ja želim biti točka izvorišta.

17. VERSIONS

EVA: Pobijedio si.

MARTIN: Nikad mi nije bilo draže biti u pravu. Znao sam da ćeš nazvati.

EVA: I što sad? Hoćeš se moći nositi s tim?

MARTIN: Vidjet ćemo. Ne moramo se sutra zaručiti. Znam da je tebi dosad bilo ili seks ili zaruke, ali probat ćemo to malo promijeniti.

EVA: Što, nema seksa?

MARTIN: (smije se) Aha, dobre veze počivaju na uzajamnom povjerenju koje se gradi kroz razgovore.

EVA: I ti se pitaš zašto je to meni dosadno?

MARTIN: Predajem se. Čini mi se da si ipak ti pobijedila.

Ok, spreman sam na tvoja pravila igre. U granicama fizičke izdržljivosti, naravno.

EVA: Tko bi rekao da je vas muškarce tako lako pripitomiti. Trebala sam prije pokušati. Mogla sam već biti bogata udovica.

MARTIN: O, Bože, u što se ja upuštam?

EVA: Bježi dok možeš.

MARTIN: Ja ne odlazim. To sam ti već rekao.

18.

MORANA: Znaš, vidjela sam ga sinoć.

VANJA: Znači nije bila dobra ideja što sam te odvela u Aquarius.

MORANA: Nikako.

VANJA: Jesi ok?

MORANA: Bio je s nekom ženom. Zapravo, bio je s njih dvije.

Kad je jedna otišla, naprosto se pojavila druga. A obje su bile kod nas u agenciji!

VANJA: Šališ se!

MORANA: Čovjek očito nema vremena tražiti cure okolo.

VANJA: Jeste razgovarali?

MORANA: Ne baš. Prišao mi je mrtav pijan i ugrizao me za rame, a ja sam ga odgurnula.

VANJA: Morana, jesi ti njega ikad pitala da li je slobodan?

MORANA: Nećeš vjerovati, ali to mi se nije učinilo važnim.

VANJA: Osjećala si se kao da si jedina.

MORANA: U jednom trenu mi je prošlo kroz glavu da možda nije tako, ali je brzo nestalo. Znaš što je najgore? Ni sad mi nije važno.

VANJA: Proći će te.

MORANA: Sigurno.

19.

EVA: Martine? Isuse, skoro te nisam prepoznala.

MARTIN: Tako ti je to. Ja nisam tip kojeg pamte.

EVA: Ti nisi nikakav tip.

MARTIN: Lijepo od tebe da to kažeš. I, kako si?

EVA: Dobro. Znaš mene.

MARTIN: Još uvijek solo?

EVA: I ponosna.

MARTIN: Dobro se držiš.

EVA: Hvala. A ti?

MARTIN: Još uvijek solo. Ne baš sasvim vlastitim izborom.

EVA: Žao mi je.

MARTIN: Ma nije tako strašno.

EVA: Nije to uopće strašno, vidjet ćeš. Oprosti, moram ići.

MARTIN: Drago mi je da smo se sreli.

20.

From: Morana

To: damjandaemon@grrr.net

Cc:

Subject: bijeg

mislim da ti dugujem neko objasnjenje. sori, mozda je ovako glupo, i nije zato sto ti to ne bih mogla reci u lice, ali cini mi se da tog ima previse i ne moze se izgovoriti u jednom dahu, a svaka pauza mogla bi me odvesti u nekom drugom smjeru. uostalom, i pauze imaju znacenje, barem kod mene. a ovo nije tekst za pauze. dakle, da bih izbjegla nenamjerno oznacavanje zbog uzimanja daha, odlucih se za pismo. i da, znam da nije dobro ostavljati dokaze na papiru... a mozda je cijeli ovaj idiotski uvod samo izvlacenje. ne znam. vjerojatno. sad ide tezi dio. iskrenost. predlazem pauzu od desetak minuta.

ne ljutim se na tebe. ljutim se na sebe. ljutim se jer me pogadja nesto sto me ne bi trebalo pogoditi. ljutim se jer mislim da nemam nikakvo pravo na ljutnju, a htjela bih ga imati. probudim se s otiskom tvojih zubi na ramenu, pa se ljutim sto sam te pustila i toliko blizu, a mozda jos vise jer je dobar osjecaj kad me grizes. ljutim se na svoju kozu jer reagira tako glupo, tako neprincipijelno, tako suprotno onom

sto bih htjela. tako bih htjela ostati hladna. zaboraviti da me svaki tvoj dodir pali.

uspijem. ponekad. na trenutak, dva, katkad i duze. mogu ja to, mislim. da sad nestanes iz mog zivota, ne bih te se ni sjetila. a onda napravis neku blesavu, beznacajnu sitnicu i ja poludim. i gotovo. kontrol frik je izgubio kontrolu, prica po tisuciti put ponovno pocinje. problem je s tim pocecima sto se ne brisu automatski, nego svaka nova verzija ukljucuje save file prosle. kvragu. to je prilicna prtljaga za jednu nevezu.

kad stojimo u aquariusu, tri metra od tvoje cure i ti mi se uvaljujes, naravno da cu te odbiti, ne zato sto mi se ne svidjas, nego zato sto definitivno nije ni vrijeme ni mjesto. a ti odes i nadjes trecu! ne optuzujem te i ne osudjujem te, ali zelim da znas da se u tom trenutku osjecam povrijedjeno i razocarano jer ispada da ti je sasvim svejedno s kim se ljubis. pa se sjetim da nemam pravo biti povrijedjena. pa me to zbunjuje. jebiga, lose djeluje na ego. vjerojatno na tvoj ne. i to nije stvar alkohola, jer ja cak i mrtva pijana znam u cijem se zagrljaju nalazim, a jos bolje u cijem se sigurno necu naci. i onda odem doma i bjesnim, i osjecam se glupo sto sam te ikad pustila blizu jer da nisam bila ja, bila bi neka treca, peta, deseta... i onda, na sve to, proklete bile, krenu suze, a ja placem samo kad sam jako sretna ili uzasno, uzasno bijesna. eto ti. ti si jedini koji me uspio dovesti do suza. mozda nisi trebao sve ovo saznati. ali ionako se pred tobom osjecam razotkriveno. a i sigurna sam da sve ovo znas, ali bilo mi je vazno da ja to kazem.

prijateljski savjet, jedini koji ces dobiti od mene, jer kao sto rekoh, mi nismo prijatelji: nemoj bjezati. bijeg je moja taktika, zato i znam da nije dobra.

MORANA: Ovo je mejl koji ti nikad nisam poslala.

DAMJAN: Nemoj mi reci da ga čuvaš u kompjuteru.

MORANA: Aha. Samo zato da te mogu ucjenjivati.

DAMJAN: Mislim da bi trebalo raspraviti neke stvari ovdje.

MORANA: Ma nemoj.

DAMJAN: Da, na primjer nije istina da ne plačeš kad si tužna.

Vidio sam te. Neki dan u kinu.

MORANA: Dobro. Malo sam pretjerivala, priznajem.

DAMJAN: To da si kontrol frik je istina, i da nismo prijatelji, to je isto istina...

MORANA: Damjan. A što bi se dogodilo da sam ga poslala?

DAMJAN: Misliš, da nisi napravila onaj slavni ispad nasred llice u kojem si mi sve ovo isto objasnila, samo manje koherentno i uz više psovki?

MORANA: Da.

DAMJAN: Možda bi oporavak trajao kraće.

MORANA: U jednom trenutku sam pomislila kako je to preveliko za mene. Kako mi se dogodilo prerano. Prenaglo. Pre... nestalno. I nestvarno. I htjela sam pobjeći.

DAMJAN: Ja sam bježao cijelo vrijeme. To su tvoje riječi.
MORANA: A da ti nisam uopće rekla sve ovo?
DAMJAN: Onda se možda ništa ne bi dogodilo.
MORANA: Možda se ni ovo ne događa.
DAMJAN: Nama se ovo ne može dogoditi.
MORANA: Nikako.

Ja želim biti točka izvorišta, ali ne mogu. Jer zaboravljam ono što je ispod umornih vjeđa pa ne mogu odrediti početak. Onda lažem.
Ali kad zatvorim kišobran, vidi se zvjezdano nebo.

21. ARRANGE ALL

DAMJAN: Mama spava.
DINKA: Nemam osjećaj da sam išta riješila.
DAMJAN: Zašto imaš potrebu istjerati sve do kraja?
DINKA: Ne sve.
DAMJAN: Samo važne stvari.
DINKA: Nema nevažnih stvari. Ima samo nevažnih ljudi.
DAMJAN: Kao tata?
DINKA: Kao tata. Ali morala sam saznati da je nevažan.
Meni. A tebi?
DAMJAN: Slabo ga se sjećam. Ja uvijek odlučim zaboraviti.
DINKA: I što se onda dogodi?
DAMJAN: Nakon nekog vremena više nisi siguran kako se priča stvarno odvijala.
DINKA: E, to je nevažna stvar.
DAMJAN: Misliš?
DINKA: Hoćeš mi dati da vidim materijale... za dokumentarac?
DAMJAN: Zašto?
DINKA: Zanima me. Uvijek me zanima što radiš u životu.

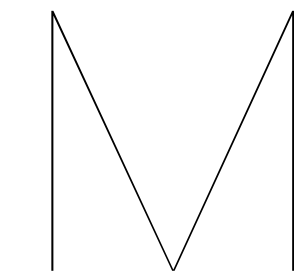
22. CLICK HERE TO END SHOW

DINKA: Ne zanima me istina.
Želim vidjeti ono što se zbiva ispod otvorenih kišobrana, ono što je možda ne baš sasvim veliko i jedino u svojoj kratkotrajnoj potpunosti posebno. Kao ljudi koje upознаš jednom i ne upoznaješ ih više i ne upoznaješ ih dalje, ljudi iz vlaka Zagreb-Mjesto kojem se ni imena više ne sjećaš, ako ga je uopće imalo u tom snu, beznačajni ljudi.
Ne zanima me istina. Onog trena kad je zapisano, istinito je i lažno istovremeno. Kao i ti, brate. U rasutom užasu, blagom, neprimjetnom, važno je samo gdje počinje.
Ja želim biti točka izvorišta. Uvjeri me da sam ja ona prava, ona jedina, ona zbog koje se pokreće svemir u svoj svojoj besmislenosti, uvjeri me da sam početna točka svakog sustava i ishodište svakog pravila. Samo prema meni se stvari određuju. Samo unutar mene postoje. Krajevi će se onda događati po inerciji, kao kad vam odjednom jesenska kiša donese neku novu misao, a ljetna sanjarenja naprosto ispare iz glave.

Maja Sviben

in conversation with Anica Tomić and Jelena Kovačić

Translated from the Croatian
by Marina Miladinov



My relationship with text and writing comes from my attitude towards many other things in life. I might summarize it this way: you have all the options at your disposal, but you must accept the responsibility. Since I mostly work within a collective, I consider the text to be some sort of a prolonged arm for dramaturgy and I would call my work primarily dramaturgical, even when I write, since I am interested in theatre as a whole. I am inclined to believe that the dramatic text does not exist without theatre, or at least I don't find it interesting that way – I don't believe in the concept of plays that are intended for reading alone, since I think that every text can serve as a basis for performance. I think that the text is primarily an investment or contribution of the playwright, who is just as valuable as other investments – those of the performers, the director, the choreographer... I find it interesting as a consequence or a complementary activity in devising theatre. I do not believe that the text must necessarily be there before the performance or serve as its starting point, but I am equally convinced that it is rather important how it is treated on stage. I am more interested in the performance text than the written one and I often miss the difference between the stage directions and the dialogue; in other words, I don't consider it important. And yet, I don't believe in vague ideas and I think that writing should not be left to the author's will alone – most authors need a good dramaturge and director to help him or her formulate the idea for the stage, so that it might become or remain relevant in each and every moment. On the one hand, it seems to me that the contemporary theatre no longer cares about the text, at least here in Croatia, which results from the intention to make the texts more palatable for the audience. That carelessness is often a product of incompetent performers and directors. On the other hand, many playwrights have found their place along the path leading to post-dramatic theatre, since it has liberated the playwriting from the bonds of obligatory determinants of the genre and the familiar formats.

I do not believe that taking risks in theatre is possible only if you experiment, if you venture into something new and different (and I am not interested in theatre that doesn't take risks!), so I wouldn't like to propose the hypothesis that the only right way is to detach oneself from the familiar models and traditional trajectories; yet I believe that theatre functions only if people who are involved in it care about the material and the subjects they are dealing with. That is why I speak of responsibility, and I sometimes believe that there is too little of it around here, but that is precisely what makes our work flexible, challenging, and interesting. Be it a text, dramaturgy, or something else, which might be more difficult to explain, for me personally our work in SKROZ⁰¹ has offered an opportunity of new forms of collaboration and communication – with other mindsets, with my colleagues and the audience – and by giving something away, I have received in return a possibility of endlessly multiplying my own ideas and attitudes, with a safety net of joint responsibility, which is for me the greatest value that I can get as an author.

⁰¹ SKROZ is an arts collective that was founded in 2005 by director Nora Krstulović and dramaturge Maja Sviben. The collective functions as a collaborative platform for situations where the authorship is the product of collective effort or those where the range of individual contribution by each author cannot be easily ascertained.

Maja Sviben

The Source Point

Translated from the Croatian by Maja Sviben

In 2004, *The Source Point* won the Marin Držić award for the best play. In 2005, it was presented at Motovun, in the form of concert reading directed by Mario Kovač, at the drama colony of HC ITI *From Text to Performance*. In 2006, it was performed at Zagreb Youth Theatre, directed by Mario Kovač and produced by KUFER.

CHARACTERS:

DINKA
DAMJAN
MORANA
EVA
MARTIN
MAMA
VANJA
TAMARA
BORIS
RANKO
LUKA
NIKOLA
HRVOJE
DENIS

(...)

TAMARA: Will you be honest, just once.

DAMJAN: I'm always honest.

TAMARA: Don't give me that shit.

DAMJAN: Calm down.

TAMARA: I won't calm down! I don't know what I was thinking, getting involved with you again. Take your bloody wine and get out!

DAMJAN: Tamara!

TAMARA: Out!

(She pushes him out the door. He comes back after a second.)

DAMJAN: There was no perfume, right?

TAMARA: Right.

13. EXPLORE

(Eva wakes up in Damjan's arms.)

EVA: Good morning.

DAMJAN: I'm awake.

EVA: And now you're leaving.

DAMJAN: Sorry.

EVA: I knew yesterday it was a mistake.

DAMJAN: Was it that bad?

EVA: No. But you're no good at mixing business with pleasure.

DAMJAN: How do you know?

EVA: You don't remember? You told me the sorry tale of Morana.

DAMJAN: Damn alcohol. You're not mad?

EVA: Why should I be? I told you everything about Martin.

DAMJAN: I can't remember anything, sorry.

EVA: Perhaps it's better you don't. You'd think I was pathetic.

DAMJAN: Do you think I'm pathetic?

EVA: Pretty much.
 DAMJAN: Didn't you once tell me that honesty is an overrated virtue?
 EVA: Yes. But to keep our professional relationship clean, I won't lie to you.
 DAMJAN: Ouch.
 EVA: Will you put this into your documentary?
 DAMJAN: I don't think so.
 EVA: That's why you can't have a normal relationship.
 Because you can't admit to yourself that you screw up things. And when you do admit it, you hide it so well.
 DAMJAN: I have a headache.
 EVA: And I have no wish to continue this conversation. You don't mean anything to me, I don't want to help you.
 Get dressed and go home.
 DAMJAN: I'm sorry.
 EVA: Don't be. I had a nice time. There, I flattered your ego along the way. Now go.
 DAMJAN: I won't see you again?
 EVA: Better not. Perhaps at your premiere.
 DAMJAN: I'll call you.
 EVA: Don't.
 DAMJAN: For the premiere.
 EVA: Oh, that's fine. Bye.

(She pulls the cover over her head, Damjan wants to say something more, but he gives up. He gets dressed in silence and leaves.)

14. ALLOW SAVE FOR FAST RECOVERY

MORANA: Three days. It's not a lot.
 DAMJAN: I didn't see you running to do it.
 MORANA: Nobody's to blame.
 DAMJAN: We're both to blame.
 MORANA: I wanted to forget you existed.
 DAMJAN: It's just a job.
 MORANA: It never happened. It couldn't have happened.
 DAMJAN: It wasn't us.
 MORANA: It's just a job.
 DAMJAN: It's just a job.
 MORANA: What do you want from me now?
 DAMJAN: I don't know.
 MORANA: Why did you call?
 DAMJAN: Why didn't you hang up? I thought you'd hang up.
 MORANA: I didn't think you'd have anything to say.
 DAMJAN: What I really want is someone I can be silent with.
 When I'm tired and when I'm lethargic and when I think words are redundant, I don't want to be alone.
 MORANA: That's not a matter of choice anymore. It's a matter of what's allowed.

DAMJAN: Is it allowed to be in the wrong place at the wrong time? To be fierce and gentle at the same time?
 MORANA: Not always. Sometimes. Just accidentally.
 DAMJAN: What are you thinking about?
 MORANA: I'm thinking how my head perfectly fits your shoulder. And I can't believe we screwed everything up.
 DAMJAN: Come to me.
 MORANA: I can't.
 DAMJAN: Nothing will change if you touch me, you know that. It's not the same touch anymore.
 MORANA: The skin remembers. Selectively. Absent-mindedly. Without principle. I will feel what I want to feel, and not what it is.
 DAMJAN: Nothing is. It didn't happen. It couldn't have happened.
 MORANA: It shouldn't have happened.
 DAMJAN: You knew... somehow... you must have.
 MORANA: And you didn't?
 DAMJAN: I usually never lie.
 MORANA: Do you have any flaw at all?
 DAMJAN: No, I'm flexible. What do you really want?
 MORANA: I only want unconditional love.
 DAMJAN: Only?
 MORANA: Yes, if you think about it, you'll see that's the easiest thing. Animals of much lower intelligence are capable of that.
 DAMJAN: But not me.
 MORANA: But not us.

15. AUTOARCHIVE OLD DOCUMENTS

(Doorbell rings.)

MUM: Who might that be?
 DINKA: It must be that brother of mine.
 MUM: He never comes on Sundays.
 DINKA: He never comes period. But since I didn't invite anybody, and nobody ever comes to see you, it's either him or Jehovah's Witnesses.
 MUM: Just open the door.
 DINKA: (coming back) They're exchanging "The Watchtower" for dinner.
 DAMJAN: Hello, Mum.
 MUM: My prodigal son. You never write, you never call. I must've left you a hundred messages.
 DAMJAN: Thirty-six, to be precise. Aw, Mum, when I come home and hear that number...
 DINKA: And you know they're all by mother dearest...
 DAMJAN: ...I lose my will to check the messages. Besides, you have my cell phone number, call me.
 MUM: I won't call you on your cell, when you're not home, you're probably working.

DAMJAN: You can always call me.

MUM: Well, you could also call me. You know, for a change.

DINKA: He'd go bankrupt. You take hours on the phone, he can't afford it.

DAMJAN: See, Mum, you're pestering me. Even Dinka feels the need to stand up for me. What's up, sis? How's school?

DINKA: Same as always. When are you going to get me a job.

DAMJAN: Pass your finals and we'll talk. I thought you were into theatre.

DINKA: Changed my mind.

DAMJAN: Hear that Mum, that's genes working.

MUM: I don't know where you get it from. Certainly not from me.

DAMJAN: (to Dinka) It's a bad idea, really. You'll never be able to fill your big brother's shoes.

DINKA: You know, people keep asking about you. Something about that window you broke.

MUM: What window?

DINKA: It's been fixed.

DAMJAN: So, things do change at the Academy. How come you know about it?

DINKA: The girl from cafeteria told me.

DAMJAN: Lana?

DINKA: Nope, Petra. Seems the story is passed on.

MUM: What window?

DAMJAN: Come on, Mum, it's nothing big. We broke a window on a shoot. It was a long time ago and an accident.

DINKA: Your son's actually a hooligan but you never noticed 'cause you love him blindly as all mothers do.

DAMJAN: As all of my mothers.

DINKA: You jerk!

DAMJAN: Well, you should be better educated than us working class.

MUM: What working class?

DAMJAN: It's a thing from school. Working class and theoreticians. Dramaturges are theoreticians.

MUM: And who's working class?

DAMJAN: Everybody else.

DINKA: Yeah, these are jokes from your era... Stone Age, wasn't it? Neanderthal.

DAMJAN: Mum, is there anything in the fridge?

DINKA: You see, he's come to eat.

DAMJAN: I came home after being away for three days and discovered that what's left in my fridge is no longer edible.

MUM: Do you want me to make you something?

DINKA: Unbelievable, you don't even cook for me when I'm sick.

MUM: You never eat anything anyway. So?

DAMJAN: No, I'll just get something...

MUM: Are you sure? It's not a problem.

DAMJAN: I'm sure. Sit down.

MUM: And where have you been for three days?

DAMJAN: Away.

MUM: Away? Why didn't you tell me?

DAMJAN: I didn't go to Alaska. We were checking out location for a shoot. Not terribly important.

MUM: Where?

DAMJAN: Plitvice.

MUM: Plitvice! Had I known, I would've died worrying. It's still mined.

DAMJAN: That's why I didn't tell you.

MUM: Damjan!

DINKA: Mum, would you make him something to eat? (to Damjan) This is pure compassion talking...

DAMJAN: You don't have to, really.

MUM: What if I want to?

DAMJAN: Then it would be very rude to say no, seeing as you brought me up properly.

MUM: I'm on my way.

(Mum exits.)

DINKA: Ok, now cut the crap. You could've gone grocery shopping. Why are you here?

DAMJAN: My grocery store's not open on Sunday.

DINKA: And you live on a hill in the middle of nowhere. That's a really shitty excuse.

DAMJAN: I live on a hill in the middle of nowhere. There are only hospitals in my neighbourhood.

DINKA: You could've gone for dinner at a psychiatry ward, nobody would suspect.

DAMJAN: I came to see you, sis.

DINKA: Oh. And where did you sleep this weekend? She didn't even feed you?

DAMJAN: I was at the Lakes.

DINKA: How strange, it must've been your body double I saw at the Aquarius on Friday then.

DAMJAN: Impossible. You know I don't hang out at the Aquarius.

DINKA: Neither do I.

(Pause.)

DINKA: So, will you tell me everything?

DAMJAN: It's not for your ears.

DINKA: Oh yes, I'm the little kid who's never told anything. I'm so lucky that you're keeping me away from the mighty family curse all my life!

DAMJAN: What are you talking about?

DINKA: Never mind. Will you tell me?

DAMJAN: I don't think so.

DINKA: I'll guess, then. You're in love... but not with the girl you came to Aquarius with... nor the one you speak of in interviews...

DAMJAN: I can't believe you read that crap.

DINKA: Only when it's about you. Now, you messed something up and you came for advice, Mum's advice at that, but you can't admit you need it. Essentially, you're momma's boy, that's why you have problems with women.

DAMJAN: God save me from cheap psychoanalysis. Especially coming from my own sister.

DINKA: But I'm right.

DAMJAN: Not in the least.

DINKA: I knew it. You're forgetting I've been listening tales about your girlfriends all my life.

DAMJAN: And what's your diagnosis, doc?

DINKA: You're irreparable, and I'll never marry, because if this is what nice boys like you do to their girlfriends, all hope is lost for the male of the species.

DAMJAN: So, sis, what should I do?

DINKA: To tell you the truth, I have no idea. If you're really in love, how could you do such a thing anyway?

DAMJAN: I don't know. I really don't know. 'Cause I'm stupid.

DINKA: You are.

(Mum comes back.)

MUM: Trading insults again?

DAMJAN: Dinka's comforting me.

MUM: Wonderful. The soup's almost done.

DAMJAN: Dinka, you wanted to say something... about the family curse we've been keeping from you...

DINKA: (cuts him off) I said it didn't matter.

MUM: Dinka?

DINKA: He's talking nonsense.

(Pause. Long and unsettling.)

DAMJAN: Hey, what are you writing about now?

DINKA: Human interactions.

DAMJAN: You couldn't have been more precise.

DINKA: I don't like to talk about it. What are you filming?

DAMJAN: Some documentary.

MUM: About what?

DAMJAN: Love agencies.

MUM: Hm?

DINKA: Dating services.

MUM: Why do you speak of it in such a derisive way?

DAMJAN: I do not at all.

MUM: You do.

DAMJAN: Mum, get off my case, OK?

MUM: I hate it when you do that. You're ridiculing others' misfortune.

DAMJAN: Oh, Mum...

MUM: Don't oh Mum me. It's easy to make jokes on other people's account when you're twenty-seven and old age seems light years away.

DAMJAN: Mum, you're wrong.

MUM: You think these people like having to find partners that way? It's probably people who have already tried out everything else. And when they barely find courage to do it, twenty-year-olds make fun of them in a TV show!

DAMJAN: That's not how I work! If you'd ever come to see one of my films, you'd know!

MUM: Well, if you'd ask me, I'd be there!

DAMJAN: I ask you! Every time! I always tell Dinka about it!

MUM: Yes, of course, those two times a year that you drop by, you speak only to your sister. I'm always the fifth wheel. I don't want to come to your premieres, I have a feeling I'm in the way...

DAMJAN: You're not in the way, how many times do I have to tell you that?!?

MUM: You never talk to me!

DAMJAN: You're impossible to talk to! It always ends like this!

MUM: There you go again, so condescending! That's why you can't make a decent film! You're always above the rest of us. The perfect Damjan.

DAMJAN: What do you care what my films look like?

MUM: I'm bothered when you speak of this agency in such a way! What do you know about being alone?

DAMJAN: I know that I met the woman of my life at that agency. At that stupid table. By those stupid rules. And now I'm alone. There, you wanted to talk. So talk now.

(Pause.)

DINKA: Why didn't you tell us? About Dad.

(Mum looks at her, startled.)

DINKA: That he left before. That he didn't want me.

DAMJAN: Dinka, don't...

MUM: I don't want to talk about it.

DINKA: Then why do you keep all the papers? In which he disowns me? In which he expressly forbids me to bear his name?

MUM: You know?

DAMJAN: Since forever.

DINKA: Why was it so hard to tell us? And what about Christmas presents? You bought them on his behalf?

MUM: I didn't want there to be a difference between the two of you.
DINKA: Why did he leave? Because I'm not his daughter?
MUM: He didn't leave. I chased him away.
DAMJAN: Because he didn't believe you.
MUM: And I never lie.
DAMJAN: Except to us.
MUM: I never lied to you. I just didn't give you unnecessary and burdening information.
DINKA: Finding out who my real father is does definitely qualify as unnecessary!
MUM: He is your father. He just didn't want himself to be, so he imaged things.
DINKA: And you drove him away. Because of that. Didn't you try to convince him?
MUM: No. Did he deserve it?
DAMJAN: We don't know. You tell us.
MUM: He was not good for you. You're not regular children.
DAMJAN: That's why we needed a regular father. To make us go to bed and ground us.
MUM: No.
DINKA: Because he wasn't good enough for you.
MUM: He was good enough for me, but not for you.
DINKA: Oh you poor dear. Do I hear some resentment in your voice?
MUM: Who do you think you are, Dinka? I chose my path, and I chose to keep quiet about it. You made me talk.
DINKA: I should've kept my mouth shut. Let you squirm till the end of your life.
DAMJAN: Give it up.
DINKA: No. Don't you think we're entitled to a little respect? That she should treat us as grown-ups capable of making their own decisions?
DAMJAN: And what would you have done? Go looking for him?
DINKA: Maybe I would.
DAMJAN: Why?
DINKA: Because I have to know.
MUM: He just didn't want another kid. Nothing special, Dinka.
DINKA: That's nothing special to you?
MUM: You're special to me. And that is enough. He doesn't matter.
DINKA: I don't believe you. I don't believe a word you say anymore.
MUM: You think my life was great? Being alone with two kids? Knowing, deep down inside, I'd always stay alone?
DAMJAN: Because of us?
MUM: Because of you. At first nobody looked at me because I was ugly. Tired. And now I'm just old.

(Pause.)

MUM: Get a grip, Damjan. I don't wish you my life. And you grow up finally, perhaps we'll be able to talk without this stupid fake regards towards each other.

(Mum exits.)

DAMJAN: Can't you ever keep your mouth shut?

16. CTRL+ALT+DEL

DINKA: In that scattered horror it didn't matter where it would lead. It could have ended instantaneously, without reason and cause, because I am the sole reason. I am the border between truth and lies, the limit of that particular part of the universe. Only that what has started can end, only something that is not lasting already, that has not carved marks on us, that has not tainted us by its continuous, sticky presence can start. Stories, just as lies, can always begin from the beginning all over again and end without ending because they don't take on responsibility.

Endings will then happen by inertia, just as when the autumn wind brings new thoughts and the summer dreams vaporise from one's head. Inertia is impossible to control.

How to know which ending is the right one? The end can only be one point in a line. Any point.

I want to be the source point.

17. VERSIONS

EVA: You win.

MARTIN: I was never more glad to be right. I knew you'd call.

EVA: What now? Can you handle it? Can you handle me?

MARTIN: We'll see. We don't have to get engaged tomorrow. I know that for you it's been either sex or engagement, but we're going to work on that.

EVA: What, no sex?

MARTIN: (laughing) Yes, good relationships are based on mutual trust achieved through conversation.

EVA: And you asked me why I found it boring?

MARTIN: I give up. It seems that you won after all. OK, I'm ready to play by your rules. Within the limits of physical stamina, of course.

EVA: Who'd say you men are so easy to tame. I should've tried that ages ago. I could've been a rich widow by now.

MARTIN: Oh god, what am I getting myself into?

EVA: Run while you still can.

MARTIN: I don't leave. I told you that already.

18.

MORANA: You know, I saw him last night.
 VANJA: So dragging you to Aquarius wasn't a good idea.
 MORANA: Not in the least.
 VANJA: Are you ok?
 MORANA: He was there with a woman. Actually, with two women. When one of them left, the other one just turned up. And both of them were at our agency.
 VANJA: You're joking.
 MORANA: Well, he obviously doesn't have time to find dates elsewhere.
 VANJA: Did you guys talk?
 MORANA: Not really. He came to me, dead drunk, and bit my shoulder and I pushed him away.
 VANJA: Morana, did you ever ask him if he was single?
 MORANA: You won't believe it, but it didn't seem important.
 VANJA: You felt like the only one.
 MORANA: It went through my head at one point it might not be so, but it vanished quickly. You know what the worst is? It's not important, even now.
 VANJA: You'll get over it.
 MORANA: I'm sure.

19.

EVA: Martin? Jesus, I almost didn't recognize you.
 MARTIN: Yeah, it's always like that. I'm not the easy-to-remember type.
 EVA: You're no type.
 MARTIN: It's nice of you to say so. Well, how you've been?
 EVA: Fine. You know me.
 MARTIN: Still playing solo?
 EVA: And proud.
 MARTIN: You look well.
 EVA: Thanks. What about you?
 MARTIN: Still solo. Not quite by choice.
 EVA: I'm sorry.
 MARTIN: It's not that bad.
 EVA: It's not bad at all, you'll see. I'm sorry, I have to go.
 MARTIN: It was good running into you.

20.

From: Morana
 To: damjandaemon@grrr.net
 Cc:
 Subject: escape

i think i owe you an explanation. sorry, this may be stupid, and it's not because i couldn't say it to your face, but it seemed to me there's just too much of it, and it can't be

uttered in one breath, and every pause could lead in another direction. btw, pauses have meaning, at least with me. and this is no text for pauses. so, in order to avoid inadvertently signifying sth because of taking a breath, i decided on a letter. and yes, i know it's not good to leave a paper trail... and perhaps this whole stupid intro is just to buy time. i don't know. probably. now comes the difficult part. honesty. i propose a ten-minute break.

i'm not angry at you. i'm angry at myself. i'm angry because i'm hurt over sth that shouldn't affect me. i'm angry because i think i'm not entitled to anger, and i'd like to be entitled. i wake up with your teeth marks on my shoulder and then i'm angry for letting you come that close and perhaps i'm even angrier because it feels good when you bite me. i'm angry at my skin because its reactions are so foolish, so unprincipled, so opposite to what i'd want. i want so much to stay cold. to forget that your touch scorches me.

i manage it. sometimes. for a moment or two, sometimes longer. i can do it, i think. if you'd disappear from my life just now, i wouldn't even remember you. and then you do sth silly, irrelevant and i go mad. that's it. the control freak is out of control and the story begins for the umpteenth time. the problem with these beginnings is that they're not deleted automatically, but each new version includes the save file of the previous one. dammit. it's quite the baggage for a non-relationship.

when we're standing ten feet away from your girlfriend at aquarius and you're coming on to me, of course i'll reject you, not because i'm not attracted to you but because it's definitely neither the time nor the place. and you move on to find a third party! i'm not accusing you and i'm not judging you, but i want you to know that at that moment i feel hurt and disappointed because it seems you don't really care who you're kissing. then i remember i don't have the right to feel hurt. then it confuses me. fuck, it's a real blow to the ego. probably not yours. and it's not about alcohol because even when i'm totally pissed i know whose arms i'm in and i know even better whose arms i most certainly won't be in. and then i go home and rage, and feel stupid for ever letting you near me because if it hadn't been me, it would've been a third, fifth, tenth party... and then, on top of all that, damn them, the tears start, and i cry only when i'm extremely happy or outrageously furious. there you go. you're the only one who's ever reduced me to tears.

maybe you shouldn't have found out all of this. but i feel exposed in front of you anyway. and i'm sure you already know it, but i needed to say it. a piece of friendly advice, the only one you'll ever get from me, because, as i said, we're not friends: don't run away. running away is my strategy, that's how i know it's not a good one.

MORANA: This is a message I never sent you.

DAMJAN: Don't tell me you have it saved in your computer.

MORANA: Yep. So I could blackmail you.

DAMJAN: I think there are a couple of things here open to discussion.

MORANA: Such as what.

DAMJAN: Well, for instance, it's not true you don't cry when you're sad. I saw you. The other day at the cinema.

MORANA: All right. I overdid it a bit, I admit.

DAMJAN: It's true that you're a control freak, and it's true we're not friends...

MORANA: Damjan. What would've happened if I had sent it?

DAMJAN: You mean, if the famous Ilica Street incident where you explained everything, though much less coherently and with more curse words, hadn't happened?

MORANA: Yes.

DAMJAN: My recovery might have been shorter.

MORANA: At one point I thought it was too immense for me. That it happened too soon. Too sudden. Too... inconsistent. And unreal. And I wanted to escape.

DAMJAN: I was running away the whole time. These are your words.

MORANA: And if I had said nothing at all?

DAMJAN: Nothing might have happened then.

MORANA: This might not be happening.

DAMJAN: It can't happen to us.

MORANA: Never.

21. ARRANGE ALL

DAMJAN: Mum's asleep.

DINKA: I have the feeling I didn't solve anything.

DAMJAN: Why do you have the need to push everything to its limits?

DINKA: Not everything.

DAMJAN: Only the important stuff.

DINKA: There's no unimportant stuff. There are only unimportant people.

DAMJAN: Like Dad?

DINKA: Like Dad. But I had to find out he was unimportant. To me. What about you?

DAMJAN: I don't remember him well. I always choose to forget.

DINKA: And what happens then?

DAMJAN: After a while, you're not sure how the story really developed.

DINKA: You know, that's unimportant.

DAMJAN: You think?

DINKA: Will you let me see the footage... for the documentary?

DAMJAN: Why?

DINKA: I'm interested. I always want to know what you do in life.

22. CLICK HERE TO END SHOW

DINKA: I'm not interested in truth.

I want to see what goes on under open umbrellas, that what's not quite so big and special only in its short-lived fullness. Like people who you meet once and don't get to know them more and don't get to know them better, people aboard the train from Zagreb to the Place-whose-name-you've-forgotten, if it even had a name in that dream, meaningless people.

I'm not interested in truth. The moment it's been written down, it is true and false at the same time. Like you, my brother. And in the scattered horror, mild, imperceptible, it is only important where it begins.

I want to be the source point. Make me believe that I'm the right one, the only one, the one that moves the universe in all its meaninglessness, make me believe that I'm the starting point of every system and the beginning of every rule. Only by me are things determined. Only inside me do they exist. Endings will then happen by inertia, as when the autumn rains bring new thoughts and summer dreams vaporise from one's head.

I want to be the source point, but I cannot. Because I forget what is hidden under the tired eyelids so I can't pinpoint the beginning. That's when I lie.

But when I close the umbrella, I can see the starry sky.

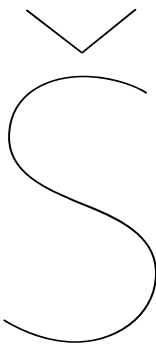
Ivor

Martinić



Ivor Martinić

odgovara,
pita Lana
Šarić



to ti je dala Akademija dramske umjetnosti, točnije rečeno Odsjek dramaturgije na kojem još uvijek nisi diplomirao?

Akademija nedvojbeno jest fakultet koji individualno pristupa studentu. Ako pokažeš da te nešto interesira više, onda stvarno dobiješ i priliku da to istražuješ, ali kad na to gledam iz današnje perspektive, program koji smo imali ipak mi izgleda neozbiljan. Mene je najviše zanimalo dramsko pisanje, no za to smo imali odvojeno sat i pol tjedno, a zbog većeg broja studenata, uspijevao sam doći na red za konzultacije jedanput mjesečno. To mi nije bilo dovoljno. Isto tako, čini mi se da se na kraju nitko nije brinuo za znanje koje smo mi tokom studija morali pokazati. Kao da nitko nije razmišljao o tome što ćemo raditi nakon Akademije, pa se kroz ovih desetak godina npr. nitko nije uspio pobrinuti bar za to da kad pošalješ tekst kazalištu netko na tvoj upit i odgovori.

Misliš da je Akademija ta koja to treba raditi? Misliš da Akademija ima tu moć?

Mislim da je Akademija trebala imati tu moć da kaže: "Eto, mi tu odgajamo neke ljude, mi od njih očekujemo da pišu neke tekstove, da pokažu neko znanje". Akademija svake godine stvori 4 ili 5 dramaturga, scenarista ili dramskih pisaca, a kad odeš s Akademije, ne možeš pronaći ni jedno kazalište u kojem bi mogao išta raditi. Kad napišeš neki tekst, nemaš ga kome ni poslati jer kazališta nemaju dramaturge da se time bave.

Na koji način bi Akademija to trebala ili mogla promijeniti?

Akademija bi trebala brinuti za svoje studente. Postoji burza nezaposlenih i nije loše ići na burzu, ali ne vidim situaciju u kojoj kazalište dolazi na burzu i kaže: "Evo, nama treba pisac ili dramaturg". Ako pohađaš neki fakultet, ne podrazumijeva se nužno da ti taj fakultet nađe posao, ali trebao bi ti dati mogućnost da negdje legitimno možeš pokazati ono što si naučio.

Drugim riječima, želiš reći da Akademija ni na koji način ne postavlja smjernice za daljnji razvoj studenata nakon što završe konkretan studijski odsjek o kojem pričamo? Osim određenih pojedinaca unutar institucija koji ponekad traže naše profesore da im preporuče studente za sudjelovanje na radionicama, seminarima ili forumima... ali tu je riječ o studentskim radionicama, a ne o profesionalnom radu.

Mislim da ni postojeći odnosi nisu fer, jer ne postoje natjecaji, nego se događa da netko nekoga preporuči, a bilo bi dobro da svi imaju jednaku priliku. Postavlja se pitanje zašto Akademija, nakon što nam pruži neko znanje, a mi to znanje usvojimo, primijenimo i reproduciramo, nije u stanju učiniti ništa da to znanje negdje kasnije i plasiramo. Kad izađeš s Akademije, izađeš u džunglu u kojoj regularnim putem ne možeš ništa napraviti. Nijedno kazalište nema natjecaj za dramski tekst, nego sve moraš raditi na neki način ispod žita.

Ovaj razgovor se ne pokušava, to znamo oboje, pretvoriti u neko političko pitanje za ili protiv Akademije, nego želi analizirati naše vlastite probleme i našu današnju poziciju. Oboje smo se tamo školovali i nešto s tim moramo sada napraviti. Imaš li osjećaj da Akademija kao takva, ili možda samo Odsjek dramaturgije na kojem smo studirali, postoji jedino zbog sebe same?

Ne bih rekao da postoji samo zbog sebe same, ali dok sam studirao ponekad sam imao takav osjećaj. Naime, nikad nisam imao osjećaj da me Akademija prihvatila. Imam osjećaj da me prije prihvatilo hrvatsko kazalište nego Akademija. Moje drame bolje su prolazile u kazalištu, nego na ispitima na Akademiji. Naravno, umjetnost nije sport pa da postoje neki mjerljivi rezultati ili pravila. To što me hrvatsko kazalište prihvatilo prije Akademije u svojoj biti ne znači puno.

Rekla sam da bismo iz svega rečenog mogli zaključiti da ne postoji neka posebna povezanost između Akademije, institucija i studenata dramaturgije. Kazališta ne žele čitati naše tekstove, kazališta i televizije ne trebaju naša znanja, stoga se postavlja pitanje ima li za nas kakvo drugo mjesto pod suncem. U tom smislu, što je s nezavisnom scenom? Jesi li ikada osjetio potrebu pronaći neke neinstitucionalne mogućnosti za produkciju vlastitih tekstova?

Ja nemam potrebu nikoga uvjeravati da bi moj tekst trebalo igrati. Što se tiče uključivanja u neke nezavisne grupe, za tim nikada nisam osjetio neku posebnu potrebu, a što se tiče suradnje s ljudima na nezavisnoj sceni, radio sam nekoliko puta kao dramaturg predstava koje su igrale u Teatru &TD, kao na primjer s Anjom Maksić i Sašom Božićem, ali to je bio dramaturški posao koji je za mene u tim projektima bio manje autorski u odnosu na moje pisanje. Čini mi se da svoj puni potencijal ostvarujem tek u pisanju.

U smislu postojanja u nekoj kazališnoj realnosti, u nekom kontekstu, koje je tvoje mjesto? Gdje pripadaš?

Odgovorit ću na ovo pitanje kao i ti. Nigdje. Dramskim piscima se gotovo nitko u Hrvatskoj ne bavi. Pred dvije godine časopis Kazalište, koji je jedini kazališni časopis u zemlji, izdao je moju dramu. Dobio sam dva komentara i mislio sam da se moja drama vjerojatno nije nikome svidjela i da zbog toga nije bilo nikakve reakcije. U trenutku kada je došla vijest da su Jugoslovensko dramsko pozorište u Beogradu i ljubljansko Mesno gledališče postavili *Mirjanu* dobio sam desetine upita od raznih ljudi o tome gdje bi oni mogli pronaći i pročitati moju dramu. Bilo mi je nezamislivo da osobe koje se bave kazalištem tako nešto pitaju, tim više što časopis dolazi na kućnu adresu mnogim ljudima, te što je jedini kazališni časopis koji se isključivo bavi dramskim kazalištem. To iskustvo mi je pokazalo koliko je neozbiljnosti, neodgovornosti i nezainteresiranosti među ljudima koji se bave kazalištem. Ipak, paradoksalno, jedino kazalište koje je pročitalo tu dramu i odlučilo je postaviti bilo je Hrvatsko narodno kazalište u Zagrebu.

Misliš li da je vrijeme dramskog teksta prošlo?

S dramskim tekstom se nikada nije više eksperimentiralo nego danas. Njegovo vrijeme je prošlo u smislu da se danas ne očekuje da dramski tekst mora doći na pozornicu onako kako je napisan. Ali njegovo vrijeme nije prošlo u smislu da kad krenem pisati tekst mislim o tome da ga pišem za pozornicu, i da imam neki umjetnički razlog zašto ga pišem. Mislim da je dramski tekst danas važan jednako kao i svi drugi elementi kazališta. Uostalom, svatko može raditi kazalište kakvo želi. Ja ću pisati dramske tekstove jer tako hoću, i ne očekujem od svojih tekstova da se nužno izvedu, iako su oni naravno namijenjeni tome. Ako se izvedu, očekujem da su moji tekstovi predlošci, a ne da predstava bude doslovna inscenacija mog teksta. Ne mislim da imam gledatelja, mislim da imam čitatelja. Ne zanima me kazalište u smislu toga da bude jedino i isključivo poprište događanja mog teksta.

Kakva je tvoja pozicija kao autora u odnosu na društvenu realnost, geopolitičku realnost? Kakve veze ona ima s tvojim pisanjem?

Uvijek pišeš o vremenu u kojem živiš. Ono zbog čega ja krećem pisati stvari su koje mene privatno interesiraju. Pišem o stvarima koje sâm želim istražiti i shvatiti. Ovisno o temi u pisanje se umiješaju društvena i geopolitička realnost.

Ivor Martinić

Moj sin samo malo sporije hoda

Drama *Moj sin samo malo sporije hoda* bit će premijerno izvedena u Zagrebačkom kazalištu mladih u režiji Janusza Kice 2011. godine.

LIKOVİ

BRANKO, 25 godina
MIA, njegova majka, 50 godina
ROBERT, njegov otac, 50 godina
DORIS, njegova sestra, 20 godina
ANA, njegova baka, 70 godina
OLIVER, njegov djed, 70 godina
RITA, njegova teta, 45 godina
MIHAEL, Ritin muž, 55 godina
SARA, prijateljica Doris i Branka, 25 godina

(...)

Mia i Rita sjede. One su sestre, iako to često zaborave.

RITA: Mačka mi je dobro, nema rak.

MIA: Oprosti, zaboravila sam, nisam te ni pitala.

RITA: Nema veze. Dobro je. Mislila sam da će krepati, ali nije. Sad će opet u veljači poludjeti. Ne volim je puštati vani, ali morat ću. Moraš je pustiti van, da bar nešto pojebe.

MIA: A kako ti pas?

RITA: Dobro je. Nije mu bilo drago što mačka nema rak, ali eto, priviknut će se.

MIA: Eto.

Tišina.

MIA: A kako ste došli?

RITA: Autom. Vidjela sam sudar, još se tresem.

MIA: Mrtvih?

RITA: Samo sam krv vidjela, jako puno krvi. Auti su jako brzi kad pomisliš, mogu ići jako brzo i nesigurni su, pa zaboga što je sigurno na kotačima!? Što je uopće sigurno u krugu? Ni zemlja nije sigurna, okrugla je, stalno neki potresi. Nekad je zemlja bila ravna ploča. Tada nisu postojali automobili. Sve je bilo sigurno.

MIA: A gdje ti je muž?

RITA: Otišao je pogledati kako izgleda novi park.

MIA: Uredili su ga.

RITA: Rekla si, da. Baš dobro što su ga uredili.

MIA: Da.

Tišina.

RITA: Nekako je tiho tu.

MIA: Otišli su malo prileći prije zabave.

RITA: Ti ne možeš spavati?

MIA: Nestalo mi tableta.

RITA: Koje koristiš?

MIA: Valeral.

RITA: Pa te ti ništa ne valjaju. Ja sam otkrila jedne nove, tek su ih izmislili, još na Internetu sam ih rezervirala, došle su iz Kanade, sjajne.

Rita otvori torbu i iz njih se prospe tisuće tableta.

MIA: Ti i Mihael ste dobro?

RITA: Ide.

MIA: Drago mi je.

RITA: Ah... da.

MIA: Dobro izgledate zajedno. Nekad niste tako dobro izgledali zajedno.

RITA: Deblja se u zadnje vrijeme, puno jede. Kažem mu ja, nemoj toliko jesti prase jedno prasasto, ali ne sluša.

MIA: Dobar ti je.

RITA: Je. Dobar mi je.

MIA: Svi smo mislili da se ti nikad nećeš udati.

RITA: I ja isto. Bila sam pametna.

MIA: I ružna. I mama se sinoć opet pitala zašto smo te pustili da se udaš? Bila si pametna i talentirana za razliku od mene. I ružna.

RITA: Mogla sam proputovati cijeli svijet, toliko sam pametna bila. I ambiciozna koliko sam ružna bila.

MIA: Zašto si se onda udala?

RITA: Zašto sam se udala? Što me pitaš zašto sam se udala? Nekad gledam neki film na televiziji o mumijama, zločestim Kinezima, zombijima i bude me strah. Onda odem u krevet i čvrsto zagrlim svog muža. Eto zašto sam se udala.

MIA: Zbog zločestih Kineza?

RITA: Ne znam, možda su i Japanci.

Tišina.

MIA: Zvao je tvoj sin popodne. Pričao je s Brankom.

RITA: Rekli smo mu da nazove.

MIA: Baš lijepo od njega. On sigurno uživa, ganja djevojke.

RITA: Ganja.

MIA: Radi u drugom gradu.

RITA: Radi.

MIA: Nosi odijelo i kravatu.

RITA: Nosi.

MIA: I hoda.

Tišina.

MIA: I moj Branko hoda. Samo malo sporije.

RITA: Da.

MIA: Dobar je. Tako je dobar maleni moj. A ja mu eto ni tortu nisam uspjela napraviti.

RITA: A što ćeš.

MIA: A ti imaš muža koji gleda parkove. Imaš i dijete koje ganja djevojke.

RITA: Sinoć me zvao moj mali sin. Dobio je povišicu i tri nova putovanja u daleke krajeve. Talentiran je i ambiciozan, na mene.

MIA: Ma ne, nije uopće ružan.

RITA: Vidio je već sve kontinente, a tako je mlad. Zvao je da mi to kaže, a ja nisam znala što bih mu rekla. Ne znam više zašto se tako malo veselim tim njegovim uspjesima.

MIA: Nije te zaboravio, Rita.

RITA: Znam da nije. Ja njega zaboravljam. Košulje pegla bolje nego što to ja radim. Budala mala samoživa.

MIA: Dobar je.

RITA: A ne znam. Mislila sam da će biti drugačiji.

MIA: Tu se ništa ne može učiniti.

RITA: Zato postoje psi i mačke. I s tobom su sve dok ne dobiju rak ili krepaju. I kanarinac, isto tako. Mislim da ću uzeti nekog zelenog. Ima danas čvrstih krletki, ne vjerujem da će ga mačka pojesti, a ako ga i pojede, što se može, kupit ću plavog. Još nikad nisam imala neku plavu životinju.

Tišina.

MIA: Morat ćeš mi dati te Kanadske tablete.

RITA: Može.

MIA: Znaš, još nekad malo razmišljam da moj sin hoda.

RITA: Samo malo.

MIA: I onda malo zamišljam da je moj sin drugačiji.

RITA: Ali samo malo.

MIA: Samo malo, naravno.

RITA: I onda shvatiš da nije i udahneš zrak i živiš.

MIA: I živiš.

RITA: Jer je to tvoj sin i samo tvoj.

MIA: Samo moj.

Ulazi Ana.

ANA: A tu ste.

RITA: Zdravo, mama. Ne možeš spavati?

ANA: Ne.

RITA: Lijepo si se uredila za zabavu. I lijepo mirišeš, dobro da si se okupala.

ANA: Ne znam gdje mi je bunda koju mi je Viktor kupio.

RITA: Nije ti nikakav Viktor kupovao bunde.

ANA: Je. Rekao mi je Branko. I vodio me na putovanja.

RITA: Nije, mama. To si umislila.

ANA: Branko mi je to rekao. Pričala sam mu. Sada malo zaboravljam pa ne znam.

RITA: Mama, pričala si da je Viktor bio siromašan, nije ti mogao kupovati nakit.

ANA: Imao je jake ruke. Držao bi me u naručju...

RITA: Dok bi se ljubili i varali tatu. Znamo, mama. Pričaš o tome već dvadeset godina. O tom Viktoru i svojoj

jedinoj ljubavi. Povraća mi se već od svega. Jadan tata, koliko si ga varala.

ANA: Varala? Dok bi me držao, ja sam voljela Viktora. Toga se sjećam, u magli, ali se sjećam. Voljela sam ga. Toga se sjećam. Puno sam ga voljela. Jeste li sigurne da je bio siromašan?

MIA: Tako si pričala kad je umro.

ANA: Umro je?

MIA: Da.

ANA: Jesam li bila tužna?

MIA: Tek puno kasnije, kada si saznala. Rekla si da si ga ostavila.

ANA: Ostavila? Zašto?

RITA: Pa tako si bar pričala. Vratila si se tati.

ANA: Zašto bih se vratila? Nisam voljela tatu.

RITA: Ne znamo, mama.

ANA: Zašto bi se vratila? Viktora sam jedinog voljela.

RITA: Ne znamo, mama.

ANA: Lažete, kuje male, lažete. A sve sam vam dala! Sve! Viktora sam voljela.

MIA: Smiri se, mama.

ANA: Lažete, kuje male, lažete!

RITA: Ušuti mama! Što govoriš toliko o toj ljubavi!? Stalno govoriš o tom Viktoru i o ljubavi, već 20 godina, a sve je to jedna velika laž. Da nije umro, misliš da bi to bila ljubav!? Mrzila bi ga kao što mrziš tatu! Prestani pričati o ljubavi! Ja je ne vidim. Nisam je nikad vidjela. Gdje je ljubav? Ljuuuuubav!? Gdje si? Ljuuuuubav? Ljuuuuubav! Vidjela sam ljubav jedino na televiziji. I samo tamo. Trajala je 180 epizoda i onda gotovo. Ponekad traje 210 epizoda i onda gotovo. Vjenčanje glavnih likova i paf – mrak, kraj programa. Nema sapunice kad počne život. Lagali su nam. Lagala si nam. Ne pričaj više o toj ljubavi, mama. Sve je to jedna velika laž kako bi nam bilo lakše. Prestani! Prestani!

Ana otrči daleko tražiti ljubav.

Rita otrči za majkom.

Ulazi Oliver.

OLIVER: Što se dogodilo?

MIA: Mama opet o Viktoru. Oprosti, tata.

OLIVER: Ništa, ništa.

MIA: Bolesna je.

OLIVER: Znam, znam.

Tišina.

OLIVER: Kako si ti?

MIA: Ne znam.

OLIVER: Ako treba što pomoći?

MIA: Snalazimo se.

Tišina.

MIA: Je li ti žao tata, sada kada si ovako star, skoro pa ćeš i ti umrijeti, je li ti žao što si se oženio i stvarao sve ovo oko nas?

OLIVER: Kakvo je to pitanje?

MIA: Pitam. Je li ti žao što si slušao srce i napravio sve ovo? Je li ti žao što si se oženio s mamom? Sad kad je tako bolesna?

OLIVER: Star sam, ne znam.

MIA: Ali reci mi, tata.

OLIVER: Ne znam.

Tišina.

MIA: Ajde, možeš mi reći. Star si, brzo ćeš umrijeti, muškarci u našoj obitelji nikad nisu dugo živjeli. Reci mi, tata, uvijek si imao odgovore na sva moja pitanja, to što te nisam slušala, ne znači da te nisam čula. Je li ti žao što imaš obitelj kad si ovako star i skoro ćeš umrijeti? Je li ti žao što nas imaš? Je li ti uopće što značimo mi ljuštore oko tebe, ružne i smrdljive? Je li ti to išta znači kad si već tako star i samo što ne umreš?

OLIVER: Ne znam.

MIA: Ali reci mi, tata. Moraš mi reći.

OLIVER: Što želiš od mene?

MIA: Pa samo mi reci je li se isplati? Je li se sve ovo isplati, tata? Ovo da plaćem zbog Branka, ovo da me boli? Da li to trebam tako ili ne kad ću i tako ostarjeti još više i više i onda ću umrijeti kao i ti, već si jako star, samo što ne umreš, a ja o tebi svih ovih godina nisam ništa uspjela saznati. I nema druge nego umrijeti. Je li se isplati uopće sve ovo? Je li se isplati živjeti, tata?

Tišina. Duga tišina. A onda Oliver slegne ramenima. Ne zna. Ili ne želi reći. Neke se tajne ne mogu odati.

MIA: Ajde, idemo ti naći kravatu za zabavu.

OLIVER: Rođendan je dvadesetpetogodišnjaka.

MIA: Svejedno. Idemo...

Mia i Oliver odlaze.

Ulazi Branko. Gleda gdje to živi.

Do njega dolazi Ana. Malo je plakala.

ANA: Nema ljubavi. Tražila sam po cijeloj kući, ali nema. Jesam ti pričala o Viktoru?

BRANKO: Sve znam, bako. Držao bi te u rukama cijelo vrijeme.

ANA: Maloprije sam se još nečega sjetila.

BRANKO: Čega?

ANA: Nije bilo nikakvog Viktora. To je sve bila laž.

BRANKO: Kako to misliš? Stalno o Viktoru govoriš.

ANA: Ne, prilično sam sigurna da ga nikad nije bilo. Sve sam izmislila.

Tišina.

ANA: Sad sam se sjetila. Sve mi je jasno. Ja sam željela nekog Viktora ali nisam nikad nekog takvog upoznala, a kamoli da me držao u rukama cijelo vrijeme, dok bi to radili.

BRANKO: Bako, jesi li sigurna?

ANA: Nema Viktora. Nema ga. Nisam ga nikad imala. Imala sam dosadan život, nije ni čudo da sam ga zaboravila. Htjela sam da mi je bio posebniji pa sam malo lagala, a onda kad sam sve zaboravila nisam zaboravila samo ono što sam lagala. Jer je to što sam lagala bilo ono najljepše.

Tišina.

ANA: I Branko...

BRANKO: Reci, bako?

ANA: Nemoj ovo reći Oliveru. U redu?

BRANKO: Naravno.

Ana ode. Možda se ljubav ipak negdje skrila.

Ulazi Mia.

MIA: Što je?

BRANKO: Ništa. Baka...

MIA: Danas joj je težak dan.

BRANKO: Valjda, da.

MIA: Htjela sam ti reći da ako mi želiš nešto reći, znaj da možeš. Ja sam... dobro. Mogu podnijeti. Samo sam ti to htjela reći da znaš. Da što god ti treba... I tako. Volim te.

Tišina.

MIA: Još ti nisam kupila dar. Ne znam više što želiš. Rasteš. I brada ti već tako brzo raste, svaki dan se moraš brijati. Možda da ti kupim neki briači aparat ili nešto tome slično? Volim kada ti je lice meko, poput guze male bebe.

BRANKO: Dovoljno si mi kupila.

MIA: Nemoj govoriti gluposti, nije nam teško trošiti na tebe. Reci, što bi htio?

BRANKO: Za dar?

MIA: Da. Što bi želio?

BRANKO: Ništa.

MIA: Ajde, ne budi skroman. Ti si strašno skroman!

BRANKO: Htio bih da mi kupiš ništa, molim te.

MIA: Opet ti i tvoje šale. Tvoj je rođendan, moramo ti kupiti dar. Moram otići prije nego dućani zatvore. Želiš li ići sa mnom? Nešto sâm odabrati?

BRANKO: Znaš da ne mogu brzo, bit ćeš u žurbi, dućani rade još samo pola sata.

Tišina.

MIA: Ne znam hoću li imati dovoljno tanjura za tortu. Sara će doći?

BRANKO: Da.

MIA: Možda neće htjeti tortu. A ako bude htjela dat ćemo joj na plastičnom.

BRANKO: Sara me voli.

Tišina.

MIA: Mogu ja jesti na plastičnom.

Tišina.

BRANKO: Ja nju ne volim.

MIA: Onda nećemo trebati plastične tanjure, što bi se bez veze miješali.

BRANKO: Ona me voli, a ja bi da me voli netko drugi. Ali za sada je to ona i to je sasvim u redu.

MIA: Što to govoriš Branko?

BRANKO: Moram malo vježbati ovaj život, mama. Sara je draga.

MIA: Ti zaslužuješ bolju! Puno bolju!

Šute.

MIA: Nemoj me tako gledati.

Tišina.

MIA: Tako je teško razgovarati s tobom!

BRANKO: Ništa nisam rekao.

MIA: Baš teško!

Tišina.

BRANKO: Mama, mogu ti ispričati jedan san?

MIA: San? Kakav san?

BRANKO: Jedan. Često ga sanjam.

MIA: Što sanjaš?

BRANKO: Sanjam da sam odjeven u šljokičasto odijelo, da me netko postavio na sredinu pozornice i da govorim: hvala, to je sve od mene, doviđenja. Ja više ne hodam, neću nikad više hodati. Hvala, to je sve od mene, doviđenja. Onda se naklonim i želim otići. Ali ne mogu otići. Moje noge ni u snovima više ne rade. I onda zovem

tebe. Zovem te da mi pomogneš i da me pomakneš, a ti ne možeš izaći na pozornicu. Promatraš me i ne možeš izaći. Imaš veliku tremu, bojiš se javnih nastupa i ne možeš me pomaknuti. I zato još uvijek stojim. Jer ti imaš veliku tremu.

Tišina.

MIA: Grozan san.

Tišina.

BRANKO: Mama, oprosti što ne mogu hodati.

Tišina.

MIA: Ne, ja ne plačem. Evo vidiš koliko sam dobra danas, jako sam malo plakala.

BRANKO: Mama...

MIA: To je samo zato jer sam ti mama! Tvoja bolest je i moja bolest, samo što je moja teža, jer za razliku od tebe, ja hodam.

BRANKO: Znam, mama...

MIA: Danas sam se sjetila tvog 20. rođendana i kako sam te odvela u diskoteku. Svi su te čudno gledali dok si pokušavao plesati, a ja sam htjela da ti budeš kao ostali. Onda sam i plesala s tobom.

BRANKO: Mama...

MIA: Onda sam se sjetila i tvog 21. rođendana i kako sam napravila gorku tortu, valjda su bademi bili gorki. Ja sam bila toliko nesigurna da sam mogla poletjeti i nisam znala je li ta moja torta stvarno gorka. Kad sam je htjela ponovno probati više je nije bilo, ti si cijelu bio pojeo. Eto, toliko si me volio.

BRANKO: Mama...

MIA: Samo ti hoću reći da sam u redu. Ja mogu ovako živjeti! Vidiš da mogu! Noge ti ne rade i to je sasvim u redu!

BRANKO: Mama...

MIA: Evo i sad dok me zoveš mama, ja bih mogla još jače zaplakati! Jer dok me zoveš mama, mislim kakva sam ja to mama tako malom sinu kojem ne mogu pomoći. I više ne govorim susjedima da ti samo malo sporije hodaš! Vidiš koliko sam bolje! Jutros sam kupovala u dućanu i rekla sam da imaš rođendan, a prodavač me pitao kako si, a ja sam rekla da si dobro! Da uopće ne hodaš ali da si dobro! Da više ne hodaš malo sporije, nego da ne hodaš uopće! On me pogledao samilosno, ali ja sam bila ponosna što sam to mogla reći. Ti ne hodaš! Ti se voziš!

BRANKO: Mama...

MIA: Što?! Zar ne želiš da to kažem otkad si obolio? Evo, govorim! Ti ne hodaš! Ti ne možeš hodati! Moj sin ne

hoda! Njemu noge ne rade! On nikad neće hodati! I ja to mogu reći! Evo, rekla sam!

BRANKO: Hvala, mama.

Tišina.

MIA: Oprosti. Samo me boli što to vrijeme tako ide i što se to tako sve događa.

BRANKO: U redu je, mama. Danas smiješ plakati. Hajdemo o nečemu lijepom. Ajde mi pričaj o mom drugom rođendanu, kad sam prohodao.

MIA: Tako si lijepo dijete bio, baš lijepo. Prohodao si tamo kod hladnjaka. Na početku si stalno padao, pa se odmah dizao. Ja bih te malo držala, pa pustila ali čim bi shvatio da te ne držim, odmah bi pao.

BRANKO: Bebe su nesigurne.

MIA: Da. I onda polako više nisi padao, a ja te više nisam trebala držati. I od onda si trčao što dalje od mene.

Tišina.

BRANKO: Dok se nije dogodilo to što se dogodilo.

MIA: Dok se nije dogodilo to što se dogodilo.

Tišina.

MIA: Znam da te moram pustiti. Znam da moram.

BRANKO: Polako, mama. Polako ćemo.

Tišina.

Mia je nemoćna bilo što reći.

Tišina.

Mia uzme aparat i fotografira Branka.

BRANKO: Kako sam ispao?

MIA: Dobro je. Lijepa slika.

Tišina.

Ulaze Oliver i Rita.

OLIVER: Ovu kravatu nisam nosio trideset godina!

RITA: Sad se opet takve nose!

OLIVER: Izgledam smiješno.

RITA: Mama, reci mu da izgleda dobro!

Ana šuti.

ANA: Meni govoriš?

RITA: Da. Kako tata izgleda?

ANA: Dobro.

RITA: Eto vidiš.

OLIVER: Dobro, ha? Ajde ako ti tako kažeš...

ANA: Ajde šuti kurvin sine.

Ulazi Mihael.

RITA: A evo i njega.

MIHAEL: Moram ti nešto reći.

RITA: Što?

Ulazi Robert.

ROBERT: Probudili ste me.

Ulaze Doris i Sara.

DORIS: Pa tu već ima tako puno ljudi. Već sam mislila da sam zakasnila, tako je divan dan vani.

SARA: Prekrasan dan. Obavijestila sam sve na Facebook-u koliko sam sretna danas.

Ulazi Mia sa čašama.

MIA: Tako sam nespretna, još ništa nisam napravila. Idemo pripremiti zabavu, našem Branku je 25 godina!

MIA: Četvrtina stoljeća!

DORIS: Jako puno godina, moj mali braco, jako puno!

Svi se razlete po kući. Svi nešto rade, svi žele da kuća koja propada izgleda bolje.

ANA: Zašto je tako puno ljudi u ovoj kući?

BRANKO: Jer mi je rođendan.

ANA: Da? Sve sam zaboravila. Što sam ti kupila?

BRANKO: Sunce.

ANA: Veliko?

BRANKO: Da.

ANA: Sigurno je puno koštalo.

BRANKO: Ne znam. Nije pristojno pitati.

ANA: Sve zaboravljam.

BRANKO: I ja, pa što.

ANA: Ma gdje bi ti zaboravio?

BRANKO: A kako bi živjeli da ne zaboravljamo?

ANA: Ne znam.

BRANKO: Eto vidiš.

MIA: Ajde, vas dvoje, pomognite malo.

Do Mie dolazi Robert.

ROBERT: Mia, nisam ti rekao.

MIA: Što?

ROBERT: Prestala su me boljeti leđa. Hvala.

Tišina.

Rita vrisne.

Svi stanu.

RITA: Krepala mi mačka, pička joj materina! Krepala mi mačka, pička da joj materina, a rekli da ima 9 života! A možda je i imala, možda je umirala polako, ali nismo primijetili. Možda i ja imam 9 života?

MIHAEL: Nemaš.

RITA: Krepala! Ha! Krepala! A sve joj dala. Mijenjala pijesak kad je pišala, davala proteine, ribe i ostale skupe stvari, a onda krepa. Pička joj materina, nije me ni čekala, nego ovako nenajavljeno, preko Mihaela da mi to priopći. Kuda ovo sve ide, svi ćemo krepati, svi krepaju! Krepajem od smijeha!

Rita se počinje smijati, a potom joj se pridružuju i ostali. Svi se smiju.

RITA: Svi krepajemo u ovoj kući. Evo tata već ima sto godina, krepat će i on, prvi - vjerojatno. Mama je bolesna, krepat će još prije. Zaboravit će što je prozor, a što vrata, pa će ravno na cestu, auto i bum! Krepala! I ja imam već godina, krepat ću i ja, ovako luda i blesava ako ne završim prije u ludnici. Mihael se počeo debljat, krepat će i on, krvne žile, srce, vene, ovo - ono. I ti Mia. Osjetljiva si ko sam vrag, nećeš se ni okrenut rak će te zaskočiti, širit će se po tvom jadnom tijelu. Šta me gledate vas dvije male, i vi ćete krepati, mladost brzo prođe, tek su počeli potresi i poplave, negdje će vas voda odnijeti! Svi ćemo krepati!

Branko krene izaći.

RITA: Gdje ćeš, Branko? Misliš da ti nećeš krepati? Krepat ćeš, krepat, ja ti kažem.

MIA: Rita!

RITA: Što je? Pametan je mali, zna on sve.

MIHAEL: Rita!

BRANKO: Znam sve, pustite je. Ne hodam.

Tišina.

BRANKO: Što je tišina? Nisam rekao da sam krepao. Ne hodam.

Branko se počinje smijati, a potom mu se pridružuju i ostali. Svi se smiju.

ANA: Ne hoda! Ja brže hodam, a imam sto dvadeset godina! Maloprije ga pobijedila.

BRANKO: Ja se vozim!

ROBERT: Ali u skupim kolicima.

BRANKO: Neću nikad moći stati uza zid i pišat!

MIHAEL: Bolje, kao da sam malo puta tako popišao hlače.

BRANKO: Neću nikad više trčati.

RITA: Ha! Nećeš moći trčati u humanitarnom maratonu, skupljati novce za rak. Pička ti materina, daj neke novce, kad ne možeš trčati i tako skupljati. Nećeš moći ići u kino tu dolje niz ulicu. Stepenice su previsoke, nećeš nikad moći gledati filmove u ovoj ulici, a imaju dobar program, bit ćeš glup, glup za filmove. Nećeš moći igrati vaterpolo, za to ti trebaju noge, a tebi ne rade. Neće nitko navijati za tebe. Neće te uzdizati na prijestolje!

Svi se polako prestaju smijati.

MIA: Idemo! Rođendanska proslava!

Svi se rastrče.

SARA: Voljeti ćeš uvijek moći. Smeta ti što sam došla?

BRANKA: Ne.

SARA: Sretan rođendan.

ČETIRI

Sjede. Kuća je ukrašena balonima. Rođendan je jednog dvadesetpetogodišnjaka.

Tišina. Duga tišina.

Rita pogleda na sat.

RITA: Evo ponoć! Više ti nije rođendan! Sada si star dvadeset pet godina i jedan dan. Divan rođendan, divno sam se zabavila! Jedan od najboljih rođendana na kojima sam bila! Sada moramo ići, sutra ujutro rano ustajemo, imamo jako puno posla, neodgodivog posla, treba prošetati psa, pokopati mačku i kupiti zelenog kanarinca. Ili možda hrčka? Koliko živi hrčak? Čime se hrani, koliko voli i naravno, koliko košta?

MIHAEL: Nekoliko godina, pretpostavljam.

RITA: Dovoljno. Razmislit ćemo do jutra. Idemo, ovako dugo negdje nismo ostali već godinama.

MIHAEL: Stvarno smo dugo ostali. S vama sati brzo prođu.

ANA: Ne seri.

MIA: Mama!

RITA: Pusti je, umorna je. I ti tata izgledaš umoran, odi u krevet, nije za tvoje godine biti budan ovako kasno, još će te i srce strefiti pa ćemo ravno nakon ovog rođendana, mačkinog sprovoda i na još jedan sprovod. A tako sam se lijepo zabavila!

BRANKO: Hvala što ste došli.

RITA: Pa naravno. I drugi put, maleni moj.

MIHAEL: Vidimo se.

MIA: Hvala, laku noć.

ROBERT: Oprezno vozite!

RITA: Uvijek!

Rita i Mihael odu.

SARA: I ja bih morala ići. Bilo mi je jako lijepo sa svima vama, napisat ću u statusu na Facebooku da sam bila na jednom od najljepših rođendana ikad.

MIA: I nama je s tobom bilo lijepo.

SARA: Jedva čekam sljedeći.

MIA: I mi.

DORIS: Vidimo se, Sara.

SARA: Vidimo se, Doris. Kakav dan? I ja i ti zaljubljene!

DORIS: Da, divno! Vidimo se sutra.

SARA: Branko, doći ću kod tebe odmah ujutro. Čim svane.

BRANKO: Vidimo se, Sara.

Sara poljubi Branka i otiđe.

OLIVER: Idem u krevet, ima Rita pravo, kasno je.

BRANKO: Hajde, djede.

ANA: Čekaj, idem i ja. Daj mi ruku.

Oliver joj pruža ruku kako bi se mogla ustati. Već nekoliko godina joj nije pružio ruku. Ana ustaje.

ANA: Bio ti je lijep rođendan.

OLIVER: Nije bio moj. Brankov.

ANA: Onda mi pusti ruku. Kurvin sine, prestani me dirati.

Ana i Oliver odu.

MIA: Laku noć.

ROBERT: Idem i ja polako u krevet, kasno je. Mia, nećeš dugo?

MIA: Samo ću oprati neke čaše u kuhinji.

ROBERT: Dobro. Branko, vidimo se sutra.

BRANKO: Vidimo se.

Robert i Mia odu.

DORIS: Ti ćeš isto, Branko, u krevet?

BRANKO: Da, umoran sam.

DORIS: Dobro. Dobra je Sara.

BRANKO: Je.

DORIS: Nisam ozbiljno mislila kada sam govorila da je premršava i sve to...

BRANKO: Znam.

DORIS: Zaljubljena je u tebe, vidi se.

BRANKO: Da. A i ti si zaljubljena.

DORIS: Da, jesam. Tin je divan. Vidi mi se sjaj u očima, je li tako?

BRANKO: Da, vidi se.

DORIS: A u trbuhu stalno neki nemir od hrpe leptira. I samo mislim na njega, ništa drugo.

BRANKO: Ajde još mi pričaj.

DORIS: Hoću ga dirati, stalno. I nitko mi ne smeta u tome, danas sam ga zagrlila usred grada, kao da sam svima htjela pokazati koliko mi je lijepo i koliko ga volim. Hodali smo cijelim gradom tako zaljubljeni.

BRANKO: Pričaj još.

DORIS: Još? Ali i ti si danas zaljubljen, Branko. Ti bi meni trebao pričati. Čekaj, da vidim sjaj u očima?

Doris ga gleda. Sjaja u očima nema.

BRANKO: I?

DORIS: Tako su lijepe tvoje oči. Baš su lijepe.

BRANKO: Sjaj?

DORIS: Baš su lijepe. Imaš najljepše oči na svijetu.

Tišina.

BRANKO: Danas mi je baka nešto priznala. Nije bilo nikakvog Viktora.

DORIS: Kako to misliš nije bilo, pa samo o njemu priča, to je ljubav njenog života?

BRANKO: Nije bilo. Izmislila ga je.

DORIS: A uvijek sam mislila...

BRANKO: Da je naša baka imala uzbudljiv život. Nije. Ali kad pogledaš, život je tako kratak, ja imam 25 godina i jedan dan, što je pola od pedeset, što je četvrtina stoljeća, a rijetko tko doživi stoljeće.

DORIS: Branko...

BRANKO: Što si sad tužna seko? Samo kažem. To je tako.

DORIS: Ma samo da nas netko otkrije, kao što je onaj otkrio Ameriku.

BRANKO: Već stoljećima se ništa novog nije otkrilo.

DORIS: Misliš da ćemo zauvijek živjeti ovdje?

BRANKO: Ne znam. Ali tu vrijeme brzo prolazi i ne ide unatrag.

Tišina.

DORIS: I tebi se vidi sjaj u očima, Branko.

BRANKO: Hvala, seko.

DORIS: I do ti se čuju leptirići u trbuhu. Čuješ li?

BRANKO: Čujem, seko.

DORIS: I koljena ti klecaju.

BRANKO: Nепrekidno.

DORIS: Divno je to biti zaljubljen!

BRANKO: Da, divno je.

Tišina.

DORIS: Idem čas vani, Tin me čeka, ali samo da mu kažem da neću večeras izaći.

BRANKO: Zašto? Ja i tako idem u krevet.

DORIS: Siguran si?

BRANKO: Siguran.

DORIS: Hvala ti. Pričat ću ti sutra ujutro kako mi je bilo. Vidimo se tada. Divan rođendan, moj maleni braco. Kupit ću ti dar, divan dar, tata mi je dao jako puno novaca.

BRANKO: Zbogom seko.

Doris otiđe. Ulazi Mia.

MIA: Eto, preživjeli smo.

BRANKO: Da.

MIA: Sutra ćemo ti kupiti darove, ne znam kako su svi mogli biti tako nespretni da su sve zaboravili. Ja ništa nisam mogla odabrati, ali naći ću sutra.

BRANKO: Rekao sam da nema veze.

MIA: Znam, znam. Lijep rođendan, zar ne?

BRANKO: Da. Hvala.

MIA: Opet ti zahvaljuješ.

BRANKO: Pa tako.

MIA: Dobro si ti moje malo dijete. Jako dobro. Volim te, Branko. I volim i Saru. I volim i tebe i tvoje noge.

BRANKO: Hvala, mama.

MIA: Vidiš kako sam bila dobra, jako sam malo plakala.

BRANKO: Da.

MIA: Ne treba se bojati rođendana.

BRANKO: Ne treba.

MIA: Idem u krevet, ti nemoj dugo. Laku noć.

BRANKO: Laku noć.

Mia ode.

Branko ostaje sam.

Sve se doima kao san.

Branko oblači šljokičasto odijelo.

Ustaje se i kao da stoji na sredini pozornice. Kao da želi reći: hvala, to je sve od mene, doviđenja.

I onda hoda.

Ode.

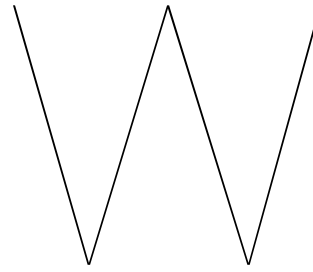
Daleko.

Mrak.

Ivor Martinić

in conver-
sation
with Lana
Šarić

Translated from the Croatian
by Marina Miladinov



What has the Academy of Dramatic Art given you, or rather the department from which you still haven't graduated?

The Academy is undoubtedly a sort of school that approaches each student individually. If you show them that you're really interested in knowing more about something particular, they will give you an opportunity to explore

it. Still, when I look at it from today's perspective, the curriculum that we had seems rather unserious. I was mostly interested in playwriting, but there was an hour and a half per week dedicated to that and because we were so many, I could hardly get to consult with the professor once a month. For me, that was not enough. Besides, I think that eventually nobody cares for the knowledge that we had to demonstrate during our studies. It seems that nobody at the Academy really cared about what we would do afterwards. For example, in these past ten years nobody has asked whether our applications to various theatres ever get answered.

You think that the Academy should do that? Do you believe that the Academy has that sort of power?

I think that the Academy should have the power to say: "Look, we are training some people here, we expect them to write some texts, to show some knowledge." Every year, the Academy produces some four or five dramaturges, scriptwriters, or playwrights, but when you leave the Academy, you can't find a single theatre where you could do anything. You produce a text and then you have no one to send it to, since they have no dramaturges that would deal with it.

How should the Academy change the situation? Can it change something?

The Academy should take care of its students. There is an unemployment agency and there is nothing bad with going there, but I cannot imagine a situation in which a theatre would go there and say: "Look there, we need a writer or a dramaturge." If you attend a university, it doesn't mean that it should find you a job, but it should at least give you an opportunity to show somewhere properly what you have learned.

In other words, you'd like to say that the Academy does not pave the way for the students to continue their development after they have graduated from that particular department we are talking about? Apart from certain individuals within the institutions, who sometimes ask the professors to recommend students to participate in workshops, seminars, or forums... but those are student workshops, not professional work.

I think that the existing situation is unfair, since there are no open competitions. It only happens that someone recommends a student, but in fact there should be equal opportunities for everyone. The question is why the Academy, after giving us some knowledge that we dutifully internalize, apply, and reproduce, is incapable of doing anything to let us use that knowledge somewhere later. Once you leave the Academy, you find yourself in a jungle in which you can't do anything the regular way. No theatre has an open competition for plays you must do everything under the counter, so to say.

We both know that this conversation is not meant to turn into a political question for or against the Academy; we are merely trying to analyze our own problems and our present position. We both studied there and now we must do something with it. Do you feel as if the Academy, or perhaps the Dramaturgy Department where we studied, exists merely for its own sake?

I wouldn't say that it exists for its own sake, but while I was studying, I sometimes had that feeling. I never felt really accepted at the Academy. I feel that the Croatian theatre has accepted me, but the Academy never did. I fared better with my plays in theatres than at the exams. Of course, art is no sport and there are no measurable results or rules. The fact that the Croatian theatre accepted me before the Academy doesn't mean much in itself.

From all that we've just said, we might conclude that there is no special link between the Academy, the institutions, and the students of dramaturgy. Theatres refuse to read our texts, they don't need our knowledge, and the television doesn't need it either. We may ask ourselves whether there is a better place for us under the sun. Speaking of that, what is the situation with the independent scene? Have you ever felt the need to find some non-institutional opportunities for the production of your texts?

I feel no need of convincing anyone that they should stage my texts. As for joining an autonomous group, I've never felt any personal inclination to do so, and as for collaborating with people from the independent scene, I worked several times as a dramaturge for plays that were staged at Theatre &TD, for example with Anja Maksić and Saša Božić, but it was rather a dramaturgical type of work, which was less creative than my own writing. And I feel that I can realize my full potential only when I write.

What is your place within the theatre reality, in a particular context? Where do you belong?

I will answer the question just as you would: nowhere. Almost nobody cares about playwrights in Croatia. Two years ago, the journal Kazalište (Theatre), which is the only one dealing with repertory theatre in this country, published a play of mine. I received two comments and I believed that nobody liked it and that's why I never got any feedback. But once the news came that the Yugoslav Drama Theatre in Belgrade and the City Theatre Ljubljana were staging my *Mirjana*, I received dozens of inquiries from various people as to where they could find and read my play. I couldn't imagine that anyone who is into theatre might ask something like that, especially since Kazalište (Theatre) is home-delivered to many of them and it is the only theatre journal dealing exclusively with dramatic theatre. That was when I realized to what extent people dealing with theatre were actually unserious, irresponsible, and uninterested. Nevertheless, paradoxically, the only theatre that has read my play in Croatia and decided to stage it was the Croatian National Theatre in Zagreb.

Do you believe that the times of playwrighting are over?

Plays have never been more subject to experimentation than today. Their times are over in the sense that today nobody expects that a play should reach the stage in the same form in which it was written. But its times are not over in the sense that, when I start writing a text, I think of writing it for the stage and I have an artistic reason for writing it. I think that plays are just as important today as all the other elements of theatre. After all, everyone can do theatre as he or she wishes. I will write plays because I want to and I

don't expect my texts to be staged by all means, even though they are certainly meant to be. If they get to that point, I expect them to be models, rather than having a performance made literally after my text. I imagine having readers rather than spectators. I am not interested in theatre as being the one and only arena where my text will take place.

What is your position as an author regarding the social reality, the geopolitical reality? How does it affect your writing?

One always writes about the time in which one lives. The reason why I start writing about certain things is because I am personally interested in them. I am writing about things that I want to explore and understand by myself. The social and geopolitical reality will come in depending on the topic.

Ivor Martinić

My Son Walks Just a Bit Slower

Translated from the Croatian by Magdalena Škoblar

The first performance of the drama *My Son Walks Just a Bit Slower*, directed by Janusz Kica, will take place at the Zagreb Youth Theatre in 2011.

CHARACTERS

BRANKO, aged 25
MIA, his mother, aged 50
ROBERT, his father, aged 50
DORIS, his sister, aged 20
ANA, his grandmother, aged 70
OLIVER, his grandfather, aged 70
RITA, his aunt, aged 45
MIHAEL, Rita's husband, aged 55
SARA, a friend of Doris's and Branko's,
aged 25

(...)

Mia and Rita are seated. They are sisters, although they often forget that.

RITA: My cat is fine, she doesn't have cancer.

MIA: Sorry, I forgot, I hadn't even asked you about it.

RITA: Never mind. She's fine. I thought she'd drop dead but she didn't. Now she'll go crazy again in February. I don't like letting her out but I'll have to. You have to let her out, so she can fuck something.

MIA: And how's the dog?

RITA: He's fine. Wasn't glad that the cat doesn't have cancer, but there you go, he'll get used to that.

MIA: There you go.

Silence.

MIA: How did you come?

RITA: By car. I saw a car crash, I'm still shaking.

MIA: Any dead?

RITA: I just saw blood, lots of blood. Cars are so fast, when you think about it, they can go really fast and they're unsafe, what on earth could be safe on wheels?! What could be safe in a circle? Even the earth isn't safe, it's round, earthquakes all the time. Once, the earth used to be flat. There were no cars then. Everything was safe.

MIA: Where's your husband?

RITA: He went to see the new park.

MIA: It's been done up.

RITA: Yes, you said. It's really good they did that.

MIA: Yes.

Silence.

RITA: It's kind of quiet here.
MIA: They went to lie down for a bit before the party.
RITA: You can't sleep?
MIA: I've run out of pills.
RITA: Which ones do you take?
MIA: Valeral.
RITA: They're rubbish. I've discovered some new ones, they've just made them, I booked them online, they came from Canada, excellent stuff.

Rita opens her bag and thousands of pills spill out from it.

MIA: You and Mihael are well?
RITA: It's going.
MIA: I'm glad.
RITA: Oh... yes.
MIA: You look good together. There was a time when you didn't look so good together.
RITA: He's been putting on weight lately, eats a lot. I tell him, don't eat so much you porky pig, but he doesn't listen.
MIA: He's good to you.
RITA: Yeah. He is good to me.
MIA: We all thought you'd never marry.
RITA: Me too. I was smart.
MIA: And ugly. Mum wondered again last night why we let you get married. You were smart and talented, unlike me. And ugly.
RITA: I could have travelled the world, that's how smart I was. And I was as ambitious as I was ugly.
MIA: Why did you get married?
RITA: Why did I get married? Why do you ask why I got married? Sometimes I watch films on TV about mummies, evil Chinamen, zombies and I get scared. Then I go to bed and hug my husband tightly. That's why I got married.
MIA: Because of evil Chinamen?
RITA: I don't know, maybe they're Japanese.

Silence.

MIA: Your son called this afternoon. He talked to Branko.
RITA: We told him to ring.
MIA: That was really nice of him. He must be enjoying himself, chasing girls.
RITA: Yes, he is.
MIA: Working in a different city.
RITA: Working, yes.
MIA: Wearing a suit and tie.
RITA: Wearing, yes.
MIA: And walking.

Silence.

MIA: My Branko also walks. Just a bit slower.
RITA: Yes.
MIA: He's good. Such a good little boy of mine. And I haven't even managed to make a cake for him.
RITA: Well, what can you do.
MIA: While you have a husband who looks at parks. And you have a child who chases girls.
RITA: My sonny boy called me up last night. He got a raise and three new trips to faraway places. He's talented and ambitious, like me.
MIA: No, he's not at all ugly.
RITA: He's been to every continent and he's so young. He called me to say that, and I didn't know what to tell him. I don't know why I don't feel more happiness about his success.
MIA: He hasn't forgotten you, Rita.
RITA: I know he hasn't. I'm forgetting him. He irons shirts better than I do. Silly little fool.
MIA: He's good.
RITA: I don't know. I thought he'd be different.
MIA: You can't do anything about that.
RITA: That's what cats and dogs are for. They stick with you until they get cancer or drop dead. Canaries too. I think I'll get a green one. Today you can find solid cages, I don't believe the cat will eat it, and even if it does, what can you do, I'll buy a blue one. I've never had a blue animal.

Silence.

MIA: You'll have to give me those Canadian pills.
RITA: Sure.
MIA: You know, sometimes I still imagine that my son can walk.
RITA: Just sometimes.
MIA: And then I sometimes imagine my son is different.
RITA: But just sometimes.
MIA: Of course, just sometimes.
RITA: And then you realize he's not and you breath in and live.
MIA: And live.
RITA: Because it's your son, and only yours.
MIA: Only mine.

Ana enters.

ANA: Ah, there you are.
RITA: Hi, mum. You can't sleep?
ANA: No.
RITA: You dressed up nice for the party. You smell nice too, it's good you've had a bath.
ANA: I don't know where that fur coat Viktor bought me is.
RITA: No Viktor ever bought you fur coats.

ANA: He did. Branko told me. And he took me travelling with him.

RITA: He didn't, mum. You're imagining things.

ANA: Branko told me that. I'd told him about that. Now I am a little forgetful so I don't know.

RITA: Mum, you said that Viktor was poor, he couldn't buy you jewelry.

ANA: He had strong hands. He'd hold me in his arms...

RITA: While you were kissing and cheating on dad. We know, mum. You've been talking about that for twenty years. About this Viktor and your only true love. It makes me sick. Poor dad, cheating on him so much.

ANA: Cheating? When he used to hold me, I loved Viktor. I remember that, vaguely, but I remember. I loved him. I remember that. I loved him a lot. You sure he was poor?

MIA: That's what you said when he died.

ANA: He died?

MIA: Yes.

ANA: Was I sad?

MIA: Only much later, when you found out. You said you had left him.

ANA: Left him? Why?

RITA: That's what you used to say. Came back to dad.

ANA: Why would I come back? I didn't love dad.

RITA: We don't know, mum.

ANA: Why would I come back? Viktor is the only man I loved.

RITA: We don't know, mum.

ANA: You're lying, you little bitches, you're lying. And I gave you everything! Everything! I loved Viktor.

MIA: Calm down, mum.

ANA: You're lying, you little bitches, you're lying!

RITA: Shut up mum! Why are you talking so much about that!? You're talking all the time about that Viktor and love, for 20 years, and it's all a big lie. If he hadn't died, do you think it would have been love!? You would have hated him like you hate dad! Stop talking about love! I don't see it. I've never seen it. Where is love? Loooooove!? Where are you? Loooooove? Loooooove! I've only seen love on television. And only there. It lasted for 180 episodes and it was over. Sometimes it lasts 210 episodes and then it's over. The main characters get married and poof – darkness, end of program. There is no soap when life begins. They lied to us. You lied to us. Don't talk about that love any more, mum. It's all one big lie to make us feel better. Stop it! Stop it!

Ana runs away to look for love.

Rita runs after her mother.

Oliver enters.

OLIVER: What happened?

MIA: Mum is on again about Viktor. Sorry, dad.

OLIVER: It's ok.

MIA: She's ill.

OLIVER: I know, I know.

Silence.

OLIVER: How are you?

MIA: I don't know.

OLIVER: Do you need any help?

MIA: We're managing.

Silence.

MIA: Dad, are you sorry, now that you're so old, soon you will die too, are you sorry you got married and created all this around us?

OLIVER: What kind of question is that?

MIA: I'm asking. Are you sorry you listened to your heart and created all this? Are you sorry you married mum? Now that she's so ill?

OLIVER: I'm old, I don't know.

MIA: But tell me, dad.

OLIVER: I don't know.

Silence.

MIA: Come on, you can tell me. You're old, you'll die soon, men in our family have never lived long. Tell me, dad, you always had answers to all of my questions, the fact that I didn't listen to you doesn't mean I didn't hear you. Are you sorry you have a family, now that you're so old and will die soon? Are you sorry you have us? Do we mean anything to you at all, just empty shells surrounding you, ugly and smelly? Does that mean anything to you at all, now you're so old and about to die?

OLIVER: I don't know.

MIA: But tell me, dad. You have to tell me.

OLIVER: What do you want from me?

MIA: Just tell me is it worth it? Is all this worth it, dad? That I cry about Branko, that it hurts me? Should I be like that or not, when I'll get even older anyway then I'll die like you, you're already so old, about to die, and in all these years I haven't managed to know anything about you. There is no other choice but to die. Is this worth it, all of this? Is life worth living, dad?

Silence. Long silence, then Oliver shrugs his shoulders. He doesn't know. Or doesn't want to say. Some secrets cannot be given away.

MIA: Come on, let's go find you a tie for the party.

OLIVER: It's the birthday of a twenty-five-year-old.

MIA: Doesn't matter. Let's go...

Mia and Oliver leave.

Branko enters. He is looking around at where he's living.

Ana comes up to him. She's been crying a little.

ANA: There's no love. I've looked around the entire house, but there isn't any. Have I told you about Viktor?

BRANKO: I know everything, grandma. He used to hold you in his arms all the time.

ANA: I've just remembered something else.

BRANKO: What?

ANA: There was no Viktor. It was all a lie.

BRANKO: How do you mean? You talk about Viktor all the time.

ANA: No, I'm pretty certain he never existed. I made it all up.

Silence.

ANA: Now I've remembered. It's all clear to me. I wanted a Viktor but I'd never met anyone like that, let alone that he'd hold me in his arms all the time while we were at it.

BRANKO: Grandma, are you sure?

ANA: There is no Viktor. He doesn't exist. I've never had him. I had a boring life, no wonder I forgot him. I wanted it to have been more special so I lied a bit, and then when I forgot all about it, the only thing I didn't forget was the lie. Because the most beautiful thing about it was the fact that I lied.

Silence.

ANA: And Branko...

BRANKO: Tell me, grandma?

ANA: Don't say anything to Oliver. Alright?

BRANKO: Of course.

Ana goes away. Maybe love does hide somewhere.

Mia enters.

MIA: What's up?

BRANKO: Nothing. Grandma...

MIA: She's had a tough day today.

BRANKO: I suppose so, yes.

MIA: I wanted to tell you that if you want to tell me anything, you can. I'm... fine. I can handle stuff. I just wanted to tell you this so that you know. That if you need anything...and stuff. I love you.

Silence.

MIA: I haven't bought you a present yet. I don't know what you want anymore. You're growing. Your beard grows so quickly, you have to shave every day. Should I buy you a shaver or something like that? I like it when your face is soft, like a baby's bum.

BRANKO: You've bought me enough things.

MIA: Rubbish, we don't find it hard to spend money on you. Tell me, what would you like?

BRANKO: As a gift?

MIA: Yes. What would you like?

BRANKO: Nothing.

MIA: Come on, don't be modest. You're terribly modest!

BRANKO: I don't want you to buy me anything, please.

MIA: You and your jokes again. It's your birthday, we have to buy you a gift. I have to go before the shops close. Do you want to come with me? Choose something for yourself?

BRANKO: You know I can't be quick, you'll be in a hurry, the shops will close in half an hour's time.

Silence.

MIA: I don't know if I'll have enough plates for the cake. Is Sara coming?

BRANKO: Yes.

MIA: Maybe she won't have cake. If she does we'll give her a plastic plate.

BRANKO: Sara loves me.

Silence.

MIA: I can eat off a plastic plate.

Silence.

BRANKO: I don't love her.

MIA: Then we won't need plastic plates, why mix them for no reason.

BRANKO: She loves me, and I'd like to be loved by somebody else. But for now it's her and it's completely all right.

MIA: What are you saying, Branko?

BRANKO: I have to have some practice for this life, mum. Sara is lovely.

MIA: You deserve better! Much better!

They're silent.

MIA: Don't look at me like that.

Silence.

MIA: It's so difficult to talk to you!

BRANKO: I haven't said anything.

MIA: Really difficult!

Silence.

BRANKO: Mum, can I tell you about a dream I had?

MIA: A dream? What dream?

BRANKO: Just a dream. I often have it.

MIA: What do you dream?

BRANKO: I dream that I am wearing a sequined suit, that somebody put me at the centre of the stage and that I'm saying: thank you, that's all from me, goodbye. I can't walk anymore and I never will. Thank you, that's all from me, goodbye. Then I bow and I want to leave. But I can't leave. In the dream, my legs don't work anymore. And then I call your name. I'm calling you to help me and to move me but you can't come to the stage. You're looking at me and you can't go there. You have stage fright, you are scared of public performance and you can't move me. So I'm just standing there. Because you have stage fright.

Silence.

MIA: Terrible dream.

Silence.

BRANKO: Mum, I'm sorry I can't walk.

Silence.

MIA: No, I'm not crying. See how good I am today, I haven't cried much.

BRANKO: Mum...

MIA: It's just because I'm your mum! Your illness is my illness, but mine is more difficult because, unlike you, I can walk.

BRANKO: I know, mum...

MIA: Today I remembered your 20th birthday and how I took you to a night club. Everybody looked at you funny while you were trying to dance, and I wanted you to be like everybody else. And then I danced with you.

BRANKO: Mum...

MIA: Then I also remembered your 21st birthday and how I made a bitter cake, the almonds must have been bitter. I was so insecure I could take off and I didn't know whether that cake I made was really bitter. When I wanted to taste it again, it was already gone, you had eaten all of it. That's how much you loved me.

BRANKO: Mum...

MIA: All I'm trying to say to you is that I'm all right. I can live like this! You see that I can! Your legs don't work and it's completely all right!

BRANKO: ...

MIA: And even now while you call me mum, I could cry even more bitterly! Because when you call me mum, I'm thinking what sort of a mum am I to such a small boy whom I can't help. I don't even tell the neighbors anymore that you walk just a bit slower! See how much better I am! I was shopping this morning and I said that it's your birthday, and the salesman asked how you're doing and I said that you're fine! That you don't walk at all but that you're fine! Not that you walk just a bit slower but that you don't walk at all! He looked at me with compassion, but I was proud I was able to say that. You're not walking! You're wheeling yourself!

BRANKO: Mum...

MIA: What?! Haven't you always wanted me to say that, ever since you became ill! Here it is, I'm saying it! You're not walking! You can't walk! My son can't walk! His legs don't work. He'll never walk! And I can say that! There you go, I've said it!

BRANKO: Thank you, mum.

Silence.

MIA: I'm sorry. It's just that it hurts me that time just goes by and that these things happen.

BRANKO: It's all right, mum. You can cry today. Let's talk about something nice. Tell me about my second birthday, when I started walking.

MIA: You were such a beautiful child, really beautiful. You started to walk there by the fridge. At the beginning you kept falling but then you'd get up straight away. I'd hold you for a little bit and then I'd let you go but as soon as you'd realize I wasn't holding you any more, you'd fall again.

BRANKO: Babies are unstable.

MIA: Yes. And then gradually you stopped falling and there was no need for me to hold you. And then you used to run as far away from me as possible.

Silence.

BRANKO: Until what happened happened.

MIA: Until what happened happened.

Silence.

MIA: I know I have to let you go. I know I have to.

BRANKO: Take it easy, mum. We'll take it easy.

Silence.

Mia is unable to say anything.

Silence.

Mia takes a camera and takes a photo of Branko.

BRANKO: What do I look like?

MIA: Good. It's a nice photo.

Silence.

Oliver and Rita enter.

OLIVER: I haven't worn this tie in thirty years!

RITA: They're in fashion again!

OLIVER: I look ridiculous.

RITA: Mum, tell him he looks good!

Ana is quiet.

ANA: You're talking to me?

RITA: Yes. How does dad look?

ANA: Good.

RITA: There you go.

OLIVER: Good, eh? If you say so...

ANA: Oh shut up you son of a bitch.

Mihael enters.

RITA: There he is too.

MIHAEL: I have something to tell you.

RITA: What?

Robert enters.

ROBERT: You woke me up.

Doris and Sara enter.

DORIS: There are so many people here already. I thought I was late, it's such a wonderful day today.

SARA: A beautiful day. I put how happy I am today as my Facebook status.

Mia enters with glasses.

MIA: I'm so clumsy, I haven't done anything yet. Let's get things ready for the party, our Branko is 25!

MIA: A quarter of a century!

DORIS: So old, my little brother, so old!

Everyone flies around the house in different directions. Everybody is doing something, everybody wants the shabby house to look better.

ANA: Why are so many people in this house?

BRANKO: Because it's my birthday.

ANA: Yes? I have forgotten everything. What did I get you?

BRANKO: A sun.

ANA: A large one?

BRANKO: Yes.

ANA: Must have cost a lot.

BRANKO: I don't know. It's rude to ask.

ANA: I forget everything.

BRANKO: So do I, so what.

ANA: Where would you be if you kept on forgetting?

BRANKO: And how would we live if we didn't forget?

ANA: I don't know.

BRANKO: There you go.

MIA: Come on, you two, give us a hand.

Robert approaches Mia.

ROBERT: Mia, I haven't told you.

MIA: What?

ROBERT: My back doesn't hurt any more. Thank you.

Silence.

Rita screams.

Everybody stops.

RITA: My cat dropped dead, fucking shit! The fucking cat dropped dead and they say it has 9 lives! Maybe it did, maybe it was dying slowly, and we hadn't noticed. Maybe I have 9 lives?

MIHAEL: You don't.

RITA: Dropped dead! Ha! Dropped dead! I gave her everything. Changed the sand when she peed, gave her proteins, fish and other expensive stuff, and then she drops dead. Fucking cat, she didn't wait for me at all, instead it's unannounced like this, I was informed by Mihael. Where is all this going, we'll all drop dead, everyone is dropping dead! I'm dropping dead with laughter!

Rita starts to laugh, and then the others join her. Everybody is laughing.

RITA: We're all dropping dead in this house. Here, dad is already hundred years old, he'll drop dead as well, probably first. Mum is ill, she'll drop dead even sooner. She'll forget the difference between the door and

window and she'll head straight into the road, then into the car and smash! Drops dead! I'm also ageing, I'll drop dead too, crazy and silly as I am unless I end up in the madhouse before. Mihael's started to put on weight, he'll drop dead too, cardio-vascular problems, varicose veins, this and that. You too Mia. You're too sensitive, before you know it, the cancer will get you, spreading all over your wretched body. What are you looking at, you two girls? You'll drop dead too, youth passes so quickly, the earthquakes and floods have only started, the water will wash you away! We're all gonna drop dead!

Branko starts to leave.

RITA: Where are you off to? You think you won't drop dead? You will drop dead, drop dead, I'm telling you.

MIA: Rita!

RITA: What is it? He's a clever boy, he knows everything.

MIHAEL: Rita!

BRANKO: I know everything, leave her alone. I can't walk.

Silence.

BRANKO: Why the silence? I haven't said I dropped dead. I can't walk.

Branko starts to laugh and then the others join in. Everybody is laughing.

ANA: Can't walk! I walk more quickly and I'm a hundred and twenty! I've just beaten him.

BRANKO: I have to wheel myself!

ROBERT: But in an expensive wheelchair.

BRANKO: I'll never be able to stand against the wall and piss!

MIHAEL: Much better than pissing on your trousers like I've done many times.

BRANKO: I'll never run again.

RITA: Ha! You won't be able to run in a charity marathon, raising money for cancer. For fuck's sake, give some money away if you can't run and raise money like that. You won't be able to go to the cinema here down the street. The steps are too high, you'll never be able to watch films on this street and they show good films, you'll be stupid, stupid in the matter of films. You won't be able to play water polo, you need legs for that, and yours don't work. No one will cheer for you. You won't be put on a pedestal!

Everybody gradually stops laughing.

MIA: Let's go! Birthday party!

Everyone disperses.

SARA: You'll always be able to love. Do you mind me coming here?

BRANKO: No.

SARA: Happy birthday.

FOUR

They are sitting down. The house is decorated with balloons. It is the birthday of a twenty-five-year old.

Silence. Long silence.

Rita looks at the clock.

RITA: It's midnight! It's not your birthday anymore! You're twenty-five years and one day old. Wonderful birthday, I had great fun! One of the best birthdays I've ever been to! Now we have to go, we're getting up early tomorrow morning, we've got work to do, work that can't be delayed, have to walk the dog, bury the cat and buy a blue canary. Or maybe a hamster? How long does a hamster live? What does it eat, how much does it love and, of course, how much does it cost?

MIHAEL: Several years, I suppose.

RITA: That's enough. We'll think it through by the morning. Let's go, we haven't stayed anywhere this long for years.

MIHAEL: We've really stayed long. Hours go quickly in your company.

ANA: Don't bullshit.

MIA: Mum!

RITA: Let her be, she's tired. You too look tired, dad, go to bed, it's not good for someone your age to stay up so late, your heart might pack up and then after this birthday and the cat's funeral we'll have to go to another funeral. And I had such fun!

BRANKO: Thanks for coming.

RITA: Well, of course. Next time too, dear.

MIHAEL: See you.

MIA: Thank you, good night.

ROBERT: Drive safely!

RITA: Always!

Rita and Mihael leave.

SARA: I should go too. I've had a nice time with all of you, I'll write on my Facebook status that I've been to one of the most wonderful birthdays ever.

MIA: We've had a nice time with you too.

SARA: Can't wait for the next one.

MIA: Us too.

DORIS: See you, Sara.

SARA: See you, Doris. What a day! Both of us in love!

DORIS: Yes, wonderful! See you tomorrow.

SARA: Branko, I'll be at yours first thing in the morning. As soon as it's dawn.

BRANKO: See you, Sara.

Sara kisses Branko and leaves.

OLIVER: I'm going to bed, Rita's right, it's late.

BRANKO: Come on, grandad.

ANA: Wait, I'm going too. Give me your hand.

Oliver gives her his hand so that she can get up. It's been several years since he last gave her his hand. Ana gets up.

ANA: Your birthday was nice.

OLIVER: It wasn't mine. It was Branko's.

ANA: Then let go of my hand. You son of a bitch, stop touching me.

Ana and Oliver leave.

MIA: Good night.

ROBERT: I'm off to bed too, it's late. You won't stay long, Mia?

MIA: I'll just wash up some glasses in the kitchen.

ROBERT: Good. Branko, I'll see you tomorrow.

BRANKO: See you.

Robert and Mia leave.

DORIS: Are you going to bed too, Branko?

BRANKO: Yes, I'm tired.

DORIS: Good. Sara's nice.

BRANKO: Yes.

DORIS: I didn't mean it when I said she's too skinny and all that...

BRANKO: I know.

DORIS: She's in love with you, it's obvious.

BRANKO: Yes. You're in love too.

DORIS: Yes, I am. Tin is wonderful. You can see that sparkle in my eyes, is that so?

BRANKO: Yes, I can.

DORIS: And I have loads of butterflies in my stomach, making it restless. I think about him and nothing else, all the time.

BRANKO: Go on, tell me more.

DORIS: I want to touch him all the time. And I don't mind anybody watching. Today I gave him a hug in the middle of town, as if I wanted to show everyone what a

nice time I'm having and how much I love him. We walked around the entire town so in love.

BRANKO: Tell me more.

DORIS: More? But you too are in love today, Branko. You should be telling me. Wait, do I see that sparkle in the eyes?

Doris looks at him. There is no sparkle in his eyes.

BRANKO: And?

DORIS: Your eyes are so beautiful. Really beautiful.

BRANKO: Sparkle?

DORIS: They are really beautiful. You have the most beautiful eyes in the world.

Silence.

BRANKO: Grandma confessed something to me today. There was no Viktor.

DORIS: What do you mean 'there was no Viktor'? She's been talking about him and nothing else, he's the love of her life?

BRANKO: There was no Viktor. She made him up.

DORIS: And I always thought...

BRANKO: That our grandma had an exciting life. She didn't. When you look at it, life is so short, I'm 25 years and one day old, which is half of fifty, which is a quarter of a century, and not many people live to see a century go by.

DORIS: Branko...

BRANKO: Why have you become so sad, sis? I'm just saying. That's the way it is.

DORIS: I just wish somebody would discover us, like that guy discovered America.

BRANKO: Nothing new's been discovered for centuries.

DORIS: Do you think we'll live here forever?

BRANKO: I don't know. Time goes by so quickly here, and it doesn't go back.

Silence.

DORIS: I can see the sparkle in your eyes too, Branko.

BRANKO: Thanks, sis.

DORIS: And I can hear those butterflies in your stomach up to here. Do you hear them?

BRANKO: I do, sis.

DORIS: Your knees are shaking.

BRANKO: All the time.

DORIS: Being in love is wonderful!

BRANKO: Yes, it's wonderful.

Silence.

DORIS: I'll pop out for a moment, Tin is waiting for me, just to tell him I'm not going out tonight.

BRANKO: Why? I'm going to bed anyway.

DORIS: You sure?

BRANKO: Positive.

DORIS: Thanks. I'll tell you how it was, tomorrow morning.

See you then. Wonderful birthday, little bro. I'll buy you a gift, a wonderful gift, daddy gave me a lot of money.

BRANKO: Bye, sis.

Doris leaves. Mia enters.

MIA: There you go, we survived.

BRANKO: Yes.

MIA: We'll buy your gifts tomorrow, I don't know how everyone could have been so clumsy and forgotten everything. I wasn't able to choose anything, but I'll find something tomorrow.

BRANKO: I said it's ok.

MIA: I know, I know. Lovely birthday, wasn't it?

BRANKO: Yes. Thank you.

MIA: Thanking again.

BRANKO: Yeah, well.

MIA: You're a good little child. Very good. I love you, Branko. I love Sara too. And I love you and your legs.

BRANKO: Thanks, mum.

MIA: See how good I've been, I cried very little.

BRANKO: Yes.

MIA: Birthdays are nothing to be afraid of.

BRANKO: Yes.

MIA: I'm going to bed, don't be long. Good night.

BRANKO: Good night.

Mia leaves.

Branko remains alone.

Everything seems like a dream.

Branko puts on a sequined suit.

He gets up and looks like he's standing in the middle of a stage. As if he wants to say: thank you, that's all from me, goodbye.

And then he starts to walk.

He goes away.

Far away.

Darkness.

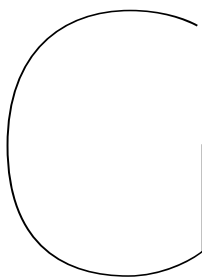


Lana

Šarić

Lana Šarić

odgovara,
pita Ivor
Martinić



Govoreći o Akademiji dramske umjetnosti i odnosu tebe kao spisateljice i Akademije kao institucije: jesi li Akademijom postala dramska spisateljica?

Akademiju sam, kao i ti, upisala odmah poslije srednje škole. Znala sam da želim pisati, znala sam da se to uči na Akademiji i došla sam na tu instituciju primarno po trening pisanja. Naravno, nijedna škola pisanja ne čini nužno pisca, baš kao što ni jedna umjetnička škola ne čini nužno umjetnika. Pisala sam i prije Akademije, ali ne na isti način kao tijekom i poslije Akademije. Mislim da se ono što sam prije mislila da znam o pisanju nije radikalno promijenilo, ali je postalo puno rafiniranije. Meni je Akademija dala nešto vrlo bitno, svakodnevni trening, mentalno okruženje pogodno za razvoj duha i kompetentne ljude koji su se bavili mojim pisanjem i općenito mojim razvojem. Spomenut ću samo danas nažalost pokojnu profesoricu Martinu Aničić, osobu koja je bila rođeni mentor i profesor i pod čijom sam paskom negdje na drugoj godini pronašla svoj izričaj. Mislim da ipak postoji razlika između onih autora koji su stekli takvo obrazovanje i onih koji to nisu, možda u stanju svijesti, načinu promišljanja o pisanju. Ipak smo četiri godine svakodnevno razgovarali s ljudima iznimno snažnog intelekta o pisanju, pismu i izvedbi. S druge strane, iz današnje perspektive, čini mi se da Akademija, čiji su predavači ti iznimni intelektualci, samu sebe ne cijeni dovoljno. Čini mi se da se sama povukla iz bitke s onim svijetom izvan nje. Kao da nema snage da ga uvjeri u snagu razloga svog postojanja. Zato ona oslabljuje kao institucija.

Što se dogodi kad izađemo s institucije i shvatimo da ovaj posao može raditi baš svatko na ovome svijetu? U takvoj situaciji Akademija može staviti ključ u bravu. Ako ni kazališta ni televizije niti netko drugi ne trebaju npr. dramaturge, zašto onda lijepo ne ukinemo taj odsjek? Što će nam?

Profesionalno si krenula iz pozicije autorice koja je režirala vlastiti komad, Meso, u Teatru &TD. Zašto?

Režiranje prvog komada nije se dogodilo radi nerealizirane želje da upišem režiju ili nešto slično. Tadašnji ravnatelj &TD-a zamolio je nas četvero s godine da napišemo tekstove na temu nasilja. Kako u tom kazalištu tada, kao uostalom ni sada, mnogo toga nije valjalo, kad je tekst bio napisan nije se znalo tko bi ga mogao postaviti. Mislim da kvalitetu i raznovrsnost Odsjeka dramaturgije često ne prati i kvaliteta i raznovrsnost Odsjeka kazališne režije, i to unatrag dosta godina, tako da i nema redatelja koji bi postavljali tekstove nekih novih pisaca. Talentirani Frljić i Kurspahić bili su studenti u mojoj generaciji, ali oni su tek tada počinjali, bili su dosta zagušeni Režijom baštine i nije se ni činilo da bi ih to moglo interesirati, a od redatelja starije generacije stvarno nije bilo na pomolu nikoga tko bi se time bavio. Zato sam odlučila to sama napraviti. Za mene je to bilo vrlo bitno i korisno, jer mi je otkrilo način na koji mi najviše odgovara pisati za kazalište – u kazalištu s glumcima. Uglavnom, danas mi je jako drago što sam režirala Meso jer sam stekla neprocjenjivo iskustvo. Nisam se zamarala time da napravim najbolju režiju na svijetu jer primarno nisam redatelj. Što se tiče reakcije publike, neki ljudi me još i dan danas pitaju kada će opet Meso igrati. Neki drugi ljudi kažu da je tekst bio bolji od režije.

Kako uspoređuješ to iskustvo s iskustvom pisanja "namjenskog" teksta za neku predstavu ili pak adaptiranja postojećeg predloška ili dramaturgije?

Mi smo profesionalci, zar ne? Nekad napišem neki tekst bez neke posebne narudžbe, pa ga pošaljem na natječaj ili ponudim nekome da ga pročita. Vrlo često, međutim, dobijem narudžbu da adaptiram neki tekst ili da napišem "namjenski" tekst, na primjer za dječju dramsku grupu, u čemu također uživam. I to je dio našeg posla. Radila sam i dramaturgiju, ali rjeđe, jer se primarno bavim pisanjem. Inače, imam pravilo da svake godine, između pet stvari koje napravim, moram napraviti bar jedno ostvarenje koje će biti samo "moje". I toga se zasad manje-više uspješno držim, iako je u 2008. i 2009. to bio jedan dokumentarni film. Ali, kao što rekoh, profesionalci smo i prošli smo Akademiju. Svi mediji su nam dopušteni.

Svoju si prvu dramu postavila u privatnoj produkciji, izvan institucija. Zašto?

Zato što u tadašnjem &TD-u organizacijske stvari nisu baš dobro funkcionirale, kao što ne funkcioniraju ni danas, i to ne samo u tom kazalištu, pa je Meso nastalo u privatnoj produkciji udruge Fabrica, a producentica mi je bila Tamara Babun. Inače, ne inzistiram na vlastitoj produkciji. Više bih voljela da je sustav uređeniji. Generalno, ako sponzoriranje kazališta od strane tvrtki zakonski ne postane golema porezna olakšica za sponzore, mislim da se izvedbenoj umjetnosti u našoj zemlji loše piše. Dinamo ili neki drugi sportski klub će ionako naći sponzora. Kazalište neće, jer kazalište ne zabija golove i ne postoji primarno zbog zabave. To nije njegova funkcija. S druge strane, kazalište mora pronaći razlog zbog kojeg bi ga veći broj ljudi i organizacija želio sponzorirati. Mora postati komunikativnije, mora moći tjerati na promišljanje. Svaka čast klasicima, ali vjerujem da je isti sadržaj postavljen stoti put, bez ikakvog dodira s aktualnim, još ako je loše režiran i izveden, naprosto dosadan. Kazalište, pa čak i takvo tradicionalno dramsko kazalište treba nove sadržaje i novi kontakt sa stvarnim svijetom. To bi bio način da postane zanimljivije, da ga se djelomično skine s grbače države i da nam život svima bude lakši – i ravnateljima kazališta, i Ministarstvu kulture, i nama koji se njime bavimo. Vrlo je teška pozicija u kojoj kazališnu kulturu u potpunosti financira država; teško je i za državu, i za kazališta i za privatne trupe, kojih bi, da ima više sredstava, moglo biti puno više.

Glede odnosa tvog pisanja, autorske pozicije i institucija u kojima si radila: imaš li dojam da si potrebna institucijama? Gdje se ti nalaziš u odnosu na nezavisnu scenu i institucije?

Sa svim institucijama koje su postavile moje tekstove imala sam dobar odnos i dobro iskustvo. Problem je jedino što je tih institucija vrlo malo. Nemam dojam da sam potrebna instituciji. Kad nekom kazalištu pošaljem predmet od njihovog potencijalnog interesa, odnosno vlastiti tekst, prođu mjeseci da mi netko uopće odgovori na e-mail, ako mi ikada i odgovori, što mi se rijetko kada dogodi s britanskim ili njemačkim kazalištima, barem po mom iskustvu. Naime, oni imaju dramaturga kojem je to u opisu radnog mjesta. Mnoga institucionalna kazališta u Hrvatskoj jedan su od zadnjih ostataka samoupravnog socijalizma. Radila dobro, radila loše, radila malo ili puno, interesirala ljude ili ne, odgovarala ili ne odgovarala na mailove, ona nikada neće snositi odgovornost zbog toga, nikada ih zbog toga neće ni opomenuti ni sankcionirati. Samo četiri kazališta u Hrvata imaju tu magičnu osobu, dramaturga, koji među ostalim čita tekstove, smišlja repertoar i slično. U tom kontekstu, osjećam se kao suvišan čovjek. Imam dojam da su institucije, svaka čast onim institucijama koje se ponašaju drugačije, duboko nezainteresirane za suvremenog pisca i ono što taj ima za reći.

S druge strane, nezavisna scena nas baš i ne treba, po *defaultu* onoga što smatra interesantnim za sebe. Ne smatram to lošom stvari. Zaista, u onoj formi, dakle u postdramskoj formi, u kazalištu koje kao svoju bazu često ne uzima nikakav tekst, u kojoj nastaju te predstave, potreban je dramaturg, a ne pisac. Ponekad sam i ja radila kao dramaturg na takvim predstavama i cijenim i to iskustvo. Svatko je slobodan raditi onako kako želi i misli da treba. Ja pišem jer pišem, jer je to način na koji se znam izraziti, na koji se najbolje izražavam, i neću nikoga prisiljavati da me čita ili postavlja. U tom procjepu između krajnosti, nalazim se vjerojatno na ničijom zemlji. Sa svojim tekstovima obišla sam, doduše, sve kontinente osim Afrike.

S obzirom na teorije postdramskog – zbog čega pišeš danas? I zašto?

Pišem drame jednako kao što bih mogla pisati i prozu. Pišem drame jer mi u ovoj fazi života ta forma odgovara. Drama nije samo tekst za postavljanje, drama je i tekst za čitanje. Ako i kada budem spremna ili osjetim potrebu, pisat ću i neke druge forme. Trenutno pišem za kazalište, ali nisam samo i isključivo kazališni pisac. Naprosto, netko sam tko piše. A tko zna što ću još u životu raditi i hoće li to imati veze s pisanjem. Život je dug, bar se ja nadam da će moj biti.

Lana Šarić

Meso

Drama *Meso* 2005. godine postavljena je u Teatru &TD u režiji autorice, 2006. je objavljena u Dramskom programu Hrvatskog radija. Autorica je s dramom 2005. godine sudjelovala na *Autorenforumu*, Frankfurt i *World Interplayu*, Australia.

LIKOVİ:

MAJKA

AJŠA

SUMNJA

&

GLASOVI

VIJESTI (GLASOVI REPORTERA)

- **New York** – 35-godišnja Amerikanka optužena je za ubojstvo nakon što je svog muža pretukla, a zatim i zaklala svojom cipelom s tankom i visokom potpeticom, izvijestila je brooklynska policija. Nesretni suprug preminuo je u ranim noćnim satima od rana na prsima, glavi, torzu i vratu.
- **Ancorage** – Četrdesetčetverogodišnjem muškarcu kirurškim zahvatom prišiven je penis koji mu je, nakon svađe i pomirbenog seksa, odsjekla bijesna supruga, te bacila u zahodsku školjku i pustila vodu. Na poziv policije radnici mjesne vodoinstalaterske radionice skinuli su zahodsku školjku i uspjeli pronaći amputirani penis.
- **Istanbul** – Muškarac i žena u turskom zatvoru, koji su iskopali rupu između ćelija kako bi mogli voditi ljubav, a koja je urodila rođenjem djeteta, dobili su dodatnih četiri mjeseca kazne zbog oštećenja državnog vlasništva.
- **Hong Kong** – Liječnici se bore za život 23-godišnje djevojke, kojoj je majka, u svađi, sasula u lice solnu kiselinu. Kao razlog navela je nebrigu kćeri prema njoj, jer se djevojka, inače prostitutka, nije ni emotivno ni financijski brinula za nju kada je počela zarađivati.

USKORO

MAJKA: Uskoro. Bit ćeš lijepa. Rodit ćeš se lako. Kao da znaš da će biti lijepo živjeti. Kad izroniš iz mene, nasmiješit ću se. Moj smiješak će ti ostati na licu.

Uskoro. Dvije, ali iste. Ti i ja. Gledat ću te i kad budem spavala. Ti se nećeš istrošiti pod mojim pogledom. Samo ćeš rasti. Držat ću te ispod ruku. Održavati ravnotežu. Učiti te da koračaš malo iznad zemlje. Bit ćeš nepobjediva. Nećeš imati straha. Kamo god kreneš, tiho i nenametljivo ću se šuljati za tobom. Neprimijećena. U stanju pripravnosti. Iza tvojih leđa.

Uskoro. Nosit ću te na rukama. Moje lomljivo blago. Čuvat ću te od hladnoće, nemira i zla. Spavaj. Pametno lice. Velike oči. Dugački koraci. Pečat sreće. Uskoro.

SUMNJA

SUMNJA: Sumnjaš li ikada?

MAJKA: Ne.

SUMNJA: Ponekad? Dok se okreće u tvom trbuhu i udara te nožicama? Pitaš li se hoće li uspjeti?

MAJKA: Uspjet će.

SUMNJA: Mora uspjeti. I za sebe i za tebe. Jer, ti nisi uspjela.

MAJKA: Nisam! Ali sada znam puno više nego prije. Pokazat ću joj pravi put.

SUMNJA: Jedini način da postane Netko i Nešto. Ali što joj ti možeš reći o tome? Ništa nemaš.

MAJKA: Nekada sam imala. Porculansku kožu, savršene noge, mladost, svježinu.

SUMNJA: A sada... Pogledaj se. Koža ti je mlohava. Zubi su ti žuti. Udebljala si se. Više ništa nemaš.

MAJKA: Ljudi su sposobni reproducirati vrstu. Prenijeti svoju mudrost na potomstvo. Ona će biti pametnija od mene. Iskoristit će sve što ima. Mora postati savršen proizvod i prodati samu sebe. Uspjeh – to je novac.

SUMNJA: Možda ima i drugih načina?

MAJKA: Ja najbolje znam da nema. Pokušala sam.

SUMNJA: Smije li i ona pokušati?

MAJKA: Pokušati i pogriješiti? Ne. Život je samo jedan. Mora imati cilj i biti dosljedna. Ako ne želi završiti...

SUMNJA: Kao ti.

MAJKA: Kao ja. Bez ičega i ikoga. Ali što ti znaš o tome? Živiš u udobnosti mučenja drugih ljudi.

SUMNJA: Ja sam sumnja. Ja sam tu da postavljam pitanja.

SADAŠNJOST – KRIVA SI MAJKO

AJŠA: Nekada sam bila lijepa. Nekada sam bila živa. Sve do nedavno, bila sam Ajša. Sada sam nitko.

MAJKA: Ni-iii-saaaam kriva!

AJŠA: Kriva si majko. Ti nisi majka. Ti si krokodil. Ja više nemam majke. Ona me rodila i ona me i ubila. Koža mi je spaljena. Oči su mi izgorjele. Mišići nestali. Više nikada neću osjetiti strast. Nijedan muškarac za mene više ne postoji. Mogu samo ponovo proživljavati požudu i znoj slijepljenih tijela. Njegovi nokti grebu i ostavljaju crvene pruge na koži. Ugrizi i otisci na mom trbuhu i prljavim plahtama slanog i gorkog kreveta; i poljupci, i naša nepostojeća ljubav, ali tada sam barem, tada sam barem bila živa. Svaki put, dok sam ležala na leđima i gledala njegova dlakom obrasla ramena kako se tresu u ritmu uništavanja mog tijela vidjela sam svjetlo. Na tisuće njih. Crvena i žuta blještava svjetla velikih gradova. Metalni sjaj tek sagrađenih zgrada. Plavo – crno nebo. Zrake disko-reflektora. Toptanje tisuća nogu. Plešu i skaču i plešu i skaču i plešu i skaču i ja skačem s njima. Glavom razbijam debelo staklo na stotom katu

oljuštenog nebodera, i letim, ulijećem ravno među njih i oni pružaju ruke prema meni, dočekuju me, čupaju mi meso, i ja se smijem, urličem od sreće i živa sam, živa, živa, ži-va!!!

MAJKA: Mogla si ostati ovdje.

AJŠA: Nisam mogla ostati ovdje. Zatvorena s tobom koja mi govoriš što da radim i kamo da idem i kamo da ne idem i koliko veliki korak smijem napraviti.

MAJKA: Htjela sam da tvoj život bude uspješna blistava putanja prema gore.

PROŠLOST – LEKCIJA

MAJKA: Uvuci trbuh. Kako se to držiš? Ispravi leđa.

AJŠA: Nitko me ne gleda.

MAJKA: Mora ti se uvući pod kožu. Bez obzira tko te gleda. Da uvijek budeš takva. Lijepa. Privlačna. Poželjna.

AJŠA: Već sam i sad privlačna, nisam li?

MAJKA: Baš si glupa, mala moja. Nisi ni približno. Hodaš kao šepava roda. I neugodno ti je izbaciti sise.

AJŠA: Nije mi neugodno.

MAJKA: Neugodno ti je. I to će proći. Moraš vježbati. Uspjesi se ne događaju sami od sebe. Krv. Znoj. Pišalina. Mukotrpno.

AJŠA: I onda?

MAJKA: Onda ćeš moći sve. Moći ćeš birati kako ćeš živjeti. Uzeti sve što hoćeš. Što ti pripada.

AJŠA: A što bi bilo da nisam lijepa?

MAJKA: Ništa. Nitko te ne bi ni pogledao. Ostala bi zauvijek gladna i sjebana!

AJŠA: Ti očito nisi vježbala dovoljno.

MAJKA: Štakore mali bezobrazni. Tko ti kaže da nisam?

AJŠA: Zašto smo onda ovdje?

MAJKA: Dogodilo se pogreška. Fatalan susret s tvojim tatam. Vidiš kako sam dobra. Sve sam ti rekla unaprijed. Nadajmo se da ti ne treba reći dvaput.

AJŠA: I, kad ću napokon moći izaći?

MAJKA: Kad budeš spremna. Gotov proizvod. Roba bez greške. Živjet ćeš. Lijepi, lijepi život. Svi vole lijepe stvari. Šteta što su tako skupe. Šteta što ih nemamo. Što ti misliš, oni koji poklanjaju hranu gladnima – glupani – znaju li oni da se od toga nitko živ ne može najesti? Ne znaju. Ne znaju oni što je prava glad. Staklo. Sjaj. Dijamanti. Staklo. Sjaj. Dijamanti. Šuš-kavo, šuš-kavo... Ššššš. No-vac.

MAJKA: Pomogla sam ti, i ti ćeš pomoći meni. Umrkla bih da vidim kako patiš. Volim te.

AJŠA: I ja tebe volim.

MAJKA: Slušat ćeš me?

AJŠA: Hoću.

MAJKA: Bojim se.

AJŠA: Ti? Čega?

MAJKA: Što ako me ostaviš?

AJŠA: Neću te ostaviti. Ni ti nisi ostavila mene.

MAJKA: Majke ne ostavljaju djecu. Uvijek smo bile zajedno.
Nas dvije.

AJŠA: Nas dvije i nitko drugi.

MAJKA: Želiš još nekoga? Žao mi je. Neće ići. Pripremi se.

Svaka žena u tvojoj blizini željet će te ubiti. Svaki muškarac u tvojoj blizini željet će te jebati. Nikad nećeš imati prijatelja. Ali ćeš zato uvijek imati majku. I sve što nemaš sada. U sredini ove kugle nalazi se stup, neizmjereno visok, neizmjereno čvrst. Doseže sve do svemira. Sagrađen od onoga što možeš prodati i onoga što možeš kupiti. N-O-V-A-C.

PROŠLOST – ZABAVA LIJEPIH DJEČAKA

MAJKA: Nisu bolji od tebe. Ne daj da te zbune. Budi im dobra.
Neka te zavole.

AJŠA: Ne trebaju me voljeti. Neka plate.

MAJKA: Platit će, ali ugodi im. Zadovolji ih. I naviknut će se na tebe. Trebat će te kao hranu. Kao vodu i svjetlost. Ti imaš moć da upravljaš. Prekrasna si. Pokaži im zube. Ugrizi ih, nježno. Pusti im malo krvi. Cijenit će te. A kad se netko zaljubi u tebe, prepoznaj ga. Zaviri mu u oči. Bit će slijepe, vodenaste i vlažne. Primi ga za ruku. Povedi. Neka bude dobar. Neka ima sve što nemaš. I neka te voli zauvijek.

AJŠA: Gladna sam.

MAJKA: Tamo ima hrane. Spremna?

AJŠA: Spremna.

Majka gura Ajšu na zabavu.

GLASOVI LJUDI NA ZABAVI:

— Odvratno vino.
— Sjeban tulum.
— Ajmo negdje drugdje.
— Ajmo. Ne. Čekaj. Gle tamo.
— Gdje? Što?
— Tamo.
— Mmmm. Slatka je. Da ostanemo?
— Ostanimo malo. Vidi je. Ha? Kako samo gleda ispred sebe...
I kako hoda.
— Čovjeku dođe da je polegne na neki stol i skine joj gaće.
— Baš je medena. I prestrašena.
— Što, diže ti se na strah?
— Ne boji se ona ničega. Samo je početnica.
MAJKA: Sve smo to učili. Ispravi leđa. Podigni glavu. Uzvрати pogled.
Zubi im bljeskaju u mraku! Žele te pojesti! Oprezno!
Nikada im se ne smiješ naći na tanjuru! Ako se to dogodi, više te neće ni loviti! Oni te žele. Gledaju te.

Samo gledajte! Najljepša!

AJŠA: Lijepo je ovdje! Sjajno i svjetlucavo! Ovo – ovo je moj svijet! Ovdje želim biti! Svi to žele, baš svi! A ja, ja sam ovdje. JA!

SUMNJA

SUMNJA: Sumnjaš li ikada?

AJŠA: Ne.

SUMNJA: Ponekad? Noću? Kad ne možeš zaspati? Pitaš li se ikada ima li drugih načina?

AJŠA: Ne. Sigurna sam.

SUMNJA: Pitaš li se koliko daleko možeš otići?

AJŠA: Znam koliko. Do kraja.

SUMNJA: A što ako se umoriš?

AJŠA: Neću se umoriti. Imam čvrst motiv.

SUMNJA: Misliš da ćeš uvijek biti tako sigurna?

AJŠA: A što ti misliš?

SUMNJA: Ja sam sumnja. Ne moram misliti. Ja dovodim u pitanje.

AJŠA: Misliš da ćeš me natjerati da posumnjam?

SUMNJA: Ne. Ja sam tu da izgovorim naglas ono što ponekad pomisliš i sama. Okretala si se u krevetu, nisi li....? Gurala glavu pod jastuk, znojila se, pitala i zapitkivala i srce ti je udaralo – tup tup tup tup. Možda postoji i drugo rješenje? Što bi voljela biti kad odrasteš?

AJŠA: Sretna. I sita.

SUMNJA: Možda tuđe meso? Ljubimica kućnog ljubimca? Zajebano. Ne bojiš se starenja? Osušit ćeš se. Jezik će ti se produžiti do poda. Lizat ćeš ga. I govna skupa s njim. I prašinu. I zemlju.

Umrijet ćeš sa psom među zubima. Ili misliš da se tebi to ne može dogoditi? Misliš da si tako posebna?

AJŠA: Imaš li ti oči? Pa pogledaj me onda! Odjebi, najpametnija. Dovodi u pitanje. Neke druge budale.

PROŠLOST – O IDEALNOM KUĆNOM LJUBIMCU

MAJKA: Ajša?

AJŠA: Što?

MAJKA: Razmišljala sam.

AJŠA: Razmišljala si.

MAJKA: O tebi. Odrasla si. Kako vrijeme brzo prolazi.

AJŠA: Stariš.

MAJKA: I ti. Vrijeme je. Moraš osigurati svoju budućnost. Stvoriti najbolje za sebe. Pronaći najboljeg kućnog ljubimca koji postoji. Da te čuva i pazi, ljubi i mazi.

AJŠA: Zašto sada?

MAJKA: Možda ćeš se kasnije umoriti, odustati, postati malodušna. Oronuti. Uvenuti. Možda će ti lice postati sivo. Ili ćeš izgubiti kosu. A koža će ti se pretvoriti u koru

naranče. I istruliti zubi, a dah će ti zaudarati. Osiguraj se. Udaj se.

AJŠA: Tek sam počela živjeti. Da se zavežem?

MAJKA: Samo se priveži. Ne gubiš ništa. Dobivaš sve. Sada, Ajša, dok još možeš, učini to. Za sebe. Za mene. Sjećaš li se? TI si se odmarala, JA sam radila. JA sam se mučila. MENE je boljelo. TI si spavala. Bezbrizno spavala. JA sam se brinula za nas. SAMA. JA. Sama. Sad je tvoj red.

PROŠLOST – TRISTO ŠEZDESET STUPNJEVA TOPLINE

AJŠA: Ne znam ni kako izgleda. Valjda isto kao i svi drugi. Ni po čemu se neće isticati. Osim po onom izrazu kad me ugleda. Kada ga ugledam. Ubrzano ću razmišljati. Kako da te zavedem? Nisam nevina. Niti samo tvoja. Ali znam da me ti nikada nećeš osuđivati. Privit ću te bijelom rukom na bijelu sisu. Obgrlit ću te mačjim glatkim nogama, stiskat ću ti rebra dok ne ostaneš bez daha. Dani će nam teći kao zrnca pijeska u velikoj pješčanoj uri.

Bojim se biti sama. Noću, u krevetu, u mraku. Znojna, nijema, prazna. Snovi, noćne more. Biljka mesožderka. Jede me iznutra. Uđi u moju sobu. Nagni se nad krevet dok spavam. Ljuljaj me na rukama. Tristo šezdeset stupnjeva topline. Molim te. Nikada te više neću moliti ni za što. Pojavi se. Zavodit ću i zavesti, ljubiti te gologa, imati, voljeti i izgubiti.

SADAŠNJOST – U RINGU

AJŠA: Imao je svijetle oči. Imao je dječje lice. Nije izgledao ni najmanje zao. Idealni kućni ljubimac.

MAJKA: Krenulo je krivo.

AJŠA: Sve od početka. Rođena za krive izvedbe. Bračni krevet u boksačkom ringu. JA, ja, a ne TI, ja sam bila tamo. Udarci su letjeli u moje lice! Pljeskanje gladnih. Aj-ša, Aj-ša, aj-mo Aj-ša! Tvoji dlanovi najmarljivije plješču. Nastavi! Nastavi! Ostani u stavu! Ruke naprijed. Raskorak! Nema predaje!

MAJKA: Za hrabre ljude nema.

AJŠA: Na nebu je zvijezda. U glavi je cilj. Slijedi ga. Slijepo i uporno. Isplatit će ti se.

MAJKA: I moglo je tako biti.

AJŠA: Bez obzira na to koliko te boli? I kako izgleda kad padneš na leđa? Raširenih nogu, pretučen i krvav? Krvavih bedara. Na podu. Ja.

MAJKA: Mogla si odigrati taj meč malo pametnije.

AJŠA: Mogla sam. Mogla sam i nestati. Već sam počela nestajati. Postajati dim. Mali nabor na nebu.

MAJKA: Pa si pobjegla.

AJŠA: Što dalje od svog okrutnog, sitog i buc mastog gospodara. Svoja.

MAJKA: Svačija.

AJŠA: Svoja.

MAJKA: Svačija.

AJŠA: Svoja. Pa makar svaki puta drugi uski krevet. Druga, ali slična dlakava ramena. Vonj znoja. Ali uvijek, baš uvijek isto ono svjetlo. Nema nikog tko misli da me ima. Tko mi želi uzeti sposobnost da budem, da mislim i da živim. Nikoga poput tebe. Što si mislila da možemo dobiti tom glupom, naivnom idejom da postoji itko na ovome svijetu tko želi biti nečiji spasitelj? Ne postoji. Ne bez tvoje krvi zauzvrat.

PROŠLOST – OTVORI USTA

AJŠA: Lju-bav. Uđi. Raskomoti se. Skini cipele. Jesi žedan?

Lju-bav. Dođi. Dotakni me.

Lju-bav. Opusti se. Ja sam dobra. Pomažem ti. Neću učiniti ništa što ti ne bi htio. Samo ću učiniti sve umjesto tebe.

Lju-bav. Slobodno se glasaj. Pa sami smo. Nitko te ne čuje i ne vidi. Ti ionako nećeš biti kriv. Krivnja je moja. Ja ovdje prodajem. Ti nemaš ništa s tim.

Lju-bav. Ne budi nježan. Nema potrebe. Budi kakav si inače. Čudiš se koliko te dobro poznajem? Neugodno ti je? Meni nije. Još se uvijek pretvaraš? Daj, molim te.

Izvadi ga. Stavi ga u mene. Ne govori mi – volim te.

Lju-bav. Oslobodi se. Ja ti dajem ljubav.

GLAS: Umukni. Otvori usta.

SADAŠNJOST – SLOBODA

AJŠA: Sloboda. Na bilo koji način. Kako je moguće da ti još uvijek nije jasno? Željela sam biti sama, bez tebe.

MAJKA: Zašto si se onda vratila onoga dana?

AJŠA: Zanimalo me kako izgledaš, koliko si propala. Kakva si, sad kad su svi tvoji planovi pali u vodu? Moram priznati da sam bila znatiželjna.

MAJKA: Njegova pokvarena pjenušava krv.

PROŠLOST – MESO

Majka riba pod četkom koju umače u kantu s tekućinom, ruku zaštićenih rukavicama. Energično, frenetično.

AJŠA: Pozdravljam te moja rupo. Pozdravljam te majko.

MAJKA: Ajša?!

AJŠA: Silom prilika, evo me. Nisam uopće došla pričati. Hoću se najesti i naspavati, pa idem. Što to smrdi? Vuče na

nešto kiselo. Ti?

MAJKA: Da si ikada nešto ribala, znala bi.

AJŠA: Uporno ribaš, i nikad nije čisto.

MAJKA: Izgledaš raskomadano.

AJŠA: Pa i jesam. Kako da ne i budem? Ja sam meso. Pocrnjelo, trulo i pokvareno meso. Tvoj proizvod. Krv tvoje krvi.

Režeš i komadaš, žvačeš i grizeš, i kasnije probavljaš uz – ah – uzdah olakšanja.

Svi su me kušali. Da. Baš svi, stavljali su svoje meso u mene.

MAJKA: Umukni.

AJŠA: I bilo mi je ugodno! Pa za to sam bila stvorena. Da dam svoje meso.

MAJKA: Zašto se nisi vratila kući?

AJŠA: Ja nemam kuće. Ja sam meso. Me-so! Me-so! Ku-pi-te me-so!

MAJKA: Gdje si bila sve ovo vrijeme?

AJŠA: U mesnici.

MAJKA: Odakle ti takav otrov?

AJŠA: Ti si mi ga dala. Dobar posao. Sorry stara. Nikada mi nije kapnula u glavu ideja da dođem ovdje i povedem te sa sobom.

Prilijepila bi usne na moje uši i šaptala svoje evanđelje. Tvoj plan za moju igru!

MAJKA: Kako si glupa. Sve si upropastila. I vidi gdje si sada. Na istome mjestu. A uskoro više nećeš biti ni lijepa.

AJŠA: Vidim gdje sam. I još sam lijepa. Mogu otići. A ti?

Pogledaj se. Zaglavila si. I štakori bi pobjegli pred tobom. Pred pohlepom i gladi što ti vire iz očiju. Tko te više treba? Umirat ćeš. Cvilit ćeš od muke, kao što si cvilila cijeli život. I neće biti nikoga da ti pomogne! Nitko te neće čuti! Nitko te više neće htjeti slušati! Više nikome nećeš zapovijedati, ti sebična, dosadna, pokvarena i zla vještice!

Majka gubi kontrolu i sasipa Ajši tekućinu iz kante u lice.

SADAŠNJOST – DRUKČIJA

MAJKA: Oprosti mi.

AJŠA: Oprostila sam ti. Sada me imaš. Brinut ćeš se za moje tijelo dok ne umre.

Izgorena. Mrtva. Koračat ću, polako i teško, nemoćna i slijepa. Slušat ću kako ljudi mrmljaju kad me vide i kako izbjegavaju pogledati me. Kako prelaze na drugu stranu ceste, rukama pokrivaju oči, pokrivaju oči svojoj djeci? Žena sa spaljenim licem. Ne gledaj je. Nećeš moći spavati. Mislit ću. Da sam ikada zaronila rukom u vlastiti želudac, što bih tamo našla?

MAJKA: Ne razmišljaj o prošlosti. Sutra...

AJŠA: Ne postoji.

BUDUĆNOST – TRISTO ŠEZDESET STUPNJEVA TOPLINE

AJŠA: Jednoga dana kad se opet sretnemo pitat ćeš me: što sam htjela? Živjeti sam htjela. I šteta što se nismo sreli ranije. Moj rat je završen. Položila sam oružje. Odmahnut ćeš glavom. Odlučno. Pogledat ćeš me ravno u oči. Privit ću te koščatom rukom na već mlohavu sisu. Poljubit ćeš me. Obgrlit ću te drhtavim, nespretnim nogama, stiskat ću ti rebra da mi ne pobjegneš. Nećeš se ni najmanje otimati. Moje spaljeno oko gledat će te panično i molećivo. Ostani, ostani! Nećeš se ni pomaknuti. Tvojom, od uzbuđenja skvrčenom rukom, prelazit ću po izbrazdanim, pečenim obrazima. Nećeš ispustiti ni glasa gađenja. Ponovo ću te zavoditi i zavesti, ljubiti te gologa, imati, voljeti i nikada izgubiti.

Lana Šarić in conversation with Ivor Martinić

Translated from the Croatian
by Marina Miladinov

Speaking about the Academy of Dramatic Art and the relationship between you as a writer and the Academy as an institution: has the Academy made you a playwright? I enrolled at the Academy immediately after the high school, same as you. I knew that I wanted to write, I knew that you learned that at the Academy, and I came there primarily to get my training as a writer. Of course, going to a school will not necessarily make you a writer, just like going to an art school doesn't make you an artist. I used to write before the Academy, but not in the same way as during and after the Academy. I believe that what I used to think and what I think I know about writing hasn't changed radically, but it has become much more refined. The Academy gave me something truly important, an everyday training, a mental environment that facilitated mental progress and competent people who devoted their time and efforts to my writing and my development in general. I will mention only my unfortunately late professor Martina Aničić, who was a gifted supervisor and professor, and under whose direction I managed to find my own mode of expression some time in my second year of study. I think that there is a difference between those writers who have acquired this type of training and those who haven't; perhaps it is in their mindset or the way they reflect upon writing. After all, we had the opportunity to discuss about writing, script, and performance every day with persons of extremely powerful intellect. But then again, from today's perspective I might say that the Academy where these intellectuals teach does not value itself enough. It seems as if it had withdrawn from the battle with the world outside. As if it had no power to convince that world about the strong reason for its existence. That is why it is getting weaker as an institution.

What happens when we leave an institution and realize that virtually every person in this world can do our job? If the situation is such, the Academy can lock its doors. If no theatre and no television and nobody else need dramaturges, for example, why not close down the department? What is it good for?

Professionally, you started from the position of a playwright who staged her own text, *Flesh*, at Theatre &TD. Why?

Staging my first play was not a result of an unfulfilled desire to study theatre direction or anything like that. The then manager of Theatre &TD asked four of us from the same year of study to write texts on the subject of violence. Since many things were going wrong in that theatre at the time – same as today, by the way – when the text was ready, it was not clear who was supposed to stage it. I think that the quality of the Dramaturgy Department often does not correspond to the quality and variety of the Theatre Direction Department. It has been the case for many years, so that there are basically no directors who can stage texts written by some of the new authors. Talented directors such as Frlić and Kurspahić belonged to my generation at the Academy, but they were just starting and they were also quite preoccupied with the course on Directing the Heritage. I also had the impression that it couldn't really interest them and among the older generation there was virtually nobody who would deal with anything like that. So I decided to do it myself. For me, it was really necessary and useful, since I discovered the way of writing for theatre that suited me best – at the theatre, with the actors. To sum up, today I am really glad that I directed *Flesh* because for me it was an extremely valuable experience. I didn't bother

about doing the best staging in this world, since I am not primarily a theatre director. As for the reaction of the audience, some people still ask me when *Flesh* will be on again. Others say that the text was better than the staging.

How do you compare that experience with that of writing a “commissioned” text for a performance, adapting an existing model, or doing dramaturgy?

We are professionals, aren't we? Sometimes I write a text without a commission, I send it to a competition or offer to someone for reading. However, it happens quite often that I am commissioned to adapt a text or to write one for a particular purpose, such as a children drama group, which I also enjoy a lot. It is a part of our job as well. I've also done some dramaturgy, but rarely, since I am primarily a writer. I also have a rule that each year, among the five things that I do, I must produce at least one thing that will be only “mine”. So far, I have managed to stick to that decision, more or less. Even though in 2008 and 2009 it was a documentary film. But, as I've just said, we are professionals and we've gone through the Academy. All media are at our disposal.

Your first play was staged in private production, extra-institutionally. Why?

Because at that time the organization of Theatre &TD was not really functioning well, same as today, and it was not the situation with that theatre alone. Therefore *Flesh* was realized as a private production of Fabrica association, with Tamara Babun as my producer. Otherwise I don't insist on private production. I would prefer the system to be better organized. Generally speaking, if sponsoring theatres by corporations does not become a huge tax relief for potential sponsors, I think that the performing arts in our country are facing a dark future. Dinamo or some other sport club will always find a sponsor. Theatre will not. Because theatre does not score and it is not there for mere entertainment. It is not its primary function. But then again, theatre must find a reason why more private persons and corporations should want to sponsor it. It must become more communicative and force people to think. I do honour the classics, but I believe that one and the same subject, staged for a hundredth time, with no contact point to everyday life, especially if badly staged and performed, is simply boring. Theatre, even if it is traditional dramatic theatre, must find new subjects and new contact points with the real world. That might be a way to make it more interesting and to partly get it off the shoulders of the state, which would make our lives much easier – for the managers of theatre houses, the Ministry of Culture, and for us, who are involved in it. The situation in which theatre culture is entirely sponsored by the state is a truly difficult one: for the state itself, for the theatres, and for private theatre companies, which would be more numerous if there were more finances available.

Regarding the relationship between your writing, your position as a writer, and the institutions for which you have worked: do you have the impression that they need you? Where do you stand with regard to those institutions?

I've been in good relations with all the institutions that staged my texts, and my experiences are all good. The problem is that there are very few such institutions. I don't have an impression that any institution needs me. When I send in a subject that is of interest to a particular theatre house, that is, my own text, my mail may remain unanswered for months, if I ever get any answer at all. That happens really rarely with British or German theatre houses, at least according to my experience. They have professional

dramaturges. Many institutional theatres in Croatia are among the last remnants of self-managing socialism. It doesn't really matter whether they work well or not, little or much, whether they answer people's e-mails or not, they will never be held accountable for that, nobody will ever admonish or punish them. Only four Croatian theatres possess that magical person, the dramaturge, who also reads texts, creates the repertoire, and performs other tasks. In such a context, I feel superfluous. I have the feeling that institutions are deeply uninterested in contemporary playwrights and what we have to say, with some praiseworthy exceptions.

But then again, the independent scene doesn't really need us either, regarding what it considers to be in its own interest. I don't think that's bad. Indeed, in a theatre form that is often not based on any text at all – that is, the post-dramatic form – one needs a dramaturge, but not a writer. I've occasionally worked as a dramaturge on such performances and I appreciate the experience as well. Everyone is free to work as he or she wishes and considers right. I write because I write, because for me it is the way in which I know how to express myself best, and I will not force anyone to read or stage me. In that gap between the extremes, I am probably in a no-man's land. And yet, I've been to all the continents with my texts except Africa.

Regarding the theories of post-dramatic theatre – why do you write plays today?

I write plays just as I might write prose. I write plays because in this phase of my life that is the form which suits me. Plays are not only texts to be staged, they are also meant to be read. If and when I'm ready or feel the need to write other forms, I will do so. Currently, I am writing for the theatre, but I am not exclusively a playwright. I am simply someone who writes. And who knows what I might still do in my life and whether it will have anything to do with writing. Life is long, at least I hope my one will be.

Lana Šarić

Flesh

Translated from the Croatian by Ivana Ivković

In 2005, *Flesh* was staged at Theatre &TD, directed by the playwright herself. In the same year, the play participated at *Autorenforum* Frankfurt and *World Interplay* Australia. In 2006, it was published within the Drama Programme of the Croatian Radio.

CHARACTERS:

MOTHER
AISHA
DOUBT
&
VOICES

NEWS (VOICES OF REPORTERS)

- **New York** – A 35-year-old American woman has been accused of murder after she beat up and then slaughtered her husband with the thin high heel of her shoe, the Brooklyn police department reports. The unlucky husband died in the early hours of the night succumbing to wounds inflicted to the chest, head, torso and neck.
- **Anchorage** – A surgical procedure has managed to reattach the severed penis of an Anchorage man (44). The organ was cut off by his enraged wife, who after an argument and make-up sex, then threw it into the toilet and flushed. She drove the unlucky man to the hospital while the workers of a local plumbing company, alarmed by the police, managed to detach the toilet and find the amputated penis.
- **Istanbul** – A man and a woman incarcerated in a Turkish prison who dug a hole between their cells to have intercourse, and which led to birth of a child, have been sentenced to an additional four months in prison for damaging state property.
- **Hong-Kong** – Doctors are fighting for the life of a 23-year-old woman injured when, following an argument, her mother threw hydrochloric acid in her face. She explained her act by stating her daughter, who worked as a prostitute, did not take sufficient care of her because she did not care for her emotionally or financially ever since she started earning money.

SOON

MOTHER: Soon. You will be beautiful. You will be born with ease. As if you know you will have a nice life. As you surface from me, I will smile. My smile will remain on your face.
Soon. Two, but the same. You and me. I will watch you even as I sleep. You will not dissipate under my glance. You will only grow. I will hold your hand. Keep your balance. Teach you to walk slightly above the ground. You will be invincible. You will have no fear. Wherever you go, quietly and without intrusion, I will follow you.

Unnoticed. Always ready. Behind your back.
Soon. I will carry you in my arms. My fragile treasure.
Keep you from the cold, turmoil, evil. Sleep. Bright face.
Big eyes. Long strides. The emblem of happiness. Soon.

DOUBT

DOUBT: Do you ever doubt?

MOTHER: No.

DOUBT: Sometimes? As she turns in your stomach and kicks you with little feet? Do you wonder if she will – succeed?

MOTHER: She will.

DOUBT: She must succeed. Both for her and for your sake. Because you haven't.

MOTHER: No, I haven't! But I now know more than before. I will show her the right way.

DOUBT: The only way she can become a Somebody. But, what can you tell her about that? You have nothing.

MOTHER: I used to have. Porcelain skin, perfect legs, youth, freshness.

DOUBT: And now... Look at yourself. Your skin is flabby. Your teeth yellow. You've gained weight. You have nothing any longer.

MOTHER: People have the ability to reproduce as a species. To transfer their wisdom to their offspring. She will be smarter than me. She will make use of all she has. She must become the perfect product and sell herself. Success – that is money.

DOUBT: Maybe there are other ways?

MOTHER: I know better than anyone there aren't. I've tried.

DOUBT: May she try, too?

MOTHER: Try and fail? No. There is only one life. She must have a goal and be consistent. If she doesn't want to end up...

DOUBT: Like you.

MOTHER: Like me. Without anything and anyone. But, what do you know about that? You live in the comfort of torturing others.

DOUBT: I am doubt. I am here to ask questions.

THE PRESENT – YOU ARE TO BLAME MOTHER

AISHA: Once I was beautiful. Once I was alive. Until recently, I was Aisha. Now I am nobody.

MOTHER: I'm not to blame!

AISHA: You are to blame, mother. You are not a mother. You are a crocodile. I no longer have a mother. She gave birth to me and killed me. My skin is burnt. My eyes are burnt. My muscles gone. I will never feel passion again. No man exists for me any longer. All I can is relive the lust and sweat of joined skin. His nails scratch leaving

red marks on my back. Bites and marks on my stomach and the dirty sheets of the salty and bitter bed; and the kisses, and our nonexistent love, but at least then – then I was alive. Every time, as I lay on my back and watched his hairy shoulders shaking in the frantic rhythm of the destruction of my body, I saw light. Thousands of lights. Red and yellow city lights. The metal shine of newly built buildings. The blue-black sky. The beams of the club lights. The sound of a thousand feet hitting the floor.

They jump and dance and jump and dance and jump and dance and I jump with them. I break the thick and dirty window pane on the hundredth floor of the peeling skyscraper with my head and- I fly, I dive directly into them and they reach their hands out to me, welcome me, grab my flesh, and I laugh, scream with joy and I am alive, alive, alive, a-live!!!

MOTHER: You could have stayed here.

AISHA: I could not stay here. Closed up with you who tell me what to do and where to go and where not to go and how large a stride I can take.

MOTHER: I wanted your life to be a successful shining orbit upwards.

THE PAST – A LESSON

MOTHER: Tuck your stomach in. Look at how you're standing? Straighten up.

AISHA: No one is watching me.

MOTHER: It must be under your skin. No matter who is watching you. You must always be like that. Beautiful. Attractive. Desirable.

AISHA: But I'm already desirable, aren't I?

MOTHER: You are so stupid, my darling. You are not as much as you could be. You walk like a limping stork. And you are embarrassed to stick your breasts out.

AISHA: I'm not embarrassed.

MOTHER: You are embarrassed. But that will pass. You must practice. Success does not come on its own. Blood. Sweat. Piss. Drudgery.

AISHA: And then?

MOTHER: Then you will be able to do everything. You will choose how you live. Take anything you want. Everything that belongs to you.

AISHA: And what would happen if I was not beautiful?

MOTHER: Nothing. No one would even look at you. You'd always stay hungry and fucked up!

AISHA: You obviously didn't practice enough.

MOTHER: You little rat. Who says I didn't?

AISHA: Then why are we here?

MOTHER: There was a mistake. A fatal meeting with your father. See how good I am. I told you everything in

advance. I hope you don't have to be told twice.

AISHA: And when can I finally go out?

MOTHER: When you're ready. A finished product. Merchandise without a flaw. You will live. A nice, nice life. Everyone likes nice things. It's a pity they're so expensive. It's a pity we don't have them. What do you make of those who give away food to the hungry – idiots – do they know that no one can fill up on that? No, they don't know. They don't know real hunger. Glass. Shine. Diamonds. Glass. Shine. Bling, bling... Bliing. Mo-ney.

MOTHER: I helped you, and you will help me. I would die if I saw you suffer. I love you.

AISHA: I love you too.

MOTHER: You will pay attention to what I say?

AISHA: I will.

MOTHER: I am afraid.

AISHA: You? Of what?

MOTHER: What if you leave me?

AISHA: I won't leave you. You didn't leave me.

MOTHER: Mothers don't leave their children. We've always been together. The two of us.

AISHA: The two of us and no one else.

MOTHER: You want someone else too? Sorry. It won't happen. Prepare yourself. Every woman near you will want to murder you. Every man near you will want to fuck you. You will never have friends. But, you will always have a mother. And everything you have now. There is a pillar in the middle of this sphere, immeasurably tall, immeasurably firm. It reaches up to the universe. It is built from everything you have to sell and that what you can buy. M-O-N-E-Y.

THE PAST – AMUSEMENT OF PRETTY BOYS

MOTHER: They are not better than you. Don't let them confuse you. Be good to them. Let them love you.

AISHA: They don't need to love me. Just to pay.

MOTHER: They'll pay, but please them. Satisfy them. And they will become accustomed to you. They will need you the way they need food. They way they need water and light. You have the power of control over them. You are gorgeous. Show them your teeth. Bite them, gently. Draw some blood. They will appreciate you. And when someone falls in love with you, recognize him. Look into his eyes. They will be blind, watery and moist. Take his hand. Lead. Make him good. He must have everything you lack. And he must love you forever.

AISHA: I'm hungry.

MOTHER: There's food there. Ready?

AISHA: Ready.

Mother pushes Aisha into the party.

VOICES AT THE PARTY:

— Disgusting wine.

— Fucked up party.

— Lets go somewhere else.

— Lets go. No. Wait. Look over there.

— Where? What?

— There.

— Mmmm. She's sweet. Should we stay?

— Let's stay a while. Look at her. Ha? The way she looks in front of herself... And the way she walks.

— Makes you want to lay her on one of these tables and take off her panties.

— She's so sweet. And scared.

— What, you get off on fear?

— She's not scared of anything. She's just a beginner.

MOTHER: We practiced all this. Straighten your back. Raise your head. Return their looks. Their teeth are flashing in the dark! They want to eat you up! Careful! Never end up on their plate! If that happens, they won't pursue you any longer! They want you. They're watching you. Just look! The most beautiful!

AISHA: It's nice here! Shiny and glittery! This – this is my world! This is where I want to be! Everyone wants this, all of them! And I am here! ME!

DOUBT

DOUBT: Do you ever doubt?

AISHA: No.

DOUBT: Sometimes? At night? When you can't sleep? Do you ever ask yourself – are there other ways?

AISHA: No. I'm sure.

DOUBT: Do you ever ask yourself how far can you go?

AISHA: I know how far. All the way.

DOUBT: But, what if you get tired?

AISHA: I won't get tired. My motives are firm.

DOUBT: You believe you'll always be this sure?

AISHA: And what do you think?

DOUBT: I am doubt. I don't have to think. I question.

AISHA: Do you think you'll lead me to doubt?

DOUBT: No. I am here to say it out loud. The things you sometimes think yourself. You have twisted and turned in your bed, haven't you...? Pushed your head under the pillow, sweated, questioned and heard your heart beat – boom boom boom boom. Maybe there's another solution? What would you like to be when you grow up?

AISHA: Happy. And with a full stomach.

DOUBT: Maybe someone else's meat? A pet of a pet? That's fucked up. Aren't you afraid of aging? You'll dry up. Your tongue will drag to the floor. And you'll lick it. And the shit that goes with it. And the dust. And the dirt.

You'll die with a curse on your lips. Or do you think it can't happen to you? Do you think you're so special?

AISHA: Do you have eyes? Look at me then! Fuck off, smartest. Question. Some other fools.

THE PAST – ON THE IDEAL HOUSE PET

MOTHER: Aisha?

AISHA: What?

MOTHER: I've been thinking.

AISHA: You've been thinking.

MOTHER: About you. You're grown up. How time flies.

AISHA: You're getting old.

MOTHER: And you. It's time. You need to secure your future.

Make the best for yourself. Find the best house pet there is. To watch over you and take care of you, feed you and keep you warm.

AISHA: Why now?

MOTHER: You may get tired later, give up, become dispirited. Become feeble. Dry up. Maybe your face will become gray. Or you'll lose your hair. Your skin will turn into that of an orange. Your teeth will rot, your breath will stink. Secure yourself. Get married.

AISHA: I have only started living. To tie myself down?

MOTHER: Just tie yourself to. You won't lose anything. You'll gain it all. Now, Aisha, while you still can, do it. For yourself. For me. Remember? YOU rested, I worked. I slaved. It hurt ME. YOU slept. Slept without a care. I took care of us. ALONE. ME. On my own. Now it's your turn

THE PAST – THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DEGREES OF WARMTH

AISHA: I don't even know what he looks like. Like the others, I guess. He won't stand out. Except for the look on his face when he sees me. When I see him. I will think hurriedly. How do I seduce you? I am not innocent. Or only yours. But I know you will never judge me. I will pull you with a white hand to my white breast. I will envelop you with cat smooth legs, squeezing your ribs until you become breathless. Days will flow like grains of sand in a big sand hour-glass.

I am afraid of being alone. At night, in bed, in the dark. Sweaty, speechless, empty. Dreams, nightmares. A carnivore plant. It eats me from inside. Come into my room. Lean over the bed as I sleep. Rock me in your arms. Three hundred and sixty degrees of warmth. Please. I will never ask you for anything else. Appear. I will entice you and seduce you, I'll kiss you naked, I'll have you, love you and lose you.

THE PRESENT – IN THE RING

AISHA: He had bright eyes. He had a child's face. He didn't look evil at all. The ideal house pet.

MOTHER: And it went wrong.

AISHA: From the very start. I am born for bad performances. A marital bed inside a boxing ring. I, I, not YOU, I was there. The punches hit my face! The clap of the hungry. Ai-sha, Ai-sha, lets-go Ai-sha! Your hands clap with more diligence than the rest. Go on! Go on! Stay in form! Fists in front. Feet in stance! No surrender!

MOTHER: No, not for the brave ones.

AISHA: There is a star in the sky. A goal in the mind. Follow it. Blindly and with persistence. It will be worth the trouble.

MOTHER: And it could have been.

AISHA: No matter how much it hurts? And how it looks when you fall on your back? Your legs spread out, beaten and bloody? With bloody thighs. On the floor. Me.

MOTHER: You could have fought that match with more brains.

AISHA: I could have. And I could have disappeared. I had already begun to disappear. To become smoke. A small pleat in the sky.

MOTHER: So you ran away.

AISHA: Far away from my cruel, small and fat master. My own.

MOTHER: Everyone's.

AISHA: My own.

MOTHER: Everyone's.

AISHA: My own.

MOTHER: Everyone's.

AISHA: My own. Even if it is a new narrow bed each time.

Other, but similar hairy shoulders. The stench of sweat. But always, always the same light. There is no one who thinks he owns me. Who wants to take away my ability to be, to think, to live. No one like you. What did you think we'd gain with that stupid, naive idea that there is anyone in this world who wants to be someone's savior? There isn't. Not without giving your blood in return.

THE PAST – OPEN YOUR MOUTH

AISHA: Love. Come in. Make yourself comfortable. Take off your shoes. Are you thirsty?

Love. Come. Touch me.

Love. Relax. I am good. I am helping you. I won't do anything you don't want me to. I will do everything so you don't have to.

Love. Yes, be loud. We're alone. No one can hear you or see you. It won't be your fault anyway. The fault is all

mine. I am selling here. You have nothing to do with it.
Love. Don't be gentle. There's no need. Be as you are.
You wonder how I know you so well? Are you
embarrassed? I'm not. Are you still pretending? Please.
Take it out. Push it into me. Don't tell me – I love you.
Love. Feel free. I give you love.

VOICE: Shut up. Open your mouth.

THE PRESENT – FREEDOM

AISHA: Freedom. By any means. How can it be that you still
don't understand? I wanted to be alone, without you.

MOTHER: So why did you come back that day?

AISHA: I was curious to see what you looked like, how much
you have deteriorated. What you're like now that all
your plans have fallen through? I must admit I was
curious.

MOTHER: His rotten foaming blood.

THE PAST – FLESH

Mother is scrubbing the floor with a brush she keeps dipping
into a bucket filled with liquid, her hands covered in gloves.
She does it energetically, frenetically.

AISHA: Hello my dump. Hello mother.

MOTHER: Aisha?!

AISHA: As chance would have it, here I am. And I'm not here
to talk at all. I want to eat and sleep, and I'll be on my
way. What's that smell? Something sour. You?

MOTHER: If you had ever scrubbed a floor, you'd know.

AISHA: You keep scrubbing but it's still not clean.

MOTHER: You look broken.

AISHA: Well, I am. How can I not be? I am flesh. Darkened,
rotten and spoilt flesh. Your product. The blood of your
blood.

You cut and mangle, chew and bite, and later digest
with a – ah – sigh of relief.

Everyone has tasted me. Yes. All of them, pushed their
flesh into me–

MOTHER: Shut up.

AISHA: And it was pleasant! It is what I was made for. To give
my flesh.

MOTHER: Why didn't you come home?

AISHA: I have no home. I am flesh. Flesh! Flesh! Buy some
flesh!

MOTHER: Where have you been all this time?

AISHA: At the butcher's.

MOTHER: Where did you get this poison?

AISHA: You gave it to me. Well done. Sorry, darling. It never
occurred to me to come and take you with me.

You'd stick your lips to my ears and whisper your
gospel. Your plan for my game!

MOTHER: How stupid you are. You've ruined it all. And look
where you're at now. At the same place. And soon you
will no longer be beautiful.

AISHA: I see where I am. And I'm still beautiful. I can leave.

And you? Look at yourself. You're stuck. Rats would flee
from you. From the greed and hunger in your eyes. And
who needs you any longer? You'll die. Alone. Bugs will
eat you and die. You will squeal with pain, as you've
squealed all your life. And there won't be anyone to help
you! No one will hear you! No one will want to listen to
you! You will no longer boss anyone around, you selfish,
boring, vicious and evil witch!

Mother loses control and throws the contents of the bucket
into Aisha's face.

THE PRESENT – DIFFERENT

MOTHER: Forgive me.

AISHA: I forgave you. Now you have me. You'll look after my
body until it dies.

AISHA: Burnt. Dead. I will walk, slowly and heavily, feeble and
blind. I will listen to the murmurs of people as they
notice me, try to avoid looking at me? As they cross to
the other side of the street, covering their eyes with
their hands, covering the eyes of their children? A
woman with a burnt face. Don't look at her. You won't
be able to sleep. I will think. If I had ever dug my hand
into my stomach, what would I have found there?

MOTHER: Don't think about the past. Tomorrow...

AISHA: Doesn't exist.

THE FUTURE – THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DEGREES OF WARMTH

AISHA: One day when we meet again you'll ask me – what did
I want? I wanted to live. It's a pity we didn't meet before.
My war is over. I've set my weapons down. You will
shake your head. Determined. Look me straight into my
eyes. I will pull you closer with my bony hand to my
already flabby breast. You will kiss me. I will envelop you
with shaking, clumsy legs, squeeze your ribs to keep you
with me. You will not push away. My burnt eye will look
at you in panic and pleadingly. Stay, stay! You won't
move at all. Your hand, cramped with excitement, will go
over the furrowed, baked cheeks. You won't make a
disgusted sound. I will seduce you once again, I'll kiss
you naked, have you, love you and never lose you.

Goran

Ferčec

Goran Ferčec

odgovara,
pita Jasna
Žmak

Prvo pitanje upućeno je tebi kao uredniku među autorima: dosta smo raspravljali o naslovu temata koji uređujemo i na kraju se odlučili za *dramsko pismo oo*, ali u razgovoru mu se i dalje često obraćamo kao *mladom dramskom pismu*. Koji je tvoj stav prema tim terminima? Postupak odabira naslova način je da se odredi tema i da se sadržaj usmjeri prema nekoj točki. Ono što naslov tako konkretno opisuje, ipak je nešto teže definirati u praksi. *Dramsko pismo oo* sugerira novu početnu poziciju s koje se kreće, neko nulto-nulto stanje. Je li to uistinu pokušaj da se tema sagleda od nule ili je to tek naša urednička potreba za simboličkim početkom, nisam siguran. Dodatnim definiranjem sintagmom *mlado dramsko pismo* pokušavamo nadopuniti to polje nesigurnosti i sugerirati da pridjev "mlado" u sebi nosi i niz drugih obilježja: neafirmirano, novo, eksperimentalno, hrabro, (ne) artikulirano, (ne)ideološko, pametno, pročitano a ne-postavljeno, itd. Kao uredniku, čini mi se da smo ovako otvorenim naslovom pokušali izbjeći da stilski, formalno i sadržajno definiramo jednu grupu pisaca, jer mi se čini da im je nemoguće pronaći zajednički nazivnik.

Razložimo dalje: što se događa kad iz tih sintagmi maknemo *dramsko*? Koji su ulozi u borbi između *dramskog* i *pisma*? Ili, da parafraziram, i intimiziram: Goran Ferčec: dramski pisac ili samo pisac ili pisac ili nešto treće? I zašto?

Ne bih bio toliko dramatičan i uveo odnos *borbe* kao veznik koji spaja *dramsko* i *pismo*. Problem koji sugeriraš polazi od sužene percepcije kojom se tretira dramsko pismo kao forma; to je ono koje jest tek kad je na sceni, a kad je na sceni, već uvelike nije ono što je bilo prije toga. Dramski tekst kao književni rod ima tu (ne)sreću da ga tek scena potvrđuje i čini suverenim. Moja intimna ideologija vezana uz dramski tekst suprotna je tom općeprihvaćenom načelu; zanimljivije mi je za tekst pokušati pronaći sva potentna mjesta koja nisu samo scena, a koja unutar svog medija tekst mogu učiniti predstavljivim. Scena mi je najmanje zanimljiva, zanimljive su mi sve mogućnosti uokolo scene. Možda me upravo taj afinitet definira više kao *pisca*, onoga koji piše i *dramaturga*, onoga koji se bavi tekstem za izvedbu (ma kojeg žanra bila), a manje kao *dramskog*.

Ponekad mi se čini da je gotovo jedina dodirna točka koju dijele autori koje ovdje predstavljamo nezadovoljstvo odnosom Akademije prema drugom dijelu sintagme koja joj stoji u naslovu, *dramske umjetnosti*... Što nam Akademija nije dala, a trebala nam je dati? Ili je nešto ipak pogrešno u tom pitanju?

To je jedno od pitanja koje me ljuti, a ljuti me zato što se uvijek i ponovo postavlja, iako je odgovor svakome onome tko se i na trenutak zamislio nad vlastitom sudbinom pisca/autora i barem površno prošao kroz neke teorije obrazovanja, neizbježno jasan. Očekivati od Akademije ili bilo koje druge institucije da bilo što bilo kome dade, najblaže rečeno, potpuno je naivno, ako ne i glupo. Metodologija obrazovanja na početku dvadeset i prvog stoljeća, naročito na umjetničkoj instituciji tipa Akademije dramske umjetnosti, naročito u predmetu kao što je dramsko pismo(!), ovisi, ponavljam, isključivo o želji za emancipacijom onoga koji nosi poziciju učenika/studenta, da parafraziram Rancierea. Što student prije shvati da je samoobrazovanje ključni metodološki postupak u stjecanju istog, i što prije aktivira želju za emancipacijom u odabranom usmjerenju, tim prije možemo razgovarati o onome što institucija daje. Radikalno sam kritičan prema ideji da postoji

metodološki princip prijenosa znanja, odnosno da netko nekome nešto može *dati*. U tom smislu glupo je očekivati od Akademije da daje. Akademija otvara, sugerira, predlaže, usmjerava, komentira, aktivira, potiče, i na odsjeku dramaturgije to se radi vrlo dobro.

S obzirom na to da imaš već dosta međunarodnog iskustva (radioničkog, rezidencijalnog, izvedbenog), proširit ću prethodno pitanje i upitati: što nam Hrvatska ne daje, a trebala bi nam dati?

Ako s Akademije kao s institucije prijedemo na državu kao instituciju, pitanje odnosa davanja i primanja biva dovedeno u bezizlazni apsurd. Ipak, treba napomenuti, od države se u praktičnom smislu može (ili se do nedavno moglo) očekivati neko "davanje". To konkretno znači da je postojao neki klimavi kostur državnog financiranja u kulturi, kostur koji se pred naletom sile svjetske ekonomske krize raspao (a kako će se tek raspasti!) u komadiće. Raspao se, kao što se raspala i ekonomija i financiranje uopće, jer osim tog klimavog kostura ne postoji baš nikakav prijedlog kulturne, gospodarske, ekonomske i pravne politike. Ako krenemo od općeg prema pojedinačnom, pisanje (bilo dramsko, izvedbeno, teorijsko ili prozno) u Hrvatskoj ima upravo onu poziciju koja mu je ovom trenutku moguća. Pisanje, kao i bilo koji drugi format umjetničkog rada ovisan je o želji i potrebi autora da radi i stvara. Ako autor zna što bi s državom (a zna), potpuno je očigledno da država ne zna što bi s autorom.

Sjećam se jedne tvoje davne rečenice s jednog godišnjeg ispita kad si izjavio da je svaki tekst političan dok se ne dokaže suprotno. Komentar – nekoliko godina kasnije?

Ovdje treba razmrsiti moguću zabunu vezanu uz pojmove. Ja sam bio rekao da je svaki tekst **politički** dok se ne dokaže drugačije. Tom rečenicom sam pokušao sebi intimno objasniti gdje se nalazim, i istovremeno radikalno (i možda pomalo naivno) napraviti čisti rez prema mogućim interpretacijama što pisac radi i čemu tekstovi služe. **Političnost** teksta je nešto drugo, ali ne i manje važno. Političnost izlazi iz samog postupka, ne nužno iz sadržaja. To konkretno znači da političnost teksta ovisi o postupku, odluci, namjeri prema tekstu i s tekstem samim. Nije svaki tekst političan. Ponavljanje je primjer političnosti u tekstu, zbog toga Bernhard ponavlja unedogled. Tekstovi su mu nepobitno politički, ali su i politični. Političnost teksta i politika u tekstu dva su odvojiva pojma i mogu jedan bez drugoga - iako ne vidim zašto bi ih netko odvajao.

Voliš li više vlastito pisanje ili vlastito pismo?

Pisati o pisanju besmisleno je ako nije pisanje samo.

Goran Ferčec

Kruženje

Izvedbeni tekst *Kruženje* objavljen je na Trećem programu Hrvatskog radija 2008. godine, u emisiji *Znaci vremena* te je iste godine predstavljen na festivalu *Mala noćna čitanja* u Teatru &TD u režiji Anice Tomić.

(...)

Ako koračaš sporo, onda nešto tražiš.

Ako koračaš sporo i pri tom izbacuješ kukove, onda tražiš još nešto više.

Ako koračaš sporo, izbacuješ kukove i pri tom okrećeš glavu, onda tražiš sve.

A to je već rizik. Jer tebi i nekome drugome sve ne mora biti ista stvar. To nikad ne zaboravi.

Zakorakni.

Polagano.

Kao da znaš razloge svakog sljedećeg koraka.

Ovo mjesto traži korak ni previše tvrd, ni previše mekan. Kreni parkom u smjeru istok-zapad. Zatim zakreni desno prema sjeveru i napravi krug oko jezera u kojem dječaci jedni drugima peru leđa. Pravi se da ih ne primjećuješ. Nastavi preko križanja dviju šetnica i vrati se u smjeru zapada. Tvoj smjer sasvim je proizvoljan.

Ti znaš gdje želiš doći.

Zemlja se odupire tvom koraku. Želja zemlje odupire se tvojoj želji. Netko je napravio grešku u pretpostavci da ćeš odustati od vlastitog koraka sada kad ti je još jedino korak ostao. Tvoj korak bit će lagan. Sve priče ponavljaju se. Priču o kraju ostavi za sobom. Zbog nje će te progoniti. Izmisli svoju. Iskoristi povijest. Imaš dovoljno vremena da sve ono što je noć skrila oku nadomjestiš izmišljenim. Melankolična priča o svijetu tako se nikad neće završiti. Neće biti nesretnog kraja, neće biti sretnog kraja, biti će beskraj. A beskraj nas sve tješi i više od šalice toplog mlijeka.

Kako je beskraj divna stvar.

Ako te ipak preplaši, ti umiješ započeti uvijek ispočetka. Uvijek iznova. Sve čemu si uzrok, zanemaruješ. Sve katastrofe ne veće od zrna graška, zanemaruješ. Tako se štede suze. Pogledaj ptice, ostale su jednako glupe. Od vremena kad je svijet bio star samo pet dana. One i svi drugi što se zovu živima, odonda nisu imali želja. Tako ptice ostadoše bez ruku, a čovjek bez krila.

Budi blag prema onome koji će ti prvi pristupiti. To kako čovjek prilazi uvijek je iznenađenje. A kako odlazi, još je veće čudo.

Slazi korake u svojoj glavi.

Broji korake.

Ako počneš misliti o svemu što ćeš izgubiti, onda nisi ni trebao dolaziti ovamo. Znao si otprije da je ovo mjesto gubitka. Ne možeš reći da nisi. Pronašao si put slijedeći želju. A sad je nemaš s kime podijeliti. U najmanju ruku, to je nespretno. Gubitak se čini konačnim i tebe je strah.

Kukavico.

Tebe je strah.

Kukavico. Nakon što je razum nagovijestio konačnicu, ti, kojeg su smatrali najmirnijim čovjekom na svijetu, odjednom više nisi tako miran. A onih koji su te mirnim smatrali, njih nema, pa nema ni tvog mira. Kako onda podijeliti nemir.

Napravi korak.

Pronađi nemiru razlog da te pokrene. Reci, kad odjekne slijedeći pucanj, ti ćeš napraviti korak i dopustit ćeš da te nagovore na sve.

Hitac puške, ispaljen nasred rijeke, ili povik, koji se odbija o niske litice na obali, dugo odzvanja; prelazeći od jedne obale na drugu odjek se širi kao dugotrajna jeka, koja nagoni na polijetanje čitavo mnoštvo ptica.

Kad odjekne slijedeći pucanj, JA ću napraviti korak i sačuvati želju, a nagovarača, ako ga bude, natjerat ću da učini isto.

Tek vlastitim korakom mogu zakoraknuti. Premda s drugim mogu dijeliti želju, korak je moj. Sad mogu slijediti. Odigrati prolog vlastitom svršetku. Slijediti s odmakom. Sasvim se približiti. Napraviti distancu. Ili naletjeti ramenom o rame koje pripada drugom i praviti se da je sve bilo slučajno. Jer sve i jest bilo slučajno, do trenutka prepoznavanja. Sad kad je korak postao moj, nitko me ne može spriječiti. Moj korak je lagan. Savršeno jasna posljedica ne toliko jasne logike. Svejedno. Treba paziti da budem što manje u pravu. Onda će to biti idealna mimikrija. Ako još naučim govoriti bez da pomičem usne, bit ću produžena ruka svakog zamislivog zla.

Mogao bih biti bilo koja od glava što su maštale o ovom mjestu.

Mogao bih biti bilo koja od glava što su maštale o susretu sa mnom.

Počinjem se nadati.

Nada je cijelo moje naslijeđe. Mogu se potruditi. Onda opet, na mjestu koje me ne želi NE MORAM REĆI NIŠTA. Mogućnost odabira paralizira me. Baš kao što paralizira svakog kome je dana. Ali želim moći odabrati. Moj je početak nijem i ispražnjen. Gol sam poput (nedovršeno). Ni ovo mjesto, ni ova noć, ni moje otvorene namjere neće pokazati tko uistinu jesam, već ono što bih mogao biti. Pažljivo odabirem mogućnosti, makar je ovdje tek jedna mogućnost.

U pustoši zemaljskog vrta, od smrti i želje, spašavam svoje tamne oči i pogled natopljen nekontroliranom žudnjom.

Prvi put nazirem TVOJU sjenu.

I čitam te kao iz taloga kave. Bijelac, dovoljno visok da se ponekad osjetiš nezaštićenim. To je sasvim dovoljno za ljubav.

Tvoja sjena najmundrije je što ova noć može ponuditi. Jer vidjeti previše jednako je kao i vidjeti ništa. Ne boj se. Ne želim te preplašiti pričom o kraju, jer smrt jest tek ukoliko je moja. Sve drugo samo je bivanje pored. Ja sam stup društva. Fino isklesani mramorni pilon. Potporanj. Nosač. Kamen u kojem se sastaju svi lukovi našeg zemaljskog života; o kojem ovisi čitav naš zajednički život. Moje ime piše se velikim slovom, ali ne trebaš me se plašiti. Ja sam obelisk. Ja sam pojedinac. Ja sam brat. Tvoj brat. Ravnopravni član društva. Član kolektiva. Član hrvačkog kluba. Član vijeća. Nalik ocu. Uzor. Uzor pojedinac. Iz mojih grešaka uči cijeli kolektiv. Moje su mane savršeno prilagodljive. Moja želja jedini je smisao koji posjedujem. Moja sreća je zarazna. Moji pokušaji uspješni čak i kad ne urode plodom. Moje sklonosti, sklonosti su društva samog. Moje želje, tvoje su skrivene želje. Ja sam beskrajni pojedinac ograničenog kolektiva. O, beskrajne su moje mogućnosti baš kao što su beskrajne mogućnosti ovog trenutka. Ja sam istrošeno, izglasano, ograničeno ja. Moja je želja sad velika poput stida. Možda je to dobar trenutak da zakoraknem prema tebi kao u sliku i namamim te. Nikome ni riječi neću reći o tebi. Radije bih lagao o istini. Na kraju svatko isprede vlastitu priču u kojoj žudnja više nije samo žudnja, a vrt više nije samo vrt nego pakao u kojem ti i ja stojimo kao na kontinentu dok su nam tijela mirna poput stabala.

Kako se epoha u ovom trenu čini raskošnom.

Pusta površina zemlje gdje se detalj nimalo ne razlikuje od cjeline. Epoha je još nevina dok je gledam u idealnoj perspektivi jednog humanista. Da mi pogled ne bi lutao, cijeli je kontinent ispresijecan linijama perspektive kao u starim grafikama. Moram samo pratiti linije koje će me odvesti na putovanje života. Prepuštam se. Pogled mi nestaje u sjecištu. Nema sretnijeg čovjeka od mene. Buljim u točku u kojoj se pronalaze nebo i zemlja. Moj pogled je poslušan. Moj duh je velik. Divim se. Točka je mamac. Ako joj se predam, siguran sam od sumnje. Ali moj je pogled samo prividno moj. Jer on hoće preko. I u snu san bi dalje. Izbjegnem perspektivu jednog humanista i prebacim pogled preko fiktivne linije kao preko bodljikave žice. U tom trenutku moja je volja jedina opasnost svijeta. Trudim se dobro zapamtiti sve što vidim. A sve što vidim dok stojim okrenut istoku toliko je daleko i od snova da počinjem sumnjati da sanjam. Htio bih izbjeći san i napaljeno poput tinejdžera dočarati u nekoliko riječi nadljudsku ljepotu tog vrta, okruženog nebom, samoćom, čudnovatošću, gdje s vremena na vrijeme proleti jato velikih močvarnih ptica. Poput brzog noćnog vlaka; čuje se šum njihovih krila. Zatvorim oči pred ljepotom. To je treptaj diva, jer kad otvorim oči idealna perspektiva svijeta slomljena je.

Krajolik je manje prostran i manje neodređen. Čujem Johnnija Casha kako pjeva o četrdeset noći i četrdeset dana kiše. Sav kamen kontinenta sad je blato. Pojest će me život a ja to neću ni osjetiti. Treba bježati, treba trčati kroz vodu. Ova noć ruga mi se u lice. Ova je pustoš proročka. Trči. Trči. Trči pederu, govorim si.

Na kraju sna uvijek postoji spas.

Drugi put nazirem tvoju sjenu.

Ne sanjam.

Neka te moja želja ne preplaši. Kad sanjaš žudnju, buđenje je uvijek tuga. Hoću je podijeliti s tobom. Ne govorim u prazno. Znam da si tamo. Možda si nerazumniji od urođenika u pratnji koji predobro poznaje put i nikad ne zaluta, i možda nisi veći od moje želje, ali si tamo, i to je rizik koji sam spreman podnijeti. Priznat ću ti, uzgajam osjećaj poput cvijeta. Promatram te, kao što bih promatrao rast ljiljana na prozorskoj dasci, kako svakim danom neprimjetno raste, prema vrhu sve tanji, prijeteci da se rascvjeta ili da zauvijek ostane prikriven u pupoljku. Ne cvijet, nego osjećaj. Osjećaj poput cvijeta. Osjećaj u cvijetu. Oblikujem ga i njegujem samo u odnosu prema tebi. Bez tebe, ni ja sam ne vjerujem da bezrazložan osjećaj može biti tako pun, tako neopisivo temeljit. Bezrazložnost mog osjećaja prema tebi, a zbog kojeg ti nemaš razloga snositi ni najmanju krivicu. Jer ti nisi kriv. To mi, molim te, vjeruj. Jer tko bi, gledajući tebe i znajući način na koji o tebi mislim i na koji iščekujem tvoj dolazak, mogao pomisliti da te mrzim. Da te bezrazložno mrzim, i da to ne radim namjerno. Jer ne postoji nikakva ni najmanja otvorena ili prikrivena namjera s kojom ili zbog koje bih te mrzio. Ne mrzim te s razlogom, već zbog toga što jesi. Mrzim te jer si negdje tamo. Ne vidim te, ali znam da si tamo, i u čast našoj zajedničkoj naslijeđenoj panici, mrzim kao što nikoga nikada nisam mrzio. Bezrazložno. Nema drugog osjećaja, drugog postupka, drugog načina. Samo ako te shvatim kao neprijatelja, samo tada postoji šansa da se nikada ne sretnemo i jedan drugome pregrizemo vrat. Samo ako te budem mrzio na neviđeno, nas se dvojica možemo spasiti. Jer ako počnemo razgovarati moglo bi se dogoditi da na samom početku razgovora nećemo biti sigurni jesmo li prijatelji ili što drugo. To je prevelik rizik. Bezrazložna mržnja manje je sirova, ali to što je bezrazložna ne daje ti pravo da pomisliš kako ti želim pružiti mogućnost. Bilo kakvu mogućnost, zbog svih prošlih mimoilaženja. Bezrazložnost ne prikriva dobru namjeru, niti je mržnja manje krvava. Želim ti samo prići. Siguran sam da sam te nekad ranije sreo. Bio si dovoljno daleko da ne mogu reći da sam ti bio preblizu. Mogu bih se točno sjetiti vremena i mjesta kad sam te ugledao, ali ti se nećeš sjećati. Jer, premda sam ja gledao tebe, ti nisi gledao mene. Da si me gledao, onda bi znao da te gledam. Da si samo pogledao, sve bi bilo drugačije. Ovako, nije mi preostalo drugo nego da zatvorim oči i pričekam da nestaneš i opet se pojaviš kad za to dođe vrijeme. Oprosti. To je samo panika što je osjećam prije no što zatvorim oči, jer svaki put kad

zatvorim oči, čujem kako fućkanjem dozivaš životinju. Čujem kako udaraš dlanom o dlan ne bi li je privolio da poslušati tvoju gestu, ne bi li se tepajući životinji, približio meni.

Treći put nazirem tvoju sjenu.

Možda griješim, jer zamišljanje slika pretpostavlja greške. Čak i onih slika koje misliš da nikada nećeš zaboraviti i da će u tvojoj memoriji uvijek biti prisutne do i u najmanji detalj. Možda je to greška. Možda nije tako. Ne znam. Možda nepovratno nestajanje slika izaziva paniku za koju smo do sada vjerovali da je nasljeđujemo. Panika od neprimjetljivosti. Panika da o tebi ne znam ništa. Je li točka na kojoj stojiš uobičajeno mjesto na kojem te se može vidjeti? Panika da nikad neću saznati kakva je boja tvog glasa, ali da ću uvijek znati da je jedan od glasova tvoj, jer sam ti posvetio više pažnje no što ljudi jedni drugima posvećuju, pa te sada čujem čak i onda kad te nema i kad ne radiš ništa, što je opet dovoljno da budem siguran da si tamo negdje i da te mrzim. Ja o tebi ne znam ništa. Ali ako je moj osjećaj neutemeljen, jer nema tog razloga zbog kojeg bih ja ili netko drugi radio na tome da te uništi, onda mi nije ni potrebno da nešto o tebi znam. Ja tek cijeli današnji dan znam da ćeš doći. I bio sam u pravu. Još te uvijek ne vidim ali te nazirem, i poklanjam ti priču o snu kao metaforu mržnje, a mržnju kao upozorenje. Nemoj se zato uplašiti vlastitih snova, ili omalovažiti mržnju. I nemoj ni pomisliti da je sve ovo maglovita tako bolno prisutna čežnja što proizlazi iz nemoći da ti stanem blizu ili preblizu. Ti o meni jednako tako ne znaš ništa. Neka ti za početak mržnja bude sasvim dovoljna. Krenut ću prema tebi, jer kruženje, bez obzira na rizik, održava ugodno strujanje zraka.

Zbog odvratnog smrada noć se pretvara u pravo mučenje.

U očekivanju, besmisleno se trudim opisati mjesto susreta. Mukla tišina u odnosu s krikovima sreće koji se lome između stabala. Tamo u mraku još je muškaraca u plesu. Čujem njihovo kruženje kao lagano zujanje buba u ljubavnom ritualu. Nesmotreni pucnji usmjereni su prema nebu pretrpanom pticama. Pucnji koje ispaljuje moj vlastiti mozak u nedostatku prelijepog privida u nailasku. Mogao bih se ovog trena zakleti na SVE ono što sam prezirao u sigurnosti vlastite sobe. Zakleti se u stvari koje mame da ih svežeš u zakletvu i ispadneš budala. Ali, da, kunem se da bih te volio ako bi naišao i pravio se da je tvoj nailazak slučajan baš kao što je ovo mjesto od zbroja drugih mjesta, slučajno, kao što bi slučajna bila naša hrabrost u priči u kojoj zajedno odlazimo s ovog mjesta. Zagrljeni.

Četvrti put nazirem ti sjenu i maštam o našoj sreći.

Kako me samo beskrajno sram. Žudnja postaje divlja poput životinje na mojoj koži. Zabacuje glavu u svom premalenom svijetu. Smirujem je. Svaka pripitomljena zvijer, ipak je samo zvijer.

Čujem vlak kako nailazi. Tlo podrhtava poput tijela u groznici. Poslušaj savjet koji vrijedi za obojicu. Budi miran dok vlak ne prođe. Čuješ ga? Ako me poslušas i ostaneš miran

svaki će osvjetljeni prozor vagona baciti pravokutnik svjetla na naša lica. Učiniti nam obojici uslugu, pa ćemo drugdje moći dočekati svitanje. Sami. Ili zajedno. Čuješ ga. Udahni, pokaži mužačka prsa.

Vidim te.

Premještaš težinu s noge na nogu. Mlad si. Budi strpljiv. Najveća je vrlina biti strpljiv, rekao je netko kome sam nekad vjerovao, a danas se ne mogu sjetiti njegova imena. Ni lica. Ni dupeta. Ali ostao sam ponizno strpljiv. I u strpljenju moje istine nisu više od riječi. I uvijek dolaze u paru. Ovog trenutka jedna je moja noga strah, druga je žudnja. Osjećam u njima neodoljivu želju, poput struje ili grča. Nikad nisam bio bliže zemlji. Ni jedna moja želja nikad nije bila veća. Ni jedan strah nije me natjerao da se userem. Ali kad konačno napravim korak, to će biti korak žudnje, najsramotnije stvari koju ću sebi dopustiti. Žudnja čista poput votke.

Kad napravim prvi korak, bit će toliko odmjereno kao da prvi put koračam. Prvi korak na kraju svih koraka koje sam napravio. Korak od sedam milja. Muški korak. Kad zakoraknem, bit će to muški korak bez zadržke. Glave okrenute u lijevo. Pogleda uperenog u sve što prolazi. Razdrljene košulje. Stisnute pesnice. Savijene noge što se odupire o zemlju. I dalje, dočekat ću se u raskoraku, razmaknutih nogu poput hrvača. Skupljenih nogu u vojničkom stavu. Na sve četiri poput pseta.

Pogledaj me.

Raširenih ruku koje otkrivaju radost. Moj je korak lagan. Ponavlja se poput želje. Nema stajanja. Nema osvrtnja. Korak postaje brži. Glazba koju čujem sve glasnija. Ptice sve nervoznije. Možda se do čistilišta može jedino plešući. Tročetvrtinski takt. Ponavljam korak toliko dugo dok ne osjetim slobodu u vlastitim nogama. Gledam stvar s vedrije strane i ponavljam korak u ritmu odlazaka. Okrećem se. Pokazujem leđa. Odaje me ruka. U šaci stežem želju da ne odleti. Pokazujem lice. Odaje me oko. Sjaji se. Suza je samo komentar na privid. U ovom svijetu vječnog svijetla, naše su se sjene odavno izgubile. Želja ipak nekako pronađe put. Okrećem se, pokazujem leđa.

Korak.

Koračam.

Koraci su ili preveliki ili premali za stazu. Pokušavam pronaći svijetu podnošljivu mjeru. Zagrijavam se. Tražim ritam. Tročetvrtinski takt polako prelazi u fugu. Može li se plesati fuga? Tijelo mi je napeto kao pred bitku. Je li svaka forma prihvatljiva? Jedan, dva, tri. Dva, dva, tri. Tri, dva, tri. Životinja prati moj ritam. Steže se zajedno s mojim mišićima. Liže znoj što mi se slijeva niz nogu. Životinja hoće više. Vrti se u krug. Grize vlastiti rep. Pratim joj korak, prepušten njezinoj volji. Od cijele ove izvedbe, meni ne pripada ništa. U iščekivanju, svijet nikada nije bio ljepši. Pusta svečanost. Moj je ples poput igre. Svakim novim korakom izbjegnem metak. Ili psovku. Ili strah. Tvom pogledu puštam da me pronađe.

Plešem.

Zavodim ti sjenu. Prepoznaješ li životinju na mojoj nozi? Priđi i pruži vanjsku stranu šake. Tako se neće preplašiti. Možeš joj prići kao što bi prišao psu da sam ga kojim slučajem izveo u šetnju. Prići psu, dobar je način da se priđe vlasniku. Pod uvjetom da je volja psa jednaka volji vlasnika. Ali ja nemam psa. Sve što posjedujem komadić je žive kože. Možeš joj tepati. Možeš je dodirnuti rukom. Navikao sam da joj se tepa i dodiruje rukom. To mora biti dovoljno za sreću. Pratim ritam što ga tijelo samo proizvodi.

Koračam.

Sasvim sam blizu tvojoj sjeni. Kad bi ovo bila igra osvajanja, moja pobjeda bila bi sasvim izgledna. Ali ovdje ništa ne može biti dobiveno. Osim vremena. Što bi bio neprocjenjiv dobitak kad bih znao što s vremenom. Tvrdoglav si. Sakriven u mraku. Ali nervoza otkriva tvoju mladost. Ne možemo propasti. Jer kad iskoristimo sve mogućnosti, još uvijek možemo biti otac i sin. Ja ću biti otac, a ti sin. Ili obrnuto. Kad otkriješ svoje namjere, želje i uloge, znat ću tko je otac, a tko sin. Možeš otići, ili se ja mogu povući. Samo daj znak da se razumijemo. Djelić tebe što ga nazirem prekrasno je priviđenje. Ti si lovac. Dječak u majici-s-brojem-dvadeset na leđima. Jesu li to tvoje godine? Ili tvoja želja? Mokra priviđenje. Mrlja znoja na leđima. Jesi li trčao ovamo u strahu da ću otići, pa me više nećeš naći. Smiri se. Diši duboko.

Ti si neodoljiva pojava prirode što je ni san ne može smiriti.

Tvoja je mlada čast sve što imaš. Ne usudim se reći nevinost, pa kažem čast kao da se radi o princu. Tvoja je pažnja nevina, premda su tvoje namjere smrtno. Tvoja hrabrost zbog toga nije manje vrijedna. Ti si sasvim slučajno ti. Sasvim slučajno ovdje. I tvoja će želja biti manje bolna ako kažem da me činiš sretnim. Ti donosiš nadu. Znam to. Siguran sam kao što nikad ni u što nisam bio siguran. Kad bi postojala i najmanja naznaka božje providnosti, naš susret pretvorio bi se u mimoilaženje. Netko bi još jednom bio spašen. Sada je kasno za mimoilaženje. Još jedna podvala Ocu. Nešto te natjeralo da navučeš majicu od poliesteru koja iskri poput kurvinog plašta. Svijetliš u mraku poput krijesnice. Nikada neću biti siguran u tvoju želju. Ali ako nastavim plesati, želja da budem siguran nestat će kao što nestaje led. Od svega će tek ostati ožiljci mimoilaženja.

Plešem.

Predlažem da napravimo korak dalje. Da postignemo konsenzus. Kao da smo dio iste scene. Sve što trebamo već je ovdje. Vrt. Noć. Vrijeme trajanja. Sami smo. Miljama daleko ljudi su sretni, pa nam nikakva opasnost ne prijeti. Nitko se neće izrugati tvojoj želji. Nema nikog osim nas dvojice. Idealni uvjeti uvijek su samo želja. Budi mi od pomoći. Sve oko nas izmaštana je pastoral. Tako smo blizu jedan drugome, kao da se oduvijek znamo. Prilazimo jedan drugome u čudu. Naša je igra pretjerana. Dovedena do svake krajnosti. Sad više ne možemo stati.

Prilazim.

Premalo je vremena a previše želja. Nižem ih u brojanicu. Nikada nisam znao kad treba stati. Osjećam da je čežnja svakim korakom manja. Slinim poput pseta kad nanjuši krv. Ali ova pastorala ne podnosi krv.

Prilazim ti bliže.

Pozvao bih te imenom, tako da sve ono što smo propustili izgleda manje tragično. Ako smo još sposobni osjetiti tragično. Ne znam tvoje ime. Neka tako ostane. Vidim te kako prebacuješ težinu s noge na nogu. Poput boksača. Ti možeš biti samo sin. Zavodiš.

Od nas dvojice, netko je ipak veća kukavica. Izlažem se riziku da to budem ja. Ali neću otići pognute glave.

Ovo je mjesto susreta.

Najsretnija točka svijeta.

Prilazim.

Hej Johnny, one day they'll make a movie about you.

Goran Ferčec

in conver-
sation
with Jasna
Žmak

Translated from the Croatian
by Marina Miladinov

he first question is addressed to you as the editor among authors: we have discussed long enough on the title of the thematic issue we are preparing and eventually decided to name it *playwriting oo*, yet in our conversations we often refer to it as *young playwriting*. What is your opinion on these terms?

The procedure of deciding on the title is to define the subject and then direct the content towards a particular point. However, in practice it is a bit more difficult to define what the title might express quite specifically. *Playwriting oo* suggests a new starting point from which one should proceed, a zero-zero position. Whether it is really about an attempt of looking at the subject from zero, or merely our editorial need of a symbolic beginning – I am not sure about that. With the additional qualification of *young playwriting*, we seek to complement that field of insecurity and to suggest that the adjective “young” carries a myriad of other meanings: non-established, new, experimental, daring, (un)articulated, (non)ideological, clever, read but not staged, etc. It seems to me as the editor that this open title aims at avoiding the stylistic, formal, or thematic definition of a group of authors, since it seems impossible to find a universal common denominator for all of them.

Let us analyze this further: what happens if we take out the *play* out of the equation? What are the stakes in the struggle between the *play* and the *writing*? Or rather, if I paraphrase and make it more intimate: Goran Ferčec: playwright or just a writer, or writer and something else? And why?

I would not be so dramatic as to introduce the concept of *struggle* in relating the *play* and the *writing*. The problem that you’re suggesting comes from a narrowed perception that treats playwriting as a form; as something that only exists when on stage, a when it is on stage, it is already far from what it used to be before that. Playwriting as a literary genre has the (mis)fortune of becoming established and sovereign only when it reaches the stage. My intimate ideology linked to playwriting is, however, opposite to that generally accepted principle; what I find more interesting is to try and find all the potent places for a text, which don’t include the stage alone, but can make the text presentable within their own medium. Perhaps I find the stage the least interesting among them; what is more fascinating are all the possibilities around it. It may be that this affinity defines me rather as a *writer*, the one that writes, or the *dramaturge*, who prepares a text for the performance (in whatever genre), less than a playwright.

Sometimes it seems to me that almost the only point of contact between the authors presented here is their dissatisfaction with the Academy’s attitude towards the term implied by the other part of the title, *Dramatic Art*... What is it that the Academy has failed to give us, although it should have? Or is there something wrong with this question?

It is one of those questions that make me mad, and it makes me mad precisely because it is raised again and again, even though the answer to it must be inevitably clear to anyone who has stopped to think for a single moment over his or her own destiny as a writer/author or at least went through some theories of education. Expecting from the Academy or any other institution to give anything to anyone is completely naive or even stupid, to say the least. The methodology of education in the early 21st century, especially at an art institution such as the Academy of Dramatic Art,

and even more within a course dealing with playwriting (!) depends, I repeat, exclusively on the desire of the one who has the position of the pupil/student to emancipate oneself, if I may paraphrase Rancière. The sooner the student realizes that self-education is the crucial methodological procedure in acquiring knowledge, the sooner one activates one's wish to emancipate oneself in the chosen direction, the sooner we can also speak of what the institution may offer. I am radically critical towards the idea that there is a methodological principle of transmitting knowledge, or that anyone can *give* anything to anyone else. In that sense, one can't expect from the Academy to give something. The Academy is there to open, suggest, propose, comment, activate, and encourage, and the Dramaturgy Department does that very well.

Regarding the fact that you have lots of international experience in terms of workshops, residences, and performances, I will extend the previous question and ask: what is it that Croatia has failed to give us, although it should? And...

If we extend the question from the Academy as an institution to the state as an institution, the issue of the proportion between giving and receiving becomes hopelessly absurd. However, it must be said that, in a practical sense, one can (or could until recently) expect some "giving". More precisely, it means that there used to be some shaky skeleton of state financing in culture, and that skeleton has broken (and will break even more badly!) into small pieces under the onslaught of global economic crisis. It has collapsed, together with the economy and the system of financing in general, since apart from that shaky skeleton there is not a single project of cultural policy, economic policy, or legal policy. If we proceed from the general towards the specific, writing (be it drama, performance, theory, or prose) in Croatia has precisely the position that is possible at the moment. As any other format of artistic activity, writing depends on the desire and need of the author to work and to create.

Even if the artist knows what he or she could do with the state (and that is so), it is perfectly obvious that the state has no idea what to do with the artist.

I remember a statement of yours long ago, when you said at an annual exam that every text is political unless it proves the opposite. What is your comment – several years later?

One should resolve the possible confusion related to terminology. I did say that every text is **political** until it proves the opposite. I used that sentence to explain to myself intimately where I stood and at the same time to make a radical (which may have been somewhat naive) and clean cut as to the possible interpretations of what the writer is doing and what the texts are good for.

Politicallity of the text is something else, yet equally important. It emerges from the procedure itself, not necessarily from the subject. What I mean is that the politicallity of a text depends on the procedure, the decision, and the intent towards and with the text as such. Not every text is political. Repetition is a form of politicallity in a text, and that's why Bernhard keeps repeating incessantly. And apart from the fact that his texts are unquestionably political, there's also politicallity in them. Politicallity and politics in a text are two separate notions and they can exist without one another. Although I can't see why anyone should separate them.

Do you prefer your writing or what you have written?

Writing on the writing is senseless unless it is the writing itself.

Goran Ferčec

Cruising

Translated from the Croatian by Magdalena Škoblar

The performance text *Cruising* was broadcast on the Third Program of Croatian Radio in 2008, in the program *Signs of the Time*, and that same year it was presented at the *Small Night Readings* festival at Theatre &TD and directed by Anica Tomić.

(...)

If you walk slowly, then you are looking for something.

If you walk slowly and, while doing that, you thrust your hips, then you are looking for something more.

If you walk slowly, thrust your hips and, while doing that, turn your head, then you are looking for everything.

And that is already risky. Because everything does not mean the same thing to you and to somebody else. Don't ever forget that.

Take a step.

Slowly.

As if you know the reason for every next step.

This place asks for a step which is neither too hard nor too soft. Go through the park in an east-west direction. Then turn right to the north and make a circle around the lake in which the boys are washing each other's backs. Pretend you don't notice them. Continue across the intersection of the two footpaths and return in a westward direction. Your direction is completely arbitrary.

You know where you want to come to.

The ground is resisting your step. The desire of the ground is resisting your desire. Somebody made a mistake in assuming that you would give up on your own step now that that step is all that you have left. Your step will be light. All stories are repeated. Leave behind the story about the end. They will persecute you for it. Come up with your own. Use history. You have enough time to replace everything that the night has hidden from the eye with the imagined. Thus the melancholy story about the world will never end. There will be no sad end, there will be no happy end, there will be infinity. And infinity comforts us all, even more than a cup of warm milk.

What a wonderful thing infinity is.

If it does scare you, you are always able to start over again. Always over again. You ignore everything that you are a cause of. You ignore all disasters not bigger than a pea. That's how tears are spared. Look at the birds, they have remained equally stupid. From the time when the world was

only five days old. They, and everything else called 'living', have had no desires ever since. Thus birds were left without hands and men without wings.

Be kind to him who will approach you first. The way a man approaches is always a surprise. And how he leaves is an even bigger miracle.

Arrange the steps in your head.

Count the steps.

If you start to think about everything you will lose, then you should not have come here. Because you have known from before that this is a place of loss. You can't say you didn't. You found the way by following a desire. And now you have no one to share it with. It is clumsy, to say the least. The loss seems final and you are scared.

You coward.

You're scared.

You coward. After the mind announced the end, you, the person considered the calmest man in the world, are not so calm anymore all of a sudden. And those who considered you calm, they're gone, and so your calmness is gone too. How to share restlessness, then.

Make a step.

Find restlessness a reason to set you off. Say, when the next shot rings out, you will make a step and you will allow yourself to be talked into everything.

A gun shot, fired amid the river, or a shout, reflecting against the short cliffs on the bank, rings out for a long time; crossing from one bank to the other, the sound is spreading like an enduring echo, which makes a whole multitude of birds take off.

When the next shot rings out, I will take a step forward and preserve the desire, and if there is a persuader, I will make him do the same.

I can only step forward with my own step. Although I can share a desire with another, the step is mine. Now I can follow. Play the prologue to my own end. Follow by keeping the distance. Get completely close. Make a distance. Or barge with a shoulder into somebody else's shoulder and pretend it was just an accident. Because it was an accident, until the moment of recognition. Now the step has become mine, who can stop me? My step is light. A perfectly clear consequence of not so clear logic. Whatever. I should take care not to be always right. Then it will be an ideal mimicry. If I also learn to talk without moving my lips, I will be the helping hand of every conceivable evil.

I could be any of the heads that fantasized about this place.

I could be any of the heads that fantasized about meeting me.

I begin to hope.

Hope is my entire heritage. I can make an effort. Then again, in the place which does not want me, I DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING. The possibility of a choice paralyzes me. Just like it paralyzes everyone it has been given to. But I want to

be able to choose. My beginning is mute and emptied. I am naked as a (unfinished). Neither this place, nor this night, nor my open intentions will show who I really am, but what I might be. I choose my possibilities carefully, although there is only one possibility here. In the wasteland of the earthly garden, I am saving my dark eyes and gaze filled with uncontrollable lust from death and desire.

For the first time I am making out YOUR shadow.

And I am reading you like the tea leaves. A white man, tall enough to make you feel unprotected sometimes. This is enough for love.

Your shadow is the wisest thing this night can offer. Because seeing too much is the same as seeing nothing. Don't be afraid. I don't want to scare you with the story about the end, because death exists only if it's mine. Everything else is just additional being. I am a pillar of society. A finely carved marble pillar A support. A carrier. The stone in which all arches of our earthly lives meet; on which our entire life together depends. My name is spelled with a capital letter, but you don't have to be afraid of me. I am an obelisk. I am an individual. I am a brother. Your brother. An equal member of society. A member of the community. A member of a wrestling club. A member of a board. Like a father. An exemplary individual. The entire community learns from my mistakes. My flaws are perfectly adaptable. My desire is the only meaning I possess. My happiness is contagious. My attempts are successful even when they don't come to fruition. My inclinations are the inclinations of society itself. My desires are your hidden desires. I am an infinitesimal individual in a limited community. Oh, the possibilities I have are endless just like the possibilities of this moment are endless. I am a worn-out, voted-off, limited me. My desire is now as large as the shame. Maybe this is a good moment to step forward towards you as if into a picture and lure you. I won't tell anyone a word about you. I'd rather lie about the truth. In the end everyone weaves their own story in which lust is no longer only lust, and the garden is no longer just a garden but a hell in which you and I stand as if on a continent while our bodies are as still as the trees.

How luscious the epoch seems at this moment.

The vast surface of the ground where the details are not in any way different from the whole. The epoch is still innocent while I look at it from the ideal perspective of a humanist. So that my gaze does not wander, the entire continent is criss-crossed with lines of perspective as in old prints. I only have to follow the lines which will take me on the journey of my life. I am surrendering to it. My gaze disappears in the vanishing point. There is no happier man than me. I stare at the point in which the sky and earth find each other. My gaze is obedient. My spirit is great. I am admiring it. The point is a bait. If I surrender to it, I am safe from doubting. But my gaze only appears to be mine. Because it wants to go across. While you dream, the dream

wants to go on. I dodge the perspective of a humanist and I shift my gaze across the fictional line as if over a barbed wire. In that moment, the only danger to the world is my will. I am making an effort to memorize everything I see. And everything I see while I stand facing the east is so far away from dreams that I begin to suspect I am dreaming. I'd like to avoid the dream and to figure forth in a few words as lustfully as a teenager would, the superhuman beauty of that garden, surrounded by the sky, loneliness, miraculousness, where from time to time a flock of large marsh birds flies through. Like an express night train; the flutter of their wings is heard. I close my eyes before that beauty. It is the blink of a giant, because when I open my eyes the ideal perspective of the world is broken. The landscape is less spacious and less indeterminate. I can hear Johnny Cash singing about forty nights and forty days of rain. All the rocks of the continent are now mud. The life will eat me and I won't even feel it. I should escape, run through the water. This night is mocking me to my face. This wasteland is prophetic. Run. Run. Run you faggot, I tell myself.

At the end of the dream there is always salvation.

For the second time I can make out your shadow.

I am not dreaming.

Don't let my desire scare you. When you dream about lust, the awakening is always sadness. I want to share it with you. I am not talking to a wall. I know you're there. Maybe you are more irrational than a native guide who knows the road well and never gets lost, and maybe you're not larger than my desire, but you're there and it's a risk I'm willing to take. I will confess to you, I am nurturing the feeling like a flower. I am observing you, as I would observe the way in which a lily grows on a window ledge, growing imperceptibly day by day, becoming thinner at the top, threatening to blossom or to stay always hidden in the bud. Not the flower, but the feeling. The feeling like a flower. The feeling in a flower. I am shaping and nurturing it only in relation to you. Without you, I myself don't believe that such an unfounded feeling can be so complete, so indescribably thorough. The unfoundedness of my feeling towards you, and for which you have no reason to take the blame in the least. Because it is not your fault. Please, believe me about that. Because, who could think, looking at you and knowing how I think about you and how I expect your arrival, that I hate you. That I hate you for no reason, and that I am not doing that on purpose. Because, there is not a single open or hidden intention with which or because of which I would hate you. I don't hate you for a reason, but for what you are. I hate you because you are there somewhere. I can't see you, but I know you are there, and in honor of our common inherited panic, I hate you as I have never hated anyone before. Without a reason. There is no other feeling, other action, other way. Only if I understand you as an enemy, only then there is a chance we may never meet and bite each other's necks. Only if I hate you without

seeing you, can we be saved too. Because if we start to talk it could happen that at the beginning of the conversation we won't be sure whether we are friends or something else. It's too big of a risk. Hatred without a reason is less crude, but the fact that it has no reason does not give you the right to think that I want to give you a possibility. Any possibility, because of all the previous near misses. The unfoundedness does not hide a good intention, nor is the hatred less bloody. I just want to approach you. I am certain I've met you some time before. You were far enough away so I can't say I was too close to you. I could remember precisely the time and place when I saw you but you won't remember. Because, although I was looking at you, you were not looking at me. If you had been, you would have known that I was looking at you. If you had only looked, everything would have been different. As it is, there is nothing left to do but close my eyes and wait until you disappear when the time comes for it. I'm sorry. It's just the panic that I feel before I close my eyes, because every time I close my eyes, I can hear you call the animal by whistling. I can hear you clap your hands to entice it to listen to your gesture, so that by baby-talking to the animal, you can come closer to me.

For the third time I can make out your shadow.

Maybe I am wrong because imagining images presupposes mistakes. Even those images which you think you will never forget and which will always be present in your memory up to the smallest detail. Maybe that is a mistake. Maybe it's not like that. I don't know. Maybe the irreversible disappearance of images causes panic which we have so far believed to have been inherited. Panic about being unnoticeable. Panic about not knowing anything about you. Is the spot you are standing in a regular place where you can be seen? Panic that I will never find out what your voice is like but that I will always know that one of the voices is yours because I have dedicated more attention to you than people dedicate to each other, and now I can hear you even when you are not there and when you are not doing anything, which is again enough to be sure that you are there somewhere and that I hate you. I don't know anything about you. But if my feeling is unfounded, because there is no reason for me or anybody else to design your destruction, then it is not necessary for me to know anything about you. I have known all day today that you would come. And I was right. I still can't see you but I can make you out, and I am giving you as a gift the story about the dream as a metaphor of hatred, and hatred as a warning. Don't be afraid of your own dreams or underestimate the hatred because of that. And don't think that this is all a misty and painfully present longing stemming from the inability to stand close or too close to you. In equal measure, you don't know anything about me. For starters, the hatred should be just enough for you. I'll set off toward you because cruising, regardless of the risk, maintains a pleasant flow of air.

Because of the disgusting smell the night turns into real torture.

While waiting, I am pointlessly trying to describe the meeting place. A dumb silence as opposed to screams of happiness breaking between the trees. There are more men dancing in the darkness over there. I can hear their cruising, like the soft buzzing of bugs in a love ritual. Careless gun shots are aimed towards the sky overfilled with birds. The shots that my own brain fires in the absence of a beautiful approaching illusion. This moment I could swear on ANYTHING I despised in the safety of my own room. Swear about the things luring you to tie them up in an oath and look a fool. But, yes, I swear that I would love you if you would happen to come here and pretend that your arrival is accidental just as this place in the sum total of places is accidental, just as our courage would be accidental in a story in which we leave this place together. Embracing.

For the fourth time I can make out your shadow and I'm fantasizing about our happiness.

I am so endlessly ashamed. The lust becomes wild as an animal in my skin. It is rearing its head in its too small world. I'm calming it down. Every tamed beast is just a beast after all.

I can hear the train approaching. The ground is shaking like a body in a fever. Listen to the piece of advice which applies to both of us. Be still until the train has passed. Can you hear it? If you listen to me and stay still, every lit window of each carriage will throw a rectangle of light onto our faces. Do us both a favor, and we'll be able to see the dawn somewhere else. Alone. Or together. You can hear it. Breathe in, show your male chest.

I can see you.

You are shifting weight from one foot to the other. You're young. Be patient. The greatest virtue is being patient, said somebody whom I used to trust, and today I can't remember his name. Or face. Or arse. But I have remained humbly patient. And in patience, my truths are nothing more than words. And they always come in pairs. This moment, one of my legs is fear, the other one lust. I feel an irresistible desire in them, like electricity or a cramp. I have never been closer to the ground. No single desire of mine has ever been greater. No single fear has made me shit myself. But when I finally take the step, it will be a step of lust, the most shameful thing I will ever allow myself. Lust pure as vodka.

When I take the step, it will be as meticulous as if I am walking for the first time. A first step at the end of all the steps I have taken. A seven-mile step. A masculine step. When I step forward, it will be a man's step without reserve. Head turned to the left. Eyes directed at everything that passes by. Shirt buttoned down. Fists clenched. Leg bent and pushing against the ground. And further, I will land in a step, legs apart like a wrestler. Legs together in the soldier's posture. On all fours like a dog.

Look at me.

Arms spread out to reveal joy. My step is light. It is repeated like a desire. No stopping. No looking back. The pace becomes quicker. The music I can hear gets louder. The birds more nervous. Maybe the only way to purgatory is by dancing. Three-quarter time. I repeat the step until I feel the freedom in my own legs. I look on the bright side of the thing and I repeat the step in the rhythm of departure. I turn back. I show my back. My hand gives me away. I am squeezing the desire in my fist so it doesn't fly off. I show my face. My eye gives me away. It is shining. The tear is just a comment on the illusion. In this world of eternal light, our shadows got lost a long time ago. Somehow, the desire finds its way. I turn back, I show my back.

A step.

I am walking.

The steps are either too big or too small for the path. I am trying to find a bearable measure for the world. I am warming up. I am looking for a rhythm. Three-quarter time slowly becomes a fugue. Can you dance a fugue? My body is tense as before a battle. Is any form acceptable? One two three. Two, two, three. Three, two, three. The animal is following my rhythm. It contracts together with my muscles. It licks the sweat going down my leg. The animal wants more. It is spinning around. Biting its own tail. I am following its step, surrendered to its will. Of this entire performance, nothing belongs to me. While waiting, the world has never been more beautiful. Utter solemnity. My dance is like a game. With every new step I'm dodging a bullet. Or a swear word. Or fear. I'm letting your gaze find me.

I am dancing.

I am seducing your shadow. Do you recognize the animal on my leg? Come closer and extend the outer side of your hand. That way it won't be scared. You can approach it like you would approach a dog if I had taken it for a walk by some chance. Approaching a dog is a good way to approach the owner. If the will of the dog is the same as the will of the owner. But I don't have a dog. All I possess is a piece of living skin. You can baby-talk to it. You can touch it with your hand. I am used to it being baby-talked to and touched by hand. It has to be enough for happiness. I follow the rhythm the body is itself producing.

I am walking.

I am completely close to your shadow. If this was a game of conquering, my victory would be highly likely. But nothing can be won here. Except time. Which would be an invaluable gain if I knew what to do with time. You're stubborn. Hidden in the dark. But nervousness reveals your youth. We can't fail. Because when we use all the possibilities, we can still be father and son. I'll be the father and you the son. Or the other way round. When you discover your intentions, desires and roles, I'll know who the father is and who the son. You can leave, or I can withdraw. Just give a sign

so we understand each other. The part of you I can make out is a beautiful apparition. You're a hunter. A boy in a T-shirt with the number twenty-one on the back. Is that your age? Or your desire? A wet apparition. A sweat mark on your back. Did you run here in fear that I might leave and you'll never find me again. Calm down. Breathe deeply.

You are an irresistible natural occurrence which cannot be calmed even by a dream.

Your young honor is all you have. I don't dare say innocence so I say honor as if it's about a prince. Your attention is innocent, although your intentions are mortal. This does not make your courage less valuable. You are just accidentally you. Completely accidentally here. And your desire will be less painful if I say that you're making me happy. You bring hope. I know that. I am sure about it like I've never been sure about anything before. If there was a smallest indication of divine providence, our meeting would turn into a near miss. Somebody would be saved once more. It's too late for near misses now. Another prank for the Father. Something made you put on the polyester top which sparkles like a whore's cloak. You're shining in the darkness like a firefly. I'll never be certain about your desire. If I continue to dance, the desire to be certain will disappear like ice. All that will remain will be scars of near misses.

I am dancing.

I am suggesting we take a step further. To reach a consensus. Like we're part of the same scene. All we need is already here. The garden. The night. The time of duration. We're alone. Miles away from us people are happy, and we are not in any danger. Nobody will mock your desire. There is nobody here but the two of us. Ideal conditions are always just a wish. Be helpful to me. Everything around us is an imagined pastoral. We are so close to each other, as if we have always known each other. We approach one another in amazement. Our game is exaggerated. Driven to extremes. Now we can't stop anymore.

I am approaching.

There is too little time and too many desires. I am threading them into a rosary. I have never known when to stop. I feel that my longing is becoming smaller with every step. I am salivating like a dog when it smells blood. But this pastoral can't stand blood.

I am coming closer to you.

I'd call you by your name, so that everything we have missed would look less tragic. If we are still able to feel the tragic. I don't know your name. Let it stay like that. I can see you shift your weight from one foot to the other. Like a boxer. You can only be the son. You are seducing.

Of the two of us, one is still the bigger coward. I am exposing myself to the risk that it's me. But I won't leave with my head bent down.

This is the meeting place.

The happiest point in the world.
I am approaching.

Hey Johnny, one day they'll make a movie about you.

Jasna Žmak

odgovara,
pita Goran
Ferčec

S vjestan činjenice nedostatka prostora za količinu teksta koju smo imali namjeru urediti u ovom broju Frakcije (koja je uvijek pomalo nelogična s obzirom da sugerira postojanje "nekog" teksta vrijednog objavljivanja koji u svakodnevici i svijetu oko nas nekako uvijek nedostaje?!), a uvjeren da je u samoj prirodi pitanja cikličnost, odnosno da će ti sva moguća pitanja koja ti ja ne postavim sada postaviti netko drugi u vremenu koje dolazi, odlučio sam sva moguća pitanja svesti na jedno: ako demistificiramo pisanje kao takvo i oslobodimo ga intimnih imperativa poput potrebe i želje, tko si onda ti kao (dramska) spisateljica i što je onda (dramsko) pisanje?

Tijekom naših razgovora o ovom broju Frakcije rekao si jednu sjajnu rečenicu. Rekao si da je govoriti o domaćem dramskom pismu isto kao i govoriti o domaćim brodogradilištima. Kad mi ukineš intimno, to je prvo što mi pada napamet: brodogradilište kao metafora sustavnog propadanja. Napuštene hale, financijski problemi, nezadovoljni radnici, nebriga nadređenih struktura, neuspješni pokušaji spašavanja, hrđa, obećanja svjetlije budućnosti i sjećanja na neka bolja vremena... a za brodove nitko ne pita i nije sigurno kada su posljednji put uopće viđeni.

Odatle, uostalom, i ovaj broj Frakcije, više kao *showcase* tih "brodova", *boat show*, jer ipak smo ih vidjeli, oni dakle postoje, ali rijetko se tko vozi njima. Nisam zapravo sigurna koliko daleko ta metafora može ići, i vjerujem da u jednom trenutku počinje pucati... jer, na kraju krajeva, jedno je industrija, a drugo je umjetnost, barem tako volimo misliti... Ali ako ćemo ju svejedno istjerivati do kraja, preostaje mi još u toj metafori pronaći mjesto za sebe. Iako sam iz Pule, sebe ne vidim kao Uljanik, već više kao malu manufakturu na nekom napuštenom otočiću na srednjem ili južnom Mediteranu, gdje se brodovi rade mjesecima, možda čak i godinama, i to više iz gušta nego za druge svrhe. Možda to čak i nije prava manufaktura, već samo jedno malo dijete koje na podu svoje sobe gradi svoje male imaginarne brodove u nekom brodištu za koje nitko ne zna... i tako sam ipak zapala u intimno koje si mi zabranio.

Možda ovdje može pomoći jedna rečenica koja mi sada pada napamet i koju jako volim: pisanjem uspostavljam sebe u odnosu na svijet. Nisam naime sigurna zašto bi pisanje trebalo osloboditi od tih intimnih imperativa, potrebe i želje. Nisam sigurna niti da ti to znaš. Sigurna sam, zapravo, da je to bilo trik pitanje. I ne znam uopće kako se to čini. Ili, radije, što onda ostaje od pisanja, jednom kada iz njega nestane potrebe i želje. Da li je to onda uopće pisanje, ako nema potrebe za njime, ako nema želje? Ili je to onda možda ipak tipkanje, kako ti voliš reći? Jer vjerujem da imperativ koji spominješ ovdje nije negativan, pejorativan, on je nužno ishodište, točka izvorišta: pisanjem u jednom trenutku počinješ uspostavljati svijet u odnosu na sebe. I ti tad postaješ manje bitan.

Padaju mi sada napamet Virginia Woolf i nezavisna plesna scena, zajedno. Njena vlastita soba i njihova zajednička borba, riječ koja ih povezuje međusobno i s nama kao dramskim piscima i kao urednicima ovog broja – prostor, doslovni fizički prostor, ili radije nedostatak istoga. Prostor kao metafora vidljivosti. To je uostalom misao kojom započinješ svoje pitanje. To je, recimo, jedan primjer gdje usporedba s brodovima puca, jer brodovi su veliki, ogromni, u Puli dominiraju vizurom grada, vidiš ih sa svakog brda, a drame...

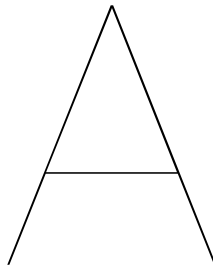
I Woolfca i plesači više su se bavili prostorima za rad, mjestima gdje se proizvodi, brodogradilištima. Kod dramskog pisma problem više nije toliko u sobama (osim, recimo, u veličini naše dramaturške sobice na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti), one postoje, ali je problem u izlaženju iz tih soba. Problem je u vanjskim prostorima. Ja inače mrzim metafore, ali mislim da možda baš tu nastaje greška – tu gdje *pismo* uvijek nekako pretegne nad onim *dramskim* koje ide uz njega. Čak i kod tebe, *dramsko* je u zagradama, *pismo* je izvan njih. Zato više volim sintagmu *pismo (za izvedbu)*. Sad se šalim, ali... Problem je u tome da to *pismo* nastaje daleko od tog *dramskog*, iako navodno nastaje baš zbog njega. Da se vratim onoj metafori – problem nastaje kad ja kažem da sam malo dijete koje gradi imaginarne brodove na podu svoje sobe. To je pisanje koje ostaje na razini potrebe i želje, a to nije dovoljno.

Zanimljivo mi je zato vidjeti dokle je došla plesna scena, a dokle smo došli mi. Pisati, očito, nije dovoljno. Oni su shvatili da plesati sigurno nije. Zato nas nema, zato njih ima.

Jasna Žmak

in conver- sation with Goran Ferčec

Translated from the Croatian
by Marina Miladinov



ware of the fact that we don't have enough space for the amount of text that we intended to include in this issue of Frakcija (which always seems somewhat illogical, since there is always "a text" worth publishing that is somehow missing in our everyday life and surroundings?!), yet convinced that all questions are cyclic by nature – that all questions I might omit now will be asked by someone else in the future – I've

decided to reduce all those possible questions to one: if we demystify writing as such and liberate it from intimate imperatives such as need or desire, who are you then as a (play)writer author and what is (play) writing in that case?

In the course of our conversations about this issue of Frakcija, you said something wonderful. You said that speaking of our local playwriting is like speaking of local shipyards. So that, once you abolish intimacy, the first thing that comes to my mind is shipyard as a metaphor for systematic decay. Abandoned halls, financial problems, dissatisfied workers, irresponsible administration, unsuccessful restoration attempts, rust, promises of a brighter future, and memories of a better past... and no one cares about the ships, who knows if any has even been seen recently.

So after all, this issue of Frakcija is rather like a showcase of these "ships", like a boat show, for we *have* seen them, therefore they exist, but it is only rarely that anyone travels on them. I am not really sure how we can take this metaphor, I believe that it will begin to crack at some point... after all, industry is one thing and art is something completely different, at least we like imagining it that way... but if we develop the metaphor even further, the only thing left is to find a place for myself in it... even though I come from Pula, I don't see myself as a sort of Uljanik⁰¹ Shipyard; instead, I am like a small manufacture on some abandoned island in central or southern Mediterranean, where ships are built for months, perhaps even for years, but out of pleasure rather than anything else... it might not even be a real manufacture; perhaps it is just a small child sitting on the floor in its room and building its small, imaginary ships in a shipyard that nobody knows... and thus I have fallen back into the intimate sphere that you banned.

What might be of help here is another sentence that occurs to me, and that I like very much: by writing, I establish myself in relation to the world. I am not really sure why writing should free me from those imperatives of intimacy, from need and desire. I am not sure whether you know it yourself. In fact, I am quite sure that it was a trick question. And I wouldn't even know how to do that. Or rather, what is it that remains of writing once you've taken away the need and desire? Is it still writing at all if there is no need of it, no desire? Or perhaps it is mere typing, as you like to say? Because I believe that the imperative that you are talking about is not negative or pejorative here; it is a necessary starting point, a point of origin... when writing, at a certain moment you begin to establish the world in relation to yourself. And then you become less important.

What comes to my mind now is Virginia Woolf and Croatian independent dance scene. Together, yes. Her private room and their joint struggle. And the word that connects them, both to each other and to us as playwrights and editors of this issue – space. Quite literally, the physical space or the lack of it. Space as a metaphor of visibility. That was, after all,

01 One of the largest shipyards in Croatia.

the idea with which you started your question. And that might be an example where the comparison with ship cracks, since ships are large, they are huge, in Pula they dominate the view of the city, you can see them from any hill around it... and drama...

Both Woolf and the dancers were more into the working spaces, places where you produce things, like shipyards. In playwriting, the problem is not really the rooms (except for the size of our dramaturgy room at Academy of Dramatic Art, for example), they are there, but the problem is how to come out of them. The problem is in the exteriors. Normally I hate metaphors, but... I think that precisely that might be the point of error – where the *writing* somehow always prevails over the *play* that goes with it. Even with you the *play* remains in parentheses, while the *writing* is outside. That is why I prefer the expression *writing (for performance)*. I am joking now, but still... The problem lies in the fact that the *writing* emerges far from the *play*, even though it is supposed to emerge precisely because of it. Let me turn back to that metaphor – there is a problem if I say that I am a small child building imaginary ships while sitting on the floor of my room. That is the sort of writing that remains on the level of need and desire, and that's not enough, I think.

That is why I find it interesting to see how far the dance scene has come, and how far we have come. Obviously, writing is not enough. They have realized that dancing certainly isn't. That's why they are present and we are not.

Konteksti



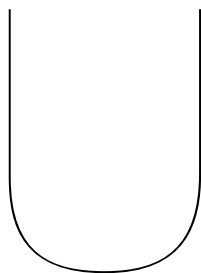


Contexts

O zadatku, kanonskom

Goran Pavlič

I.



pregnantnom eseju, naslova *Što i kako obmotati?* (1990), Bora se Ćosić pozabavio osebujnom problematikom koju bi se, uz mali stilistički kredit, moglo okarakterizirati svojevrsnom fenomenologijom kuverte. Konačna dijagnoza (kao bonus medikalizaciji diskursa,

netom prije autor uspostavlja analogiju kirurgije i otvaranja pisma nožem) glasi: "[kuverta je] papirnata inhibicija, gest frustracije na nivou hartijinom" (22). O frustracijama, rezanjima, znanostima, pisanju, pismima i njihovim kuvertama ima se govoriti, tj. pisati, jednom kad nalog, naslova *Dramsko pismo oo*, pristigne. A nalog je stigao.

I upakiran je kuvertom, s dvostrukim lijepkom: prvi je redak kronološki horizont, drugi je tematski. Baratanje konceptom kuverte, povrhnjoto notorno banalnog prigodničarenja uz uvodne redke, dobiva nešto konkretniji smisao u samom gore navedenom citatu, najmanje dvostrukom specifikacijom. Prvo, dvostruka omeđenost teme izaziva inicijalnu frustraciju u pristupu materiji, i drugo, frustracija se očituje "na nivou hartijinom", tj. u refleksiji o pismu sasvim specifične vrste – dramske.

Kronološki horizont podrazumijeva linearnost (barem u zapadnoeuropskom kulturnom krugu baždarenom kršćanskom eshatologijom), a njome i stanovitu kauzalnost. U tom smislu, odabrani vremenski odvojak, pored tradicionalno magijske fascinacije dekadskom zaokruženošću, poprilično direktno suzuje vizuru. Naime, potrebno je osvrnuti se na period koji slijedi iza devedesetih, a to znači u najmanju ruku odrediti se prema prethodnom razdoblju, uspostaviti poveznice, prepoznati odmake, detektirati stilske, tematske ili formalne tendencije i u konačnici pružiti, po mogućnosti sintetički uvid svih navedenih aspekata koji bi imao biti portret umjetničkog fenomena (u mladosti). Ova stilizacija nije tek referencijska doskočica, već supstancijalna opaska o još jednoj vremenskoj dimenziji odabira. Naime, svi selektirani autori/ce mlađe su generacije, s jedva pokojim već objavljenim tekstom (no ne i tome dosljedno skromnim iskustvom uprizorenja vlastitih tekstova). To pak podrazumijeva da je uglavnom nemoguće računati na postojanje profiliranog individualnog autorskog korpusa koji bi bio prvi referencijalni okvir analize. Budući da su ova dva vremenska aspekta, kao neminovnost nekakve vremenske smještenosti, tj. kontinuiteta i empirijskog nepostojanja materijala koji bi figurirao unutar okvira ikakvog kontinuiteta, u koliziji, baratanje materijalom koji se ipak tu smjestio neminovno generira frustraciju.

Puno veća trvenja izaziva drugi sloj "ljepila" koji kuvertu finalno učvršćuje, a pristup kojemu omogućuje samo nož – kao alat namijenjen upravo tome. Upravo se o primjerenosti alata radi i u pristupu odabranim tekstovima. Ako su *nulte* godine tek samorazumljivi sljednik devedesetih, a ove pak osamdesetih (i tim principom unedogled), i ako se u prethodnim periodima baratalo dramskim pismom te tome shodno i (u najširem smislu) teatrološkim pristupima takvom pismu na nekakav koherentan način, iz te činjenice neminovno proizlazi da je zadatak koji ovdje predstoji naprosto samorazumljiv: treba posegnuti za dramskim pismom, eventualno minucioznije precizirati vremenski odjeljak i prionuti poslu.

II.

Svaki, pa i moguće intencionalno heterodoksan, pristup mora predmetnuti mu materijal zahvatiti donekle u gorenaznačenim granicama. Uvjetno rečeno, pozitivistička rekapitulacija autora, djela, glavnih poetičkih obilježja mora figurirati kao početna instanca analize. Na tom fonu, u Frakcijinom tematu (br. 16/2000), posvećenom dramskom pismu devedesetih, Blažević skrupuloznom iscrpnošću registrira bitna estetička, stilska, strukturna obilježja odabranih tekstova. I kao analitičku matricu artikulira "aparati" od desetak dominantnih kategorija, mahom postmodernističke poetičke provenijencije (intertekstualnost, intermedijalnost, dekonstrukcijska montaža, metanarativne manipulacije prostorom i vremenom, fragmentirana naracija, autoreferencijalnost izraza...).

Instancu temporalne frustracije koja se javlja u pristupu pismu oo moguće je locirati već ovdje. Naime, svi tekstovi koji su ovdje odabrani dijele neke ili čak i većinu obilježja koja su prisutna i u dramskom pismu 90-ih. Znači li to, imajući na umu gore izložene probleme temporalizacije, da se nije dogodio nikakav napredak, ili da je suvišak formalnih ili sadržajnih osobitosti nultih godina zasad zanemariv, iz čega onda proizlazi i obesmišljenost samog temata u zadanim okvirima? Ako tome nije tako, ako, dakle, vremenski slijed

sam po sebi ne jamči autonomiju, u konačnici arbitrarno zaokružene, estetske cjeline, predstoji pokazati na koji se način iz same selekcije *nulte* mogu legitimirati. Drugim riječima, a slijedeći ranije naznačenu interpretativnu zadaću, mora se posegnuti za inherentnim vrijednostima pojedinih djela koja su ih kvalificirala za uvrštenje u ovaj urednički odabir. Time se rakurs, dakako, s historicističkog ili sistematičkog registra "spušta" u davno već zapostavljenu, navodno prevaziđenu koncepciju estetičke autonomije.

Uvodeći u jednu raspravu bitno drugačije naravi Zuppa (2004:9) postulira u ovom kontekstu iznimno relevantno polazište: "(...) teatar na kraju dvadesetog stoljeća 'ostaje nešto' za koje se može reći da mu je kulturni utjecaj jači od umjetničkog ugleda". Ako vremensku specifikaciju uzmemo unekoliko labavije i socijalnu dimenziju ugleda modificiramo u (anakronu?) kategoriju estetske vrijednosti, dobijamo poprilično preciznu dijagnostiku koja u još većoj mjeri vrijedi za kritičku refleksiju o teatru. U sklopu šire, zeitgeistovske inklinacije tumačenja umjetnosti svime dostupnim osim parametrima tog polja (tendencija koju Bloom/1994/ naziva *školom ressentimenta*), temeljna potka pristupa teatru svojevrsni je historicistički kulturalizam, u rasponu od vulgarne inačice historijsko-materijalističke perspektive, preko kognitivizma, do bezbroj identitetarnih partikularizama (rasnih, rodničkih, etničkih, lifestyleskih itd.). Unutar takvih je konceptualnih okvira analitička zadaća jednostavna: treba pronaći odlučnu determinantu, ili niz njih, te iz toga silogističkom pravocrtnošću izvući zaključak o bitnim obilježjima epoha, stilskih razdoblja, poetika, u konačnici i pojedinih djela. Iako je, po mom sudu, takav pristup konstitutivno promašen, u susretu s ovdje odabranim materijalom pokazuje se i potpuno neoperabilnim.

III.

Kako bih takvu konstataciju osnažio povrh iskaza vlastitog sentimenta, posegnut ću za Bloomovom konceptualizacijom kanona, odnosno strukturnom organizacijom književnog polja kao umjetničkog polja. Za razliku od širokog dispozitiva

U sklopu šire, zeitgeistovske inklinacije tumačenja umjetnosti svime dostupnim osim parametrima tog polja, temeljna potka pristupa teatru svojevrsni je historicistički kulturalizam, u rasponu od vulgarne inačice historijsko-materijalističke perspektive, preko kognitivizma, do bezbroj identitetarnih partikularizama.

heteronomnih generatora umjetničke vrijednosti, koje Bloom pejorativno denotira kao škole *ressentimenta*, po njemu, inherentni moment koji neko djelo svrstava u umjetnički kanon njegova je čudnovatost, kao konkretni modus originalnosti koji se ili ne može asimilirati u mainstream, ili nas, kao čitatelje, toliko asimilira, da prestajemo uopće primjećivati toliku začudnost (1994:3). Kolikogod ovakva specifikacija bila analitički labava, ona je bitno imanentistička i omogućuje vrednovanje djela bez relacija s književnosti izvanjskim faktorima.

Posebnu relevantnost takve vizure može se zamijetiti pri suočenju s odabranim tekstovima i to iz najmanje dva razloga. Prvo, budući da je ovu selekciju izvela sistemski-proceduralno ovjerena institucija (uredništvo časopisa koje čine profesionalni dramaturzi i teatrolozi) ishod te selekcije nužno će ubuduće figurirati kao kanonski. Nadalje, ako uzmemo u obzir prije spomenutu diferenciranost produkcije *nultih*, koja se po formalnim i sadržajnim osobitostima većim dijelom podudara s onom devedesetih, prisiljeni smo iznaći onu *differentiu specficu* koja će cijeli projekt ovako specficiranog temata legitimirati povrhu puke činjenice faktografske bilješke o nečemu u nekom omeđenom vremenskom periodu.

U svim odabranim dramama, povrhu navedenih formalnih i supstancijalnih osobitosti baštinjenih iz devedesetih ili pak čitave kulturne povijesti, postojano se javlja specifično oblikotvorno obilježje koje oscilira u pojedinim artikulacijama, ali je zamjetno i u konvencionalnijim narativnim ili formalnim rješenjima, primjerice Šarićinom *Neboderu*, kao i u najradikalnijim tekstovima koji svojom izvedbom dovode u pitanje i samu selektorsku odluku za uvrštenjem ili uvriježenom književno-rodno distingviranje, npr. Ferčecovom *Kruženju*. Ono je prvenstveno metodološke prirode i moglo bi se okvirno označiti kao *metodologija derivacije*. Derivacije stoga što se iskazuje na bazi stanovitog strukturalnog apriorija, poetičkog generatora koji je konstituiran na odmaku. Konkretno, to znači da je prije svih individualnih poetika, mogućih tematskih ili formalnih preferencija u artikulaciji teksta, autorska instanca sukonstituirana esencijalnom nuždom odmaka – od

nacionalne, historijske, književno-rodne, itd. baštine. Drugim riječima, odmak je svojevrsni *arhé*, stvaralačko ishodište odabranih djela. Bloom naglašava kako je temeljno obilježje svih velikih djela (odnosno onih koji svojim inherentnim svojstvima zaslužuju uvrštenje u kanon) anksioznost, i to ne kao odraz socijalnih trvenja u kojima autor ili djelo stasaju, već kao anksioznost zbog hotimično "pogrešnog" iščitavanja tradicije (1994:8). Upravo u odmicanju od tradicije, koje nije tek deklarativno nego konstitutivno, leži inherentna instanca za vrednovanje nekog djela kanonskim. Derivacijska metodologija kojoj prijanaju sve ovdje odabrane autorice i autori očituje se upravo u osvještenom odmicanju od većine krucijalnih tradicionalnih dramaturških "alatki", napose stilistike te kompozicijske i formalne koherencije.

Kod Šarić je riječ o poetiziranju izraza, tj. sintaktičkom podrivanju dijaloške dinamike i formalnim ujednačavanjem didaskalija s iskazima protagonista. Martinić u okvirima poetike "dobre skrojenosti" (fleksibilnije shvaćene) iznenađuje konverzijskim ispadima i trvenjima osobnih idiolekata protagonista. Tandem Tomić i Kovačić invokacijom apsurdističke aktantske tenzije u kombinaciji s prodorima verbalizirane neuroze ikonički obesmišljaju od smisla ionako potpuno lišenu praksu socijalne komunikacije. Sviben motivskim inovacijama (određivanje "činova" frazama uvriježenih računalnih jezika) pridružuje profilaciju likova koji djeluju poput derivacija samih računalnih algoritama. Žulj i Klepica radikalizaciju dekompozicije klasične narativne strukture, kao i gotovo eruditsku intertekstualnost osnažuju i prožimanjem iskaza likova diskursom primjerenijim manifestu, nego tradicionalnoj dramskoj dikciji, što dakako bitno izmješta te restrukturira recepcijski horizont pristupa *dramskom* pismu. Na kraju, Ferčec poseže za najdalekosežnijim odmakom od formalnih, ali i stilskih te kompozicijskih parametara dramskog pisma. Njegov je "monolog za dva izvođača" poetizirana proza autorefleksivnog tipa i figurira kao tekst namijenjen izvedbi koji je toliko otvorene strukture da se jedino posezanjem za aktantskim modelom može legitimirati dramskim.

Kako podsjeća Derrida u svojoj *Arhivskoj groznici* (1995) arhé etimološki podrazumijeva i ishodište i autoritet/moć/zakon. Utoliko arhiv nije tek prostor pohrane, nego i mjesto institucionalne legitimacije onog što se pripusti u arhiv. Pripušteni niz tekstova, jednom ovjekovječen u izdanju proceduralno i statusno ovjerene institucije (časopisa) logikom strukturalne smještenosti u umjetničkom polju fundirat će materijalnu bazu, konkretno referentno mjesto kanona. A dinamikom će se tog polja, sa svim anksioznostima i trvenjima među preostalim pretendentima za kanon, kao i neminovnim utjecajem paraumjetničkih faktora, u nekoj sljedećoj inventuri profilirati kanon u definitivnom, estetičkom obrisu. Tada će i aktualni arhivarski napor zavrijediti historijsku (pr)ovjeru.

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On the Task, Canonical

Goran Pavlič

Translated from the Croatian by Marina Miladinov

I

In his seminal essay on *What Should Be Enveloped and How?* (1990), Bora Ćosić has dealt with a specific issue that might be characterized, with a small stylistic bonus, as a sort of phenomenology of the envelope. The final diagnosis (as a bonus to medicalizing the discourse, since the author first establishes the analogy between surgery and opening a letter with a paper knife) is the following:

"[an envelope is] a paper-like inhibition, a gesture of frustration on the paper's level." (22) There is a lot to be said, i.e. written on frustrations, cuttings, sciences, writing, scripts, and their envelopes, once the commission entitled *Playwriting* oo arrives. And it has arrived.

And it is packed in an envelope, fixed with double glue: the first line is a chronological horizon, the second – a thematic one. Using envelope as a concept, besides the notoriously banal introductory lines appropriate for the purpose, acquires a somewhat more concrete sense in the abovementioned quotation, with at least two layers of specification. Firstly, the double limitation of the subject causes an initial frustration while approaching the matter; secondly, that frustration is manifested "on the paper's level",

that is, in reflecting upon writing of a very specific type – playwriting.

A chronological horizon presupposes linearity (at least in the Western-European sphere, stamped with Christian eschatology) and thereby a sort of causality. In that sense, the chosen segment of time, besides the traditionally magical fascination with the roundedness of the decade, narrows down our viewpoint rather directly. For it is necessary to reflect upon a period of time following the 1990s, which at least means defining oneself with respect to the preceding era, establishing the links, acknowledging the detachments, detecting the stylistic, thematic, or formal tendencies, and eventually offering, if possible, a synthetic overview of all these aspects that would paint a portrait of an artistic phenomenon (as a young one). This stylization is not merely an essay in referential wit, but a substantial remark on yet another temporal dimension of our selection. Namely, all the selected authors belong to a younger generation, with hardly a published text or two (although their experience in staging their own text is far greater than that), which again implies that it is largely impossible to count on the existence of a highly-profiled opus that would serve as the primary referential framework in our analysis. Since these two temporal aspects, as the inevitability of a

temporal anchorage, i.e. the continuity and the empirical absence of some material that would function within the framework of any continuity, are in collision, dealing with the material that is here after all inevitably generates frustration.

A far greater tension is caused by the second layer of “glue” that finally fixes the envelope, so that the only way of approaching the content is by using a letter knife – as a tool that is intended precisely for that purpose. It is the adequacy of the tool that features highly in our approach to the selected texts. If the 2000s naturally follow the 1990s and these the 1980s (and the series can be continued endlessly according to the same principle), and if the preceding periods also dealt with the playwriting and accordingly with various theatrological approaches to that writing (in the widest sense) in some sort of coherent way, then it inevitably follows that the task before us is actually self-understandable: one should reach for playwriting, perhaps define the temporal segment more precisely, and set to work on it.

II

Every approach, even if intentionally heterodox, must grasp the available material within the preset limits, at least to some extent. Conditionally speaking, the positivist recapitulation of authors, works, and principal poetic features must function as the initial instance of analysis. Along these lines, in Frakcija's thematic issue dedicated to playwriting of the 90s (no. 16/2000), Blažević registered the crucial aesthetical, stylistic, and structural features of the selected texts with scrupulous exhaustiveness. And as an analytical matrix, he articulated an “apparatus” consisting of ten dominant categories, most of which originate in postmodernist poeticism (intertextuality, intermediality, deconstructive montage, meta-narrative manipulation with space and time, fragmented narration, self-referential expression, etc.).

The instance of temporal frustration that appears in the approach to *playwriting oo* can be located there already.

Namely, all the texts selected here share some or even most of the features with the playwriting of the 90s. Does that mean, taking into account the abovementioned problems of temporalization, that there was no progress whatsoever, or that the surplus of formal and thematic specificities of the 2000s has so far remained negligible, which would imply the senselessness of the very issue in the given framework? And if not so, that is, if the temporal sequence does not in itself ensure the autonomy of an arbitrarily rounded aesthetic entity, then one should demonstrate how the 2000s can be legitimized on the basis of the selection as such. In other words, and following the interpretational task that we have outlined earlier on, one should reach for the inherent values of particular pieces that qualified them for the inclusion in this editorial selection. To be sure, the angle will thus be “lowered” from the historicist or systematic register to the long-forgotten and allegedly outdated concept of aesthetic autonomy.

In his introduction to a debate that was essentially different in nature, Zuppa (2004:9) postulated a starting point that is exceptionally relevant for this context: “(...) at the end of the twentieth century, theatre ‘remains *something*’ for which one might say that its cultural impact is stronger than its artistic reputation.” If we take temporal specification somewhat more loosely and modify the social dimension of reputation into an (anachronous?) category of aesthetic value, we will obtain a rather precise diagnosis that is even more valid for the critical thinking on theatre. Within a broader, *Zeitgeist*-like inclination of interpreting art through anything that is available except for the parameters of the field (a tendency that Bloom /1994/ termed School of Resentment), the basic line in approaching theatre is a sort of historicist culturalism, ranging from a vulgar variant of the perspective of historical materialism through cognitivism to a myriad of identity-related particularisms (of race, gender, ethnicity, lifestyle, etc.). Within such conceptual framework, the analytical task is simple: one should find the crucial determinant, or several of them, and use straightforward syllogism to draw a conclusion on the main features of

Within a broader, *Zeitgeist*-like inclination of interpreting art through anything that is available except for the parameters of the field, the basic line in approaching theatre is a sort of historicist culturalism, ranging from a vulgar variant of the perspective of historical materialism through cognitivism to a myriad of identity-related particularisms.

epochs, stylistic periods, poetics, and eventually individual artworks. Even though, according to my opinion, this sort of approach is constitutively mistaken in itself, with regard to the material that has been selected here it also proves to be completely non-functional.

III

Wishing to strengthen this claim beyond the statement of my own sentiment, I will use Bloom's conceptualization of the canon, or rather the structural organization of the literary field as a field of art. Contrary to the broad dispositive of heteronomous generators of artistic value, which Bloom pejoratively calls *Schools of Resentment*, the inherent moment that includes an artwork into the artistic canon is, according to him, its strangeness as a concrete mode of originality that either cannot be assimilated into the mainstream, or that so assimilates us as its readers that we cease to see it as strange (1994:3). However vague this specification may be, it is essentially immanentist and enables us to value artworks without any relation to factors that are external to literature.

The special relevance of this viewpoint can be seen if we test it against the selected texts, and for at least two reasons. Firstly, since the selection has been made by a systemically and procedurally reliable institution (the editorial board of a journal, consisting of professional dramaturges and teatrologists), the result of the selection will necessarily function as a canon for the future. Moreover, if we take into account the abovementioned differentiation of the production of the 2000s, which largely coincides with that of the 1990s as to its form and content, we are compelled to find that *differentia specifica* that will legitimize the entire project of the thematic issue thus specified, something more than a mere factographic note on a particular phenomenon in a particular period of time.

In all the selected plays, apart from the mentioned formal and substantial specificities inherited from the 90s or

even the entire cultural history, there is an occasionally emerging formative feature that oscillates in particular articulations, but is also manifest in some of the more conventional narrative or formal solutions, such as Šarić's *Skyscraper*, as well as the most radical texts, whose performance questions the very decision of the selectors to include them here, or the conventional distinctions between literary genres, such as Ferčec's *Cruising*. It is primarily methodological in nature and might tentatively be defined as the *derivational methodology*. Derivational because it is articulated on the basis of a sort of structural apriority, a poetic generator constituted at a distance. More specifically, it means that before all individual poeticisms, possible thematic or formal preferences in textual articulation, the authorial instance has been co-constituted through the essential need of detachment – from the national and historical legacy, literary genres, etc. In other words, the detachment is a sort of *arché*, a creative source of the selected pieces. Bloom has emphasized that the basic characteristic of all masterpieces (especially those that deserve to be included in the canon for their inherent features) is anxiety, not as a reflection of social tensions in which the author or his work have matured, but because of the voluntary "wrong" reading of the tradition (1994:8). It is precisely in detaching oneself from that tradition, which is not merely declarative, but truly constitutive, that one can find an inherent instance for evaluating a particular work as canonical. The derivational methodology that all the selected authors adhere to is manifested precisely in their conscious detachment from most of the crucial "tools" of traditional dramaturgy, especially those that belong to stylistics and compositional or formal coherence.

Thus, with Šarić it is the poeticization of expression, i.e. the syntactical undermining the dynamism of dialogue and the formal coordination of stage directions and the characters' lines. Martinić tends to surprise us with conversational excesses and tensions between the personal idiolects of his protagonists, set within the framework of a "well-tailored" poeticism (taken rather flexibly). The tandem

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of Tomić and Kovačić invokes an absurdist actantial tension, combined with outbreaks of verbalized neurosis, with which they iconically deprive of all sense the already senseless practice of social communication. Sviben complements her innovations in motifs (defining the “acts” by means of phrases current in computer languages) with the definition of characters that act as the derivations of computer algorithms. Žulj and Klepica radicalize their decomposition of the classical narrative structure, as well as the almost erudite intertextuality, by suffusing the utterances of their characters with a discourse that would be more suitable for a manifesto than for traditional dramatic diction, which – naturally – crucially dislocates and restructures the receptive horizon of the approach to playwriting. And finally, Ferčec resorts to an extreme detachment from the formal, as well as stylistic and compositional parameters of playwriting. His “monologue for two performers” is a poeticized prose of self-reflexive type and functions as a text intended for performance with such an open structure that it is only by reaching for the actantial model that he can legitimize it as dramatic.



As Derrida has emphasized in his *Archive Fever* (1995), *arché* etymologically implies both the source and the authority/power/law. Insofar the archive is not only a space for depositing things, but also a site of institutional legitimization of what is allowed to enter it. The collection of texts that has been allowed to enter here, once eternalized in a publication of an institution (a journal) that is well-established in terms of procedure and status, is bound to create the material basis and concrete referential place for a canon by the very logic of being structurally situated within the field of art. And the dynamics of that field, with all its anxieties and tensions among the rest of the candidates for the canon, as well as the indispensable influence of para-artistic factors, will make that canon more profiled in some future inventory, whereby it will acquire its definite aesthetic outlines. That will be the moment when the current archival effort will merit its affirmation (or reformation) by the history.

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Otpor ana-/dija-/kroniji

Petar Sarjanović

P

isati osvrt na neobjavljene dramske tekstove "najnovije" generacije mladih hrvatskih dramatičara, koju *glavna* struja hrvatske kazališne produkcije još nije u potpunosti vrbovala u svoje redove, a *srednja* struja naše teatrologije i ine akademske kritike još nije ukalupila u navodno bezvremenske i univerzalno

važne kategorije kojima operira, radnja je koja u kritičara izaziva ambivalentne osjećaje. S jedne strane, izdavanje novog broja Frakcije, koja među prvima prezentira neotkrivene i egzotične teritorije koje će hrvatski kazališni teoretičari i praktičari svesrdno pokušati prisvojiti kako bi "mladim mesom" osvježili svoje istrošene sisteme i poetike, nesumnjivo poziva ove dvadeset- i tridesetogodišnje dramatičare na preduhitreno i nepromišljeno likovanje. Prisjetimo li se samo odjekā koje je u našoj teatrološkoj zajednici polučilo tiskanje zbornika *Mlada hrvatska drama* pod uredničkom palicom tadašnjeg ravnatelja &TD-a Mire Gavrana, odnosno velike količine rasprava, članaka i analiza održanih na temu hrvatske drame devedesetih na manifestacijama poput *Krležinih dana* u Osijeku ili *Marulićevih dana*, mogli bismo zaključiti kako bilo kakav pokušaj objavljivanja antologije, zbornika ili sabranih djela suvremene

hrvatske drame na našoj malešnoj i od međunarodnih utjecaja ograđenoj kazališnoj sceni zadobiva određenu simboličku vrijednost čije reperkusije dramatičari osjećaju i dekadama poslije.

S druge strane, kvantiteta te iste "teorijske" recepcije koja je pokušavala prokrčiti ne baš prozračne putove hrvatskog dramskog pisma devedesetih, ne može se podičiti raznolikošću ili, ne daj bože, osobnošću metodoloških pristupa, te, sukladno tomu, niti relevantnošću iznesenih zaključaka o tom korpusu tekstova. Ponukani rezultatima znanstveno intonirane povijesti književnosti (ili književne povijesti?) koja je zapisane tekstove europskog kulturnog kruga pokušala razvrstati u deset epoha i nešto više razdoblja i pravaca, naši su si teatrolozi u zadatak uzeli dijakronijski model pristupa umjetničkom djelu primijeniti na recentnu dramsku produkciju, ne obazirući se pritom na nedostatak vremenskog odmaka koji je potreban kako bi se provizorne granice između različitih razdoblja hrvatskog dramskog pisma uopće mogle uspostaviti. Selektirati autore bliskih datuma rođenja čija djela pokazuju slabašne motivske, tematske ili žanrovske sličnosti; svesti raznolikosti među pojedinim autorima i djelima na zanemarivu razinu; postulirati "novo osjećanje svijeta" koje dijele autori i recipijenti njihovih djela; omeđiti granice novoosmišljenog i

Iako pamtljivog razdoblja arbitrarno odabranim događajima čiji datumi navodno označuju prekretnice unutar umjetničke ili društvene povijesti – samo su neki od imperativa historističke “šprance” kojom se teatrološke rasprave koriste s ciljem primirivanja i preodgajanja čudljivosti recentne produkcije dramskog teksta. Analitički um očito ne podnosi heterogenost suvremenog dramskog pisma.

Dramsko pismo na kraju dvadesetog stoljeća rijetko je dobivalo kvalitetnu i dosljednu interpretaciju, kako u obliku teatrološke rasprave, tako i u obliku scenske izvedbe. No, ovi me nikako ne želimo sugerirati kako su drame Ivana Vidića, Asje Srnc Todorović, Filipa Šovagovića, Ivane Sajko, Tomislava Zajeca, Tene Štivičić ili Dubravka Mihanovića (spomenemo li selektivno samo one autore koji su svoje prve tekstove počeli objavljivati u tim nesretnim devedesetima) neprocjenjivo blago hrvatske dramske produkcije dvadesetog stoljeća koje hrvatski teatrolozi i redatelji poradi vlastite neukosti nisu bili u stanju prepoznati, odnosno tekstovi bez mana čiji bi ulazak na domaću i međunarodnu pozornicu rezultirao promjenom paradigme koja potihom i neprimjetno upravlja kazališnim svijetom. Baš naprotiv, drame navedenih autora poprilično su udaljene jedne od drugih, ne samo na vrijednosnoj ljestvici “dobro-loše” koju većina recipijenata nesvjesno gradi prilikom susreta s bilo kojim umjetničkim djelom, nego i po sadržaju i formalnim postupcima upotrijebljenima u svrhu oblikovanja konzistentnog dramskog univerzuma. Recentnu hrvatsku dramatiku tvore i Šovagovićeve *luzeri* uhvaćeni u žrtvanj besmislenih dijaloga koji na momente uspiju zaustaviti monološkim iskazivanjem vlastitih misli i osjećaja; i Sajkićini prodorni dramski svjetovi u kojima se klasična motivika isprepliće s gorućim pitanjima sadašnjice; i Štivičićina banalizacija međuljudskih odnosa, od poznaničkih, prijateljskih do ljubavničkih, iskazana nestandardnim jezikom temeljenim na lokalizmima, žargonizmima i slengu; i Vidićevi pokušaji izrugivanja iskvaenom društvenom sistemu hiperbolizacijom simptomatskih mjesta svakodnevice; i Mihanovićev povratak dramskim postupcima koji naizgled kloniraju uobičajene situacije takozvanog “malog” čovjeka i reproduciraju ih unutar dramskog okvira.

Mogućnosti analize i interpretacije dramskog teksta, njegovog statusa unutar kazališnog, te njegovog odnosa s društvenim sistemom na početku trećeg tisućljeća su mnogostruke, pogotovo nakon procvata Teorije u drugoj polovici dvadesetog stoljeća, koja je primjenom novih perspektiva na (ne samo) umjetničke fenomene dodatno učinila složenom objašnjenje njihovog mjesta i svrhe unutar suvremenog društva, a samim time i potencirala broj pristupa umjetničkom djelu. Rekavši u pretprošlom odlomku kako suvremeno dramsko pismo nije primilo adekvatnu povratnu informaciju od teatrološke zajednice, autor ovih redaka bi želio istaknuti kako institucionalna interpretacija dramskog pisma navedenih dramatičara zahtijeva analitički aparat malo profinjenijeg tipa od puke dijakronijske klasifikacije, što je metoda koja trenutačno vlada hrvatskom teatrologijom.

Pripadaju li navedeni dramatičari pravcu / razdoblju / stilskoj formaciji / epohi koja je otpočela 1941. ili 1968. ili 1971. ili tijekom sedamdesetih ili krajem osamdesetih ili 1.1.1990. ili 1991. ili 1992. (osnivanje NDH / studentske pobune diljem Europe / premijera Brešanove *Predstave Hamleta u selu Mrduša Donja* / pojava postmodernističkih postupaka u književnosti naših područja / pad Berlinskog zida i svrgavanje Causescuove diktature / prvi dan devedesetih (sic!) / početak rata, objavljivanje zbornika *Mlade hrvatske drame* i osnivanje Marulićevih dana / premijera Gundulićevog *Osmana* u zagrebačkom HNK-u)?; završava li to još neimenovano razdoblje 1995. ili 30.12.1999. ili 31.12.1999. (prekid rata na našim prostorima / premijera Gundulićeve *Dubravke* u zagrebačkom HNK-u / zadnji dan devedesetih (sic!))?; jesu li navedeni dramatičari četvrti, peti ili trinaesti naraštaj poslijeratnih dramatičara?; hoćemo li ih imenovati suvremenom, mladom, novom ili postmodernističkom dramom, dramom devedesetih, novim valom ili “onima koji nastaju”? – samo su neka od pitanja koja se mogu prepoznati u potki tekstova Boke, Lederer, Nikčević, Rafolta, Vrgoč i mnogih drugih hrvatskih teatrologa i kritičara. Ona ne samo da precizno ocrtavaju stanje u suvremenoj hrvatskoj teatrologiji u kojoj dijakronijski pristup sa svojim ciljem – uredno posloženim ladicama – još uvijek zauzima povlašteno

Dramsko pismo na kraju dvadesetog stoljeća rijetko je dobivalo kvalitetnu i dosljednu interpretaciju, kako u obliku teatrološke rasprave, tako i u obliku scenske izvedbe.

mjesto u analizi dramskoga teksta, nego istovremeno i navode na zaključak kako toliko željena preciznost i terminološka čistoća kojoj teatrolozi smjeraju, skamenjuje i jednoznačno definira recentnu hrvatsku dramatiku. Neumorno ponavljajući iste sintagme i neprestano producirajući jednoličan i zamoran tip diskursa, teatrolozi i kritičari osakaćuju suvremeno dramsko pismo, budući da ga tim postupcima lišavaju novih interpretacija i niveliraju njegovu heterogenost supsumirajući ju brzopleto pod okrilje epohe postmoderne.

Iako "intencija" urednika i suradnika ovog broja Frakcije eksplicitno raskida s bilo kakvom primisli o prezentaciji "još mlađe" generacije dramskih autora (Goran Ferčec, Vedrana Klepica, dvojac Jelena Kovačić & Anica Tomić, Ivor Martinić, Maja Sviben, Lana Šarić, Rona Žulj) kao novog pokreta ili pravca u hrvatskoj dramskoj produkciji, kratki spojevi koji su se dogodili između autora koji su svoje prve dramske tekstove objavili u devedesetima s jedne strane i teatrologa i redatelja s druge, prijete kao potencijalna opasnost koja bi opetovano mogla iskrsnuti prilikom skorašnjeg susreta ovih dramatičara neobjavljenih dramskih tekstova s institucionalno poduprtom umjetničkom teorijom i praksom. Autora ovog oglada naprosto plaši činjenica da bi se spomenutih osam dramatičara za nekoliko godina na, primjerice, Krležinim danima u Osijeku, mogli definirati u terminima veslačkog osmerca kojemu kormilar *Zeitgeist* propisuje ritam, te početak i kraj natjecanja ovisno o fizičkoj spremi članova tima. Imajući na umu način na koji je kotač povijesti (književnosti) smrvio heterogenost dramskog pisma devedesetih, mogli bismo predvidjeti, a time donekle i obustaviti, situaciju u kojoj teatrolozi dramsko pismo 'oo – provizorna oznaka za skup dramskih tekstova koji se fragmentarno objavljuju u ovom broju – pokušavaju strpati u isti koš s prethodnom generacijom devedesetih tako da im se oboma pripiše slično (postmoderni) "osjećanje svijeta", slični postupci kojima se koriste ili slične društvene i kazališne prilike; ili u potpunosti oprečnu situaciju u kojoj teatrolozi zamišljaju revolucionarni događaj koji je navodno protresao i promijenio tektoniku kazališnog i umjetničkog univerzuma,

koji je uzrokovao krunidbu novog razdoblja ili epohe koja trenutačno vlada umjetničkim prostranstvima, te koji je kumovao različitoj motivici, tematici, žanrovskom sistemu i postupcima dramskih tekstova generacije 'oo u odnosu na prethodnu generaciju devedesetih.

Dakle, nikako nije na odmet napomenuti kako dramatičari/ke objavljeni u ovom časopisu ne posjeduju čak niti odlike generacijske povezanosti, budući da je dobna razlika između najmlađe i najstarije autorice veća od deset godina, dok odsjek dramaturgije na zagrebačkoj Akademiji dramske umjetnosti na kojem su svi autori bili studenti ili još uvijek jesu, opstoji kao jedina nit poveznica među njima, s iznimkom redateljice Anice Tomić koja djeluje u tandemu s dramaturginjom Jelenom Kovačić. Dakle, izraz "generacija" koji se nerijetko koristio u ovom članku, treba uzeti *cum grano salis*, ne kao kategoriju koja strogo i precizno postavlja granice između "starih" i "novih", onih koji su objavljivali u devedesetima i onih koji su objavljivali u dvijetisućitima, već kao pomoćni termin koji se pokušava osloboditi krute stege klasifikacijskog mišljenja, te koji nam olakšava komunikaciju i pomaže pri argumentaciji.

Nadalje, dramsko pismo 'oo također se odlikuje šarolikošću koja prožima kako izbor teme, zatim prostorno-vremensku dimenziju tekstualnog univerzuma, tako i oblikotvorne postupke koji ih uokviruju. Krenimo redom: tekstovi *Drama o Mirjani i ovima oko nje* i *Moj sin samo malo sporije hoda* Ivora Martinića prožeti su suptilnim i nenapadnim apsurdom koji proviruje iz sintaktički iščašenih replika i na momente jezivih dijaloga obitelji jalovih odnosa. "Drama" *Jedna ili dvije elegije* Rone Žulj opire se nepromišljenoj klasifikaciji budući da autorica lucidno koristi žanrovski obrazac elegije koji presijeca tekstovima različite provenijencije, od književnih tekstova svih rodova (lirika, epika, dramatika), do formi pisanog izričaja bez umjetničkih pretenzija (pismo, teorijska rasprava), što proizvodi dojam fragmentiranosti koji je u skladu s halucinacijama i snoviđenjima glavnog lika komada, umirućeg pisca Klause. Zatim, *Imitatori glasova* i *Oprostite, mogu li vam ispričati...?*, Jelene Kovačić i Anice Tomić, dva teksta koja su nastajala

paralelno s procesom pokusa za istoimene predstave u Teatru &TD-u i ZKM-u, svoju preokupaciju pronalaze u mimezi ratne traume, potrazi za svrhom kazališta u društvu koje je nedavno svjedočilo ratnom krvoproliću, te naizgled banalnom pričanju priča koje može pripomoći kao katalizator u katarzi potisnutih i neželjenih psihičkih sadržaja. Klepičino J.A.T.O. nagruvanom rečeničnom sintaksom, upečatljivim vokabularom, te idiosinkratičnim i pomalo baroknim diskursom prati priču o terorističkom napadu iz nekoliko različitih perspektiva, u kojoj solilokvij postaje temeljnim načinom obraćanja likova, te je jedan od rijetkih primjera suvremenog dramskog pisma koje u svojoj strukturi sadržava korsku formaciju gotovo u potpunosti zamrlu s nestankom antičkog svijeta. *Točka izvorišta* Maje Sviben, (polu-) autobiografska je drama-u-drami (polu-)izmišljene autorice Dinke, čiji interes zaokuplja nemogućnost ljubavnih odnosa mlađe generacije na prijelazu stoljeća promatrana kroz prizmu *speed date*-a, suvremenog oblika čvenka koji prezaposlenim mladim ljudima omogućava pronalazak savršenog partnera/-ice u kratkom vremenskom roku. Ferćecovo *Pismo Heineru M.*, budući da je zamišljeno u obliku sugestija pisanih u drugom licu jednine potencijalnom diverzantu koji bi na berlinskom aerodromu Tegel trebao pročitati pismo upućeno Heineru Mülleru, samo koketira s izvedbenom formom, što ga čini izrazito osvježavajućim hibridnim dramskim tekstom koji ne samo da se poziva na prošireno shvaćanje koncepta izvedbe, nego se i poigrava s mogućnošću njegova uprizorenja postavljajući recipijenta u ulogu dramskog protagonista.

Dakle, teme poput rata i traume, ljubavi i međuljudskih odnosa, umjetničkih diverzija i Heinera M., obiteljskih odnosa i terorističkih napada uobličene pomoću elegije i teorijske rasprave, pisma i sugestije, solilokvija i korskih pjesama, scene-u-sceni i dnevničkih bilješki ili "običnih" dijaloga i monologa, svjedoče vlastitim primjerom o heterogenosti dramskog pisma 'oo, koja se ne može brzopleto objasniti nabranjem naštrebanih značajki umjetnosti postmodernizma poput intertekstualnosti, citatnosti, *patchwork*-a, stapanja elitnog i trivijalnog ili preklapanja

fikcije i faksije. Mnogoličje dramske produkcije već smo jednom prepoznali, i to u slučaju "starije generacije" devedesetih, no, napomenimo još jednom pred sam kraj, ono ne označava poetički imperativ razdoblja, budući da je takav način mišljenja svojstven dijakronijskoj klasifikaciji koja će se još nekoliko desetaka godina morati strpiti u posezanju za dramskom produkcijom na prijelazu tisućljeća s ciljem zadovoljenja neutažive želje za čistim računima i uredno posloženim policama.

Jednako kao što većinu dramskih autora koje se nakaradno stišće pod kišobran "devedesetih" ne smatram vrhuncima hrvatske dramske produkcije, među onima koji su tema ovog broja, te čija je godina rođenja bliska mojoj, postoje imena koja cijenim više i ona koja cijenim manje, iz niza razloga koja nisu predmet ovog oglada. No, kolikogod se u proteklih nekoliko kartica trudio suzbiti okrutne reperkusije termina "generacija", kolikogod pokušavao dramske autore "oo" ne poimati odsječenima u odnosu na svoje prethodnike, te kolikogod ne osjećao naklonost prema dramskom pismu 'oo u cijelosti, moram priznati kako su mi djela "nepoznate mlađarije", dopustite mi izraz, *draža* od drama njihovih predšasnika, a sjećanja na proces njihova čitanja puno ugodnija od sjećanja na trenutke koje sam proveo uz drame "stare garde". Možda se ta nijansa koja presuđuje u korist spomenute osmorke nalazi u činjenici da autori predstavljeni u ovom broju u svojim tekstovima ostavljaju više prostora razvitku potencijalne izvedbe, kako one koju zamišljamo tijekom čitanja, tako i one koja se formira na konkretnoj kazališnoj pozornici. Kolikogod su nam mladi dramatičari u svojim dramama ponudili pomno ugođen univerzum građen na zakonitostima koje su dosljedno provedene, čitatelj/ica je ipak pušten slobodno provrludati ostatkom njihovih perivoja, šumom i dr(u/a)mom, te maštati kako bi ga on/a volio/la urediti da bi se u njemu osjećao/la ugodnije. Ovi dramatičari ne posjeduju detaljno skiciran plan inscenacije vlastitih tekstova niti se prepotentno zamišljaju u gledalištu za vrijeme procesa pokusa svojih drama kako bi priglupе kazališne djelatnike podučili "što je to autor zapravo htio reći", jer se iz njihovih tekstova ne može iščitati okamenjena i

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jednom za svagda isplanirana vizija njihove moguće scenske varijante. Možda su mi mladi dramatičari bliži budući da ovih nekoliko objavljenih drama ne sadrže savršeno organiziran i podmazan teatarski mehanizam, već samo zametak budućeg teatra, koji nama čitateljima dopušta da tijekom čitanja malo slobodnije imaginiramo. Da bez straha interpretiramo.

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Resisting Ana-/ dia-/ chronism

Petar Sarjanović

Translated from the Croatian by Marina Miladinov

Writing a review on unpublished texts by the “youngest” generation of Croatian playwrights, which the *mainstream* of theatre production has not yet entirely enlisted into its ranks – while the *midstream* of our theatre studies and other streams of academic criticism has not yet moulded it into the allegedly timeless and universally valid categories that it operates with – necessarily causes somewhat ambivalent feelings in an theatre critic. On the one hand, publishing a new issue of *Frakcija*, which has been the first to discover the unseen and exotic territories that the Croatian theatre theoreticians and practitioners are trying to appropriate by all means in order to refresh their worn out systems and poeticisms with “fresh blood”, undoubtedly invites these twenty- and thirty-year old playwrights to rejoice somewhat hastily and recklessly. If we only think of the echo that the publication of the collection of *Young Croatian Drama*, edited by the then manager of Theatre &TD, Miro Gavran, caused in our theatrological circles, which manifested itself in a huge amount of debates, articles, and analyses on the subject of the Croatian drama of the 1990s at

events such as *Krleža's Days* in Osijek or *Marulić's Days*, we might conclude that any attempt at publishing an anthology, a miscellany, or a collection of contemporary Croatian plays will acquire a particular symbolic value for our tiny theatre scene, largely isolated from international influences, the repercussions of which the featured playwrights will feel for decades to come.

On the other hand, the “theoretical” reception which tried to fight its way through the not too airy paths of the Croatian playwriting of the 1990s could not boast of much variety or – God forbid – individuality of methodological approaches, which resulted in the scant relevance of its conclusions concerning the selected body of texts. Motivated by the results of an authoritatively sounding history of literature (or literary history?) that tried to classify the written texts of the European cultural circle into ten epochs and some more periods and currents, our theatrologists decided to adopt a diachronic approach to artworks and to apply it to the recent dramatic production, neglecting thereby the lack of temporal detachment that is needed to establish any, even tentative borders between various periods of Croatian playwriting. Thus, they selected authors that were born approximately in the same years, whose work revealed some minor similarities in motif, subject, or genre;

they reduced the differences between particular authors or works to a negligible level; they postulated a “new sense of the world” shared by the authors and the recipients of their works alike; and delimited that newly invented and easily acceptable period with the help of arbitrarily selected events, the dates of which were supposed to mark the turning points within their common artistic or social history – and these are only some of the imperatives of this historicist “pattern” that the debates in theatre studies have been using with the aim of attenuating and educating the capriciousness of recent dramatic production. An analytical mind obviously cannot stand any heterogeneity in the contemporary playwriting.

At the end of the twentieth century, playwriting rarely enjoyed good and consistent interpretation, be it in the form of teatrological debate or in that of performance on stage. However, that should by no means imply that plays written by Ivan Vidić, Asja Srnec Todorović, Filip Šovagović, Ivana Sajko, Tomislav Zajec, Tena Štivičić, or Dubravko Mihanović (if we selectively mention only those authors who published their first texts in those unfortunate 90s) are an immeasurable treasure of 20th-century Croatian dramatic production, which the Croatian teatrologists and theatre directors are unable to acknowledge because of their ignorance, or that they are flawless and that their entry onto the local and international scene will result in a change of paradigm that now quietly and imperceptibly rules the world of theatre. Quite to the contrary: plays written by the abovementioned authors are considerably different from each other, not only in terms of being good or bad, a value scale that most recipients will unconsciously establish when facing an artwork, but also in their subjects and the formal procedures they use in forming a consistent dramatic universe. Recent Croatian drama includes Šovagović’s losers caught into the buzz-saw of senseless dialogues, who occasionally manage to halt it by expressing their thoughts and feelings in monologues, and Sajko’s trenchant dramatic worlds in which classical motifs are intertwined with the burning issues of today; Štivičić’s banalization of human relations – between acquaintances, friends, or lovers –

expressed in a non-standard language based on localisms, jargons, and slang; and Vidić’s attempts at mocking the corrupted social system by means of hyperbolizing the symptomatic points of everyday life; as well as Mihanović’s return to dramatic procedures that seemingly clone the everyday situations of the so-called “common” man, reproducing them within a dramatic framework.

The possibilities of analyzing and interpreting the dramatic text, its status within theatre, and its relation to the social system at the beginning of the third millennium are manifold, especially after the boom of Theory in the second half of the twentieth century, which applied new perspectives (not only) to artistic phenomena and made the explication of their place and purpose within the contemporary society even more complex, thus multiplying the possible approaches to an artwork. It has already been mentioned that contemporary playwriting has not received adequate feedback from the teatrological community, and now we would like to underline that the institutional interpretation of the playwriting of the aforementioned authors would require a more subtle analytical apparatus than mere diachronic classification, which is the currently prevailing method in Croatian theatre studies.

Do these playwrights belong to the current / period / stylistic formation / epoch that began in 1941 or 1968 or 1971, or during the 1970s or the late 1980s, or on January 1, 1990, 1991, or 1992 (the foundation of NDH / student revolts throughout Europe / premiere of Brešan’s *Performance of Hamlet in the Village of Mrduša Donja* / the emergence of postmodernist procedures in the literatures of the region / fall of the Berlin wall and of Ceausescu’s dictatorship / the first day of the 1990s (*sic!*) / the outbreak of war, publication of the collection of *Young Croatian Drama* and the establishment of *Marulić’s Days* / the premiere of Gundulić’s *Osman* at the Croatian National Theatre Zagreb)? Does that yet unnamed period end in 1995 or on December 30, 1999 or December 31, 1999 (the end of war in Croatia / the premiere of Gundulić’s *Dubravka* at the Croatian National Theatre Zagreb / the last day of the 1990s (*sic!*))? Do the

abovementioned playwrights belong to the fourth, fifth, or thirteenth generation of post-war dramatists? Shall we consider them within the contemporary, young, new, or postmodernist drama, drama of the 1990s, the new wave, or “the emerging ones”? – These are only some of the questions that form the basis of reviews by Boka, Lederer, Nikčević, Rafolta, Vrgoč, and many other Croatian teatrologists and theatre critics. They not only outline rather accurately the current situation in the Croatian theatre studies, in which the diachronic approach – with its aim of retaining neatly labelled shelves – still occupies a prominent place in the analysis of dramatic texts, but also lead to the conclusion that the precision and terminological purity that the teatrologists so much desire and aim at, petrifies the recent Croatian drama and renders it too uniform. By tirelessly repeating the same phrases and incessantly reproducing an unvarying and weary type of discourse, teatrologists and theatre critics actually maim the contemporary playwriting, depriving it of new interpretations and levelling its heterogeneity by subsuming it hastily under the label of postmodernism.

Even though the “intention” of the editors of this issue of *Frakcija* and their collaborators explicitly rejects the idea of presenting an “even younger” generation of playwrights (such as Goran Ferčec, Vedrana Klepica, the duo of Jelena Kovačić & Anica Tomić, Ivor Martinić, Maja Sviben, Lana Šarić, and Rona Žulj) as a new movement or current in Croatian dramatic production, short circuits that have been occurring between those authors who published their first texts in the 1990s on the one side, and teatrologists or theatre directors on the other, remain as a potential danger that might resurge with the future encounter of these authors of unpublished plays and the institutionally sustained art theory and practice. The author of this review is simply concerned about the fact that these eight playwrights might in a few years – for example, at *Krleža's Days* in Osijek – be defined like some rowers' M8+ whose rhythm, as well as the beginning and the end of the contest, is defined by the *Zeitgeist* as their stern pair, depending on the physical

condition of the crew. Keeping in mind the way in which the wheel of history (of literature) has crushed the heterogeneity of playwriting of the 1990s, we might foresee, and perhaps even prevent, a situation in which the teatrologists might try to force playwriting of the 2000s – as a tentative label for the cluster of dramatic texts that are fragmentarily published in this issue – onto the same shelf with the preceding generation of the 90s by ascribing a similar (postmodern) “sense of the world,” similar procedures, or similar social and theatrical circumstances to both groups; or we may imagine a completely opposite situation, in which the teatrologists would imply a revolutionary event that has supposedly shaken and changed the tectonics of the theatrical and artistic universe, leading to the inauguration of a new period or epoch that currently rules the sphere of art, an event that has brought about a different set of motifs, subjects, system of genres, and procedures into the dramatic texts of Generation '00 with respect to the preceding generation of the 90s.

Therefore, it is by no means obsolete to remind the reader that the playwrights published in this journal do not even show any features of generational unity, since the age difference between the youngest and the oldest among them is more than ten years. The only link between them remains the Dramaturgy Department at the Academy of Dramatic Art Zagreb, since they have all been among its students, with the exception of theatre director Anica Tomić, who is in permanent collaboration with dramaturge Jelena Kovačić. Therefore, although the term “generation” is rather often used in this article, it should be taken *cum grano salis*, rather than a category that sets strict and precise borderlines between the “old” and the “new”, between those who published in the 1990s and those who have started publishing in the 2000s. Instead, it is an auxiliary term that is used in order to liberate us from the firm grip of classificatory thinking and facilitate our communication and argumentation.

It should also be noted that playwriting of the 2000s is very colourful as to the choice of subjects, the temporal and spatial dimensions of its textual universe, and the formative

At the end of the twentieth century, playwriting rarely enjoyed good and consistent interpretation, be it in the form of teatrological debate or in that of performance on stage.

procedures that constitute its framework. Let us start from the beginning: *The Drama about Mirjana and Those around Her; My Son Walks Just a Bit Slower* by Ivor Martinić are suffused with subtle and unaggressive absurdity that lurks from his syntactically dislocated sentences and occasionally creepy dialogues that reveal a family of wasted relations. The “play” called *One or Two Elegies* by Rona Žulj resists all hasty classification, since the author has cleverly used the genre of elegy, interspersing it with texts of very different provenance and belonging to very different genres (lyrical, epic, dramatic), including some forms of written expression with no artistic ambitions (such as letters or theoretical discourse), which has created an impression of fragmentariness as befits the hallucinations and dream visions of the main protagonist, a dying writer by the name of Klaus. *The Voice Imitators and Excuse Me, May I Tell You...?* by Jelena Kovačić and Anica Tomić, two texts that were created during the rehearsals of performances of the same name at Theatre &TD and Zagreb Youth Theatre, take the mimesis of a war trauma as their subject, a quest for the purpose of theatre in a society that has recently experienced a carnage of war, and an apparently banal storytelling that might serve as a catalyser in the catharsis of suppressed and unwanted mental states. Klepica’s *J.A.T.O.*, packed with dense sentence syntax, impressive vocabulary, and idiosyncratic, somewhat baroque discourse, tells the story of a terrorist attack from several different perspectives, in which the soliloquy becomes the basic form of addressing the audience. It is a rare example of contemporary playwriting which includes a chorus in its structure, since that died out almost entirely with the decline of the ancient world. *The Source Point* by Maja Sviben is a (semi-)autobiographic play-within-a-play written by a (semi-)fictional author by the name of Dinka, who is preoccupied with the impossibility of love relations in the younger generation at the turn of the century, seen through the prism of “speed dating”, which makes it possible for the hyper-busy young people of today to find a perfect partner in a short period of time. Ferčec’s *Letter to Heiner M.*, envisioned in the form of suggestions written in second

person singular and addressed to a potential saboteur, who is supposed to read it to Heiner Müller at the Tegel airport in Berlin, merely flirts with the form of performance, which makes it a particularly refreshing, hybrid dramatic text, which not only invokes a broadened understanding of the concept of performance, but also plays with the possibility of its staging by placing the recipient into the role of a dramatic protagonist.

Thus, subjects like war and trauma, love and human relations, artistic sabotage and Heiner M., family relations and terrorist attacks, shaped as elegy and theoretical discourse, letter and suggestion, soliloquy and chorus songs, scene-within-a-scene and diary notes, or “ordinary” dialogue and monologue, testify with their own examples of the heterogeneity of the playwriting of the 2000s, which cannot be explained by merely offering a student’s list of artistic features of postmodernism, such as intertextuality, quotations, patchwork, fusion of elitism and trivia, overlapping of fiction and facts. The multifaceted character of dramatic production has been acknowledged before, namely in the case of the “older generation” of the 1990s, but let us emphasize once again at the end that it does not define the poetic imperative of the age, since as a way of thinking it is typical of diachronic classification, which will have to wait for some more decades with its wish to reach for the dramatic production of the turn of the millennium in order to quench its ravenous thirst for settled accounts and tidy shelves.

Even though I do not consider most of the playwrights that are nonsensically pushed under the umbrella of “the 90s” to be the pinnacle of Croatian dramatic production, among those that have been included in this issue and whose year of birth is close to mine, there are some whom I value more and others whom I value less, for reasons that do not belong to this review. But as much as I have tried to repress the cruel repercussions of the term “generation” in these pages, as much as I have tried not to isolate the playwrights of the 2000s from their predecessors, and although I am not really a big fan of the playwriting of the 2000s as such, I

must admit that these works of “anonymous youngsters,” if I may use this term, are more to my *liking* than those of their predecessors, and that I recall reading them with more pleasure than the moments I spent with the plays of the “old school”. Perhaps that slight difference deciding in favour of these eight authors resides in the fact that they leave more space in their texts for the development of the potential performance, both the one that we imagine while reading and the one that has taken shape on an actual stage. Although these young playwrights have presented us with a carefully tuned universe of their plays, built according to the laws that are meticulously observed, the reader is nevertheless allowed to roam freely through the rest of their parks, woods, and roads, imagining how he or she might want to arrange things in order to feel more comfortable. These dramatists do not have a precisely outlined plan for staging their texts and they do not envision themselves preposterously in the audience during the rehearsal of their plays in order to teach the clueless actors “what the author actually wanted to say,” since their texts do not reveal a petrified and once-for-all defined vision of a possible staging. And maybe I feel these young authors closer to me because these few published plays do not contain a perfectly assembled and oiled theatrical mechanism, but rather a germ of a future theatre, which allows us, the readers, to set our imagination free while reading them. And to interpret them without fear.

By tirelessly repeating the same phrases and incessantly reproducing an unvarying and weary type of discourse, teatrologists and theatre critics actually maim the contemporary playwriting, depriving it of new interpretations and levelling its heterogeneity by subsuming it hastily under the label of postmodernism.

Zamućene perspektive

Antonija Letinić

P o uzoru na ironičnu misao Georgea Bernarda Shawa da je mladost protraćena na mlade, naša kultura nudi neznatan prostor povjerenju u mlade i njihove sposobnosti, pa ih tako ostavlja i bez kvalitetne infrastrukture za njihovo starenje. Kada pak govorimo o mladima otprve je jasno što bi to, odnosno tko bi to bio, pa ipak niti jedna definicija mladih ne usuđuje se uspostaviti preciznu dobnu granicu, a slična je nelagoda i s mladim pismom i to još u desetogodišnjem razdoblju. No, zavirivanjem u produkcijske uvjete, mogućnosti i načine afirmacije mladih autora, pitanje dobne granice čini se posve zanemarivim. Na slične probleme nailaze jednako i mladi autori i oni koji već suvereno šecu hrvatskom izvedbenom scenom. Ipak, kako ne bismo isključili one još uvijek mlade autore koji su stasali krajem devedesetih i početkom nultih, poput Ivane Sajko, Dubravka Mihanovića, Tomislava Zajeca, Nine Mitrović i Tene Štivičić, autore o kojima će u ovom tekstu biti riječ, čini mi se prikladnijim nazvati mlađom ili novom generacijom dramskih pisaca. Naime, mnogi od spomenutih autora generacijski su vrlo blizu onima na koje ćemo se ovdje usmjeriti, onima koji svoj put do izvedbenih scena tek počinju oblikovati.

Osim dobne granice, dodatni problem koji se otvara na samom ulazu u temu o produkcijskim okvirima za radove suvremenih dramatičara, odnosno mogućnostima za njihove prve (is)korake, jest pitanje na koji su način njihovi radovi nastali. Radi li se o dramama napisanim s obzirom na postojanje unaprijed dogovorene suradnje s nekim kazalištem, grupom ili redateljem, ili je pak riječ o radovima koji su nastali kao posljedica čistog autorskog impulsa. Generaciji '00-'10 pripadaju Rona Žulj i Jelena Kovačić u čijim će se dramskim opusima naći brojni radovi nastali u suradnjama s redateljima s kojima čine nerazdvojan tandem. Tako je drama Jelene Kovačić *Oprostite, mogu li vam ispričati...?*, nastala u suradnji s redateljicom Anicom Tomić, vezana uz dogovorenu suradnju sa ZKM-om, kao i prilagodba *Imitatora glasova* prema istoimenoj zbirci Thomasa Bernharda izvedena u Teatru &TD. Uz isti teatar vezane su i brojne dramaturške suradnje Rone Žulj s redateljem Miranom Kurspahićem. Ovi primjeri unaprijed osiguravaju inscenaciju, pa samim time i prostor za oživljavanje, život i afirmaciju dramskih tekstova, zbog čega mi se čini važnim u ovom tekstu staviti fokus na one druge primjere, radove nastale bez prethodno osigurane baze.

No, vratimo se samo malo unazad i na, po svoj prilici, temeljni problem ove sivo-sive perspektive. Kazališnu sezonu

2008/2009. možda su više od ijedne produkcije i ikojeg drugog kazališnog događaja obilježili okrugli stolovi i tribine na kojima se raspravljalo, ili barem imalo namjeru raspravljati, o problemima s kojima se kazališna i izvedbena scena susreću u novom dobu. Dva puta mjesečno tribine pod naslovom *Kazališna srijeda u KIC-u* bavile su se raznim temama kao što su zaboravljeni kazališni zanati, kazalište za djecu, glazbeno kazalište, alternativa i slično, a jednom mjesečno javna druženja sličnog tipa nazvana *Eurokazov Saloon* organizirao je i Eurokaz u svojim prostorima. Angažirane teme ovih tribina, najčešće u domeni politika i financiranja, među kojima su bila i pitanja stranih redatelja te Nagrada Hrvatskog glumišta, pored intenziviranih naplavina kuknjave, uglavnom su se vraćale na problem Akademije. Tako je i jedna od tribina u organizaciji Eurokaza, tematski osmišljena i uokvirena u suradnji s Vjeranom Zuppom, potaknuta brojnim prigovorima i prozivanjima na prethodnim okupljanjima nosila naslov *Je li Akademija doista kriva za sve?* Odgovor na to pitanje zasigurno nije jednostavan niti jednoznačan, ali nas bavljenje novom generacijom dramskih pisaca ponovno vraća upravo k njoj – obrazovnoj instituciji koja bi trebala osigurati kako znanje tako i praktični rad svim disciplinama za obrazovanje kojih je nadležna. Među njima se nalazi i dramsko pismo u okviru Odsjeka dramaturgije. Ovaj odsjek, iako u nekim svojim programskim smjernicama prilično obuhvatno usustavljen, na mnogim razinama ne nudi kvalitetnu podršku smjeru dramskog pisma. Tako u okviru studija nije predviđena inscenacija radova nastalih tijekom studija kao ni pokusna čitanja drama, koji bi trebali biti temeljne smjernice za propitivanje i upoznavanje mladih autora s vlastitim tekstom, njegovim disanjem u izvedbenoj situaciji kao i scenskoj prilagodljivosti. Studentima nije osigurana objava dramskih radova kao ni ikoji drugi model provjere *in vivo*, što je uobičajena praksa studijskih programa u zapadnim evropskim zemljama. Tako su još neafirmirani pisci osuđeni sami propitivati funkcionalnost svojih radova, pronalaziti im put do inscenacije ili objave.

Voditelji kazališta, redatelji i šira publika tek povremeno dobivaju priliku upoznati se sa suvremenim dramskim

autorima kroz neredovita izdanja koja donose preglede dramskog pisma, no i ona učestalo predstavljaju već donekle afirmirane autore. Tako je Jasen Boko u izdanju Znanja 2002. pripremio zbirku pod naslovom *Nova hrvatska drama* koja okuplja izbor radova domaćih dramatičara devedesetih godina. Godinu kasnije, 2003. HC ITI objavljuje zbirku na engleskom, *Different voices: Eight Contemporary Croatian Plays*, koja donosi prijevod osam drama suvremenih hrvatskih autora prema izboru Borisa Senkera, a među kojima su se našli radovi tada još uvijek mladoj generaciji pripadajućih autora Tomislava Zajeca i Ivane Sajko. Sljedeći korak kojeg poduzima ista organizacija jesu objave dramskih tekstova u časopisu *Kazalište*. U njemu su u posljednja tri dvobroja objavljene drame Gorana Ferčeca *Pismo Heineru M.*, u kojem se autor poigrava kako pisanom tako i izvedbenom formom, nagrađena 2008. na natječaju Austrijskog kulturnog foruma *Govoriti o granicama*, te tekst Ivora Martinića *Drama o Mirjani i ovima oko nje*, prikaz svakodnevice disfunkcionalne obitelji kroz lik Mirjane, premijerno izvedena u listopadu 2010. u režiji Anje Maksić Japundžić u HNK Zagreb. Upravo primjer Martinićeve drame ukazuje na nevjerojatnu situaciju u kojoj se novi autori nalaze. Naime, adaptacija u HNK bit će prva domaća izvedba ovog teksta već postavljenog u beogradskom JDP-u te ljubljanskom Mestnom gledališću, što ukazuje da ponekad put do domaćih scena vodi preko inozemnih priznanja. *Jednostavno: (nesretni)* Martiniću je 2005. donijela treću nagradu *Marin Držić*, nagradu Ministarstva kulture koja je ustanovljena 1991. i koja se dodjeljuje svake godine za najbolje nove dramske tekstove. Drame, koje su prema odluci Stručnog povjerenstva Ministarstva kulture, dobile ovu nagradu za dramsko djelo, od 2007. objavljuje u formi zbirke nakladnička kuća Disput. *Marin Držić*, unatoč financijskoj potpori koju donosi prvonagrađenom tekstu za scensku adaptaciju, predstavlja tek ponekad siguran put do uprizorenja. Također, nagrada ne čini razliku između neafirmiranih, novih dramatičara i onih već pozicioniranih, pa se tako svi nalaze u ujednačenoj natjecateljskoj poziciji što ju ne čini posve pravednim kompetitivnim modelom. Osim Martinića, treću nagradu *Držić*, godinu ranije, 2004., osvojila je Maja

Po uzoru na ironičnu misao Georgea Bernarda Shawa da je mladost protraćena na mlade, naša kultura nudi neznatan prostor povjerenju u mlade i njihove sposobnosti, pa ih tako ostavlja i bez kvalitetne infrastrukture za njihovo starenje.

Sviben s dramom *Točka izvorišta*, pričom o ostvarivosti, odnosno neostvarivosti ljubavnih odnosa u suvremenom dobu koje tek uvodi nove komunikacijske i vrijednosne kodove, koju je u produkciji skupine KUFER režirao Mario Kovač. Istu nagradu, 2007. dobila je Lana Šarić za dramu *Neboder*, u kojoj se bavi ljudskim nemirom i potrebom za otkrivanjem novih i nepoznatih svjetova, koju je postavio Edvin Liverić u INK Pula.

Još jedan prozor u svijet – ili svijet u prozoru – za novu generaciju autora otvara dvoje studenata dramaturgije, Jasna Žmak i Goran Ferčec, koji 2007., na poticaj tadašnjeg umjetničkog ravnatelja Teatra &TD, Marina Blaževića, pokreću neformalnu inicijativu **dramaturški kolektiv**. Dvojac koncipira program *Mala noćna čitanja* s ciljem da novim autorima pruži priliku za predstavljanje radova u improviziranoj formi čitaćih proba ili pak uz neke grube režijske intervencije. Prvotno realizirana u obliku događanja jednom mjesečno trajući kroz sezonu 2007.-2008., u 2009. predstavljena su u sabijenoj, festivalskoj formi kroz tjedan dana u lipnju. Osim kao platforma za "testiranje" radova koju je dramaturški kolektiv ponudio dramatičarima u formiranju, mišljena su i kao prostor u kojem se s novim imenima mogu upoznati i redatelji, voditelji kazališta, programatori. Kao i obično, malo je onih koji su prepoznali svoj interes u tome, a krivnju svakako ne treba tražiti u inicijatorima platforme. Dokaz tome je i bijenalna manifestacija Kazališna revija Akademije dramske umjetnosti - KRADU koju ravnatelj kazališta rijetko posjećuju mada bi se upravo tamo mogli upoznavati s budućim redateljima kao i s glumcima koje bi mogli dovabiti u svoje ansamble. Osim onih koji bi od njega trebali imati koristi, program *Malih noćnih čitanja* nisu prepoznali niti financijeri tako da je ovogodišnje izdanje izostalo. Hoće li se program nastaviti ili ga sve instance koje bi ga trebale podržavati i poticati, smatraju nepotrebnom investicijom – valja nam tek vidjeti. No, ova inicijativa predstavlja iznimno važan poticaj kako budućim dramatičarima tako i domaćoj izvedbenoj sceni u cjelini.

Virtualna stvarnost za starije, ali i nove dramske autore zaživjela je na platformi *drame.hr* koja objavljuje dramske

tekstove domaćih dramatičara, primarno mlađih generacija. Kao i *Mala noćna čitanja*, i ovaj je projekt rezultat napora neformalne inicijative nekolicine entuzijasta koja se temelji na dobroj volji onih koji je održavaju. Uz inicijatore, za sada još uvijek opstaje zahvaljujući i autorima koji tekstove ustupaju, no pitanje je hoće li i do kada moći opstati bez kvalitetne podrške koja bi ju učinila mjestom za koje će se i sami autori potruditi. *Drame.hr*, kao jedina internetska platforma posvećena dramskom pismu u Hrvatskoj, ima potencijal izboriti se za prepoznatljivo mjesto koje posjetiteljima nudi probrane radove, a autorima osigurava vidljivost i prevođenje tekstova na strane jezike. Uz prijevode i strateško umrežavanje, platforma ima kvalitetne temelje za stvaranje veza ne samo u regiji već i u globalnom prostoru što bi je učinilo osnovom trenutno nepostojeće infrastrukture za dramske tekstove, a i za same autore važan oslonac, te ponekad i odskočnu dasku.

Jednako kao što se možemo nadati da će se *Mala noćna čitanja* nastaviti, u nadi ostaje i budućnost danas "mladog" ali i sutra "mladog" dramskog pisma. Ono što tu nADU čini takvom jest zahtjevnost budućih koraka koji bi ga izveli iz prostora zamišljanja u stvarni svijet postojanja, a za ostvarenje toga je potrebno puno volje. Mogući koraci za izlazak iz trenutno prilično beznadne situacija bile bi inicijative Akademije da u suradnji s nekim izdavačem ugovori sustavno objavljivanje dramskih tekstova svojih studenata, te uspostavljanje suradnja Akademije s nekim ili nekoliko kazališta koja bi postavljala izbor studentskih drama na godišnjoj razini. Nužno bi bilo uvesti redovite čitače probe i radionice kroz koje bi studenti mogli provjeravati i upoznavati svoje tekstove, kao i poticati suradnju između odsjeka.

Posljedica ovakvog nemarnog i nesustavnog tretmana dramskog pisma jest i današnja dramatičarska scena. Uspoređujući prostor koji su za afirmaciju dobile prethodne generacije u odnosu na ovu za koju tek iščekujemo da nam se uvuče u vidokrug, pokazuje se da ne postoji neki sustavni mehanizam poticanja i probijanja. Situacija je puno više rezultat slučaja. Afirmacija prethodnih generacija također je

više ovisila o svjetskim trendovima u koje su se potom pojedini autori uklapali pa su ih iz tih razloga programatori lokalnih kazališta uvrštavali u svoje repertoare, negoli se radilo o kvaliteti, relevantnosti i sustavnom podržavanju domaćih dramatičara. Afirmirali su se, dakle, oni pisci koji su se za to borili i poneki od onih koji su to zaslužili. Ali, postoje i oni koji čuče u sjeni, koji se za poziciju nikada neće izboriti, jer im probitačnost naprosto nije svojstvena. Isto vrijedi i za one koji upravo stasaju. Kako se u sustavu ništa temeljno, ali ni idejno nije promijenilo, čini se da ista sudbina čeka i nadolazeće generacije.

Ono što možda čini razliku je doba otvorenih prozora u kojima se nekad dalek svijet približio dohvatu ruke, pa će tako možda neki autori krenuti zaobilaznim putem od berlinskog HAU-a i Aufbau Verлага do zagrebačkog HNK i izdavačke kuće Profil. Tendencije u evropskim kulturnim politikama usmjerenim na umrežavanje, razmjenu iskustava, transfer znanja, širenje granica i stvaranje jedinstvenog evropskog kulturnog identiteta, otvaraju i našim mladim autorima niše u kojima mogu sami, svojim naporom, možda čak i lakše od njihovih prethodnika, izgraditi prostor za sebe, izboriti se za relevantnu poziciju.

Pobrojane, mahom samoinicirane, platforme ipak nude neke mogućnosti mladim autorima, no problem je što one nisu dodatak ili nadgradnja sustavnoj infrastrukturi kojoj je obaveza osigurati osnovne preduvjete za djelovanje, već upravo one predstavljaju te temeljne poligone za održavanje.

Uspoređujući prostor koji su za afirmaciju dobile prethodne generacije u odnosu na ovu za koju tek iščekujemo da nam se uvuče u vidokrug, pokazuje se da ne postoji neki sustavni mehanizam poticanja i probijanja. Situacija je puno više rezultat slučaja.

Obscured Perspectives

Antonija Letinić

Translated from the Croatian by Marina Miladinov

Following the ironic thought of George Bernard Shaw that youth is wasted on the young, our culture grants a minimum of space to the young and their capacities, leaving them, among other things, with no adequate infrastructure for their maturing. When speaking about the young, it immediately becomes clear

what or who that should be; and yet, there is no definition of the young that would dare establish a precise age limit, a predicament that equally haunts the notion of young writing, even in terms of decades. However, if we take a look at the conditions of production, as well as the possibilities and ways of affirmation that are available to young authors – the question of age limit becomes completely irrelevant. Young authors encounter the same problems as those that have confidently walked the Croatian performing art scene for some time. But since we hardly wish to exclude those authors who are still young, yet matured in the late 90s and the early 21st century, such as Ivana Sajko, Dubravko Mihanović, Tomislav Zajec, Nina Mitrović, and Tena Štivičić, whom I will also include in this text, it seems more appropriate to speak of a younger or new generation of playwrights, since many of the abovementioned names

belong to a generation that stands quite close to those on which I intend to focus here, namely those that are only beginning to pave their own ways to the performing art scene.

Apart from the age limit, there is another problem that emerges when we approach the issue of production frameworks available to contemporary playwrights, or rather the opportunities for making their first steps (out): the issue of how their works are created. Are their plays written on the bases of pre-agreed collaboration with a theatre house, a group, or a director, or a result of a pure artistic impulse? The generation of 2000-2010 includes Rona Žulj and Jelena Kovačić, in whose dramatic opuses one can find numerous pieces made in collaboration with theatre directors with whom they have formed an inseparable tandem. Thus, Jelena Kovačić's play *Excuse Me, May I Tell You...?* is a result of collaboration with theatre director Anica Tomić and of preset collaboration with Zagreb Youth Theatre, same as the adaptation of the *The Voice Imitator*, made after the almost homonymous collection by Thomas Bernhard and performed at Theatre &TD. Several collaborations of Rona Žulj with theatre director Miran Kurspahić are linked to the same theatre house. These examples speak of the fact that the staging of some pieces is granted in advance, which secures

the space for the plays to live and to be seen. Precisely for that reason, I have considered it important to focus in this text on those other examples, namely texts that were written without any pre-established security.

But let us first go back in time a little, to the probably basic issue related to this gray-on-gray perspective. The theatre season of 2008/09 was marked less by particular productions or events related to theatre and more by round tables and panels talks where experts debated (or intended to debate) on issues that the theatre and performing art scene must face in the new era. Twice a month, panels entitled *Theatre Wednesday at KIC*⁹¹ dealt with various topics such as the forgotten dramatic skills, children's theatre, musical theatre, alternative, and so on. Once a month, Eurokaz organized similar public events in its rooms, which were named *Eurokaz Saloons*. The engaged topics that were debated in these meetings, mostly from the domains of policies and financing, such as the issue of foreign theatre directors and the Croatian Theatre Award, were often suffused with abundant lamentations and mostly came down to the problem of the Academy. Thus, one of the panel talks organized by Eurokaz, thematically envisioned and structured in cooperation with Vjeran Zuppa, and motivated by numerous objections and accusations from the previous meetings, was dedicated to the question *Is It Really All the Academy's Fault?* The answer to that question is certainly neither simple nor unambiguous, but dealing with the new generation of playwrights certainly brings us back to that – the Academy of Dramatic Art as an educational institution that should ensure the acquisition of theoretical knowledge, as well as practice in all disciplines that are included in its curriculum, among them Playwriting in the framework of the Dramaturgy Department's programme. Even though this department is rather comprehensively structured in some of its guidelines, on several levels it fails to offer adequate support, including the course on Playwriting. Thus, for example, it does not foresee the staging of plays written by the students or their tentative readings, which should serve as the basic guidelines for the young authors in questioning

their own texts and becoming acquainted with them as to the way they would behave in a performing situation and their adaptability for the stage. There is no certainty that the students' plays will be published, and there is no other way of testing the text *in vivo*, which is a common practice in Western-European schools. Thus, the yet inexperienced authors are forced to question the functionality of their works by themselves and to find their own ways of staging or publishing them.

Theatre managers, directors, and audiences only sporadically get the opportunity of knowing some of the contemporary dramatists, through the irregular publications that offer overviews of plays, but even these often include only those authors who enjoy at least some reputation. Thus, Jasen Boko edited a collection entitled *New Croatian Drama* (published by Znanje in 2002), which included texts by Croatian playwrights from the 1990s. A year later, HC ITI published a collection in English, *Different voices: Eight Contemporary Croatian Plays* (2003), which included eight plays by contemporary Croatian authors in English translation, selected by Boris Senker. This collection featured several authors which at that time still belonged to the young generation, such as Tomislav Zajec and Ivana Sajko. The next step, undertaken by the same organization, was to publish playwriting in the *Kazalište* (Theatre) journal. The latest three double issues included a play by Goran Ferčec *Letter to Heiner M.*, in which the author played with the written and performing forms, and which was awarded in 2008 by the Austrian Cultural Forum as the best achievement on the subject of borders, as well as Ivor Martinić's *The Drama about Mirjana and Those around Her*, which showed the everyday life of a dysfunctional family through a character called Mirjana, and was first performed in October 2010, directed by Anja Maksić Japundžić (The Croatian National Theatre Zagreb). It is precisely the case of Martinić's play that indicates the incredible situation that the new authors must cope with. Namely, the adaptation presented at Croatian National Theatre will be the first local performance of this text, which has already been staged at

Following the ironic thought of George Bernard Shaw that youth is wasted on the young, our culture grants a minimum of space to the young and their capacities, leaving them, among other things, with no adequate infrastructure for their maturing.

Yugoslav Drama Theatre in Belgrade and Ljubljana's City Theatre, which clearly shows that there is often no way of reaching the Croatian stages before one gets acknowledged abroad. *Simply: (unhappy)* by Martinić won the third *Marin Držić Award* in 2005, which was established by the Croatian Ministry of Culture in 1991 and is granted each year to the best new plays. Since 2007, the plays that win this award have been published, according to the decision of the Ministry's Committee of Experts, in the form of collection by the publishing house of Disput. Despite the financial support granted to the first-awarded text for stage adaptation, *Marin Držić* does not necessarily mean getting staged. Moreover, the award does not distinguish between the anonymous, new authors and those who are already established, so that they all start from the same position, which hardly seems a fair model of competition. Besides Martinić, the third *Držić* award was won a year earlier (2004) by Maja Sviben with her play *The Source Point*, a story on the possibility or impossibility of love relationship in the modern era, which has introduced new communication codes and values. The play was directed by Mario Kovač and produced by the KUFER group. In 2007, Lana Šarić won the same award for her *Skyscraper*, which deals with human restlessness and the need to discover new and unknown worlds. It was staged by Edvin Liverić at Istrian People's Theatre in Pula.

Another window into the world – or world in a window – for the new generation of authors was opened by two dramaturgy students, Jasna Žmak and Goran Ferčec, who launched an informal initiative called **dramaturgical collective** in 2007, at the initiative of the then artistic manager of Theatre &TD, Marin Blažević. The duo envisioned a project of *Small Night Readings*, with the aim of offering a chance to the new authors to present their work in an improvised form of reading rehearsals or with some rough director's interventions. Originally realized in the form of monthly events throughout the season of 2007/08, in 2009 it was presented in a condensed, festival form that lasted for a week in June. Apart from being a platform for "testing" dramatic pieces, offered by the dramaturgical collective to

the new authors, it was also conceived as a space in which these young authors might be discovered by theatre directors, managers, and programme makers. But as it often happens, there were few who saw any of their own interest in that, whereby the fault was certainly not with the platform's initiators. Another such case proves that: the biennial Theatre Revue of the Academy of Dramatic Art – KRADU, which is only rarely visited by theatre managers, even though it is precisely the place where they could meet the future theatre directors or actors whom they might want to invite to their ensembles. Besides them, the initiative of *Small Night Readings* also failed to attract the potential sponsors, so that it was eventually cancelled this year. Whether the initiative will be resumed or it is considered an unnecessary investment by all those instances that should support and encourage it – that remains to be seen. However, it was certainly an exceptionally important impulse for the future playwrights, as well as the Croatian performing art scene as a whole.

A virtual reality for dramatic author, both old and new, has been created at the *drame.hr* platform, which publishes works by Croatian playwrights, primarily from the younger generations. Same as the *Small Night Readings*, this project is a result of the efforts of an informal initiative of several enthusiasts, based on the good will of those who keep it running. Besides the initiators, so far it has survived owing to the authors who offer their texts for publication; however, it is questionable whether and how long it will be able to survive without an adequate support that would transform it into a place that the authors themselves would consider worth fighting for. As the only internet platform dedicated to playwriting in Croatia, *drame.hr* has the potential to occupy a prominent position that would offer high-quality readings to its visitors and ensure visibility and translation into foreign languages to the authors. Besides the translation work and strategic networking, the platform has a good basis for establishing connections not only within the region, but also globally, which would make it a foundation for the currently non-existing infrastructure for playwriting and an important

source of support or even a spring board for the authors themselves.

Just as we can only hope that the *Small Night Readings* will be continued, we also hope for the future of dramatic playwriting that is “young” today and that which will be “young” tomorrow. This hope demands future steps that would take it out of the space of imagination into the real world of existence, and lots of good will is needed to achieve that. Some of the possible ways to get out of the currently rather hopeless situation would be the Academy’s initiatives to agree upon the systematic publication of its students’ texts with a particular publishing house, as well as to establish a collaboration with a theatre house, or several theatre houses, that would stage a selection of student plays every year. It would be necessary to introduce regular reading rehearsals and workshops in which the students could test their texts and get to know them better, as well as to encourage collaboration between the Academy’s departments...

A consequence of this indifferent and unsystematic attitude towards our playwriting is the current performing art scene. When comparing the space that the previous generations had at their disposal in order to establish themselves and that which is left to the current generations, the ones that are about to enter our horizon, it is obvious that there is no systematic mechanism of encouragement and promotion. Instead, the situation is rather accidental. The way the previous generations were established also depended on global trends – in which certain authors fitted better than the others, so that the programme makers of local theatre houses preferred to include them in the repertoire – rather than on quality, relevance, or systematic support. In other words, those who succeeded were the authors who fought for it and some of them also deserved it. But there were also those who remained in shadow and never managed to reach a position, simply because they were simply not the fighting type. The same is true for those

who are coming now. And since nothing much has changed in the system structurally or ideologically, it seems that the same destiny awaits the future generations as well.

What might make a difference, though, is that we now live in an age of open windows, in which the world that used to be so far away has come within our reach. Some authors might thus start from the other direction, over Berlin’s HAU and Aufbau Verlag to The Croatian National Theatre in Zagreb and the publishing house of Profil. Tendencies in European cultural policies, which are network-oriented and favour the exchange of experiences, knowledge transfer, expansion of borders, and the creation of a unique European cultural identity, open up niches for Croatian authors as well, in which they can build up some space for themselves with their own efforts, perhaps more easily than their predecessors, and to achieve their own relevant position.

Nevertheless, the largely self-initiated platforms that we have just listed offer certain opportunities to young authors. The problem resides in the fact that they are not a complement or superstructure with respect to a systematic infrastructure that would have the obligation of securing the basic working conditions to the young, but serve themselves as those basic polygons of sustenance.

When comparing the space that the previous generations had at their disposal in order to establish themselves and that which is left to the current generations, the ones that are about to enter our horizon, it is obvious that there is no systematic mechanism of encouragement and promotion. Instead, the situation is rather accidental.

O neadekvatnosti

Marko Kostanić

P

ovijest dramske forme u zadnjih stotinjak godina povijest je rasprava o njenoj historijskoj relevantnosti. Vrlo zanimljiva kulturna i politička povijest 20. stoljeća dala bi se ispisati iz rakursa svih onih problema i historijskih zbivanja koji su pogubno utjecali na relevantnost dramske forme. Bauk koji prati dramu

bauk je neadekvatnosti. Pretpostavka je da društvena stvarnost jednostavno više nije mogla biti adekvatno reprezentirana dramskom formom, pogotovo ako ta reprezentacija implicira i određenu kognitivnu fundiranost, to jest ako pretendira na razumijevanje društvene stvarnosti. Neadekvatnost dramske forme naslijeđene na početku 20. stoljeća neodvojiva je od izvedbene neadekvatnosti kazališta čija je osnovna generativna matrica bio dramski tekst. Upravo je promjena statusa koncepta izvedbenosti, prvenstveno u odnosu na tekst koji mu eventualno prethodi i određuje ga, u smislu izvojevanje analitičke i produkcijske samostalnosti vjerojatno i centralno mjesto problematike neadekvatnosti. Ako i nije bila eksplicitno artikulirana kao presudni koncept samorefleksije teatarskih praktičara i teoretičara, nedvojbeno je prisutna u svim teatarskim tegobama oko neadekvatnosti, bilo da se njihovo razrješenje i

nadilaženje pokušalo utemeljiti u političkom i klasnom preispitivanju reprezentacijskog okvira bilo kroz, primjerice, nezaobilaznu usporedbu i zaostajanje za puno uvjerljivijim medijem reprodukcije socijalne stvarnosti, filmom. Nastanak novih umjetničkih formi kao što su performance art i happening, njihova socijalna i kunsthistorijska legitimacija i implementacija proizvodnih procedura u teatarske okvire, te akademizacija čitavog polja oko pojma izvedbenosti pod imenom *performance studies* unosi nove historijske slojeve i ideološke trope u problematiku neadekvatnosti. Za produktivnu artikulaciju te problematike nužna je uspostava određenog vida socijalne epistemologije.

Pretpostavka o iscrpljenosti dramske forme utemeljena je na detektiranim određenim društvenim i povijesnim promjenama koje dramska forma više nije sposobna reprezentirati mehanizmima koji su joj na raspolaganju. Dominantni model razračunavanja s dramskom formom operacija je njenog bezostatnog izjednačavanja s reprezentacijom kao takvom. Dvije su osnovne varijante tog modela prisutne kroz dvadesetostoljetna razračunavanja s dramom – artaudovska i brechtovska. Kod Artauda je reprezentacija bila kritizirana iz ahistorijske, metafizičke i vitalističke perspektive, dok ju je Brecht pokušavao denaturalizirati i nadići historijsko-dijalektičkom metodom

smještajući je u središte političko-ekonomskog antagonizma. Te dvije potpuno oprečne i politički potpuno nepomirljive varijante zadnjih desetljeća dvadesetog stoljeća su se u kanoniziranom historijatu borbe protiv drame međusobno spojile i nadopunile. Artaud je oslobođen opskurantističkog balasta, a Brecht je potpuno politički neutraliziran pod izlikom dijagnoze o nestanku radničke klase ili nekog sličnog suda zapadnjačkog akademsko-medijskog kompleksa u svrhu indirektno apologetike kapitalizma. Načinjen je ahistorijski *toolbox* za obračun s reprezentacijom. Osnovna epistemološka pretpostavka *toolboxa* je promjena svrhe uporabe oruđa koje sadrži. Kako reprezentacija više nije moguća jer su društvo i svijet postali suviše kompleksni i kaotični, mora se razviti novi tip adekvacije. Adekvacija više nije shvaćena kao tumačenje svijeta i njegova eventualna posljedična promjena, već kao specifičan oblik imitacije. Obrasci reprodukcije svijeta i društva su postali toliko revolucionarni i nepoznatljivi da je najradikalnija moguća reakcija (u oba značenja te riječi, kauzalnom i političkom) beskonačna aproksimacija tih obrazaca. Takav oblik adekvacije, bez obzira na sofisticiranije epistemološke mehanizme u pozadini, zapravo nije ništa progresivniji od psihološki fundirane imitacije kod klasične dramske forme. Ovakav opis stanja s adekvacijom nije baziran na endogenom razvoju teatarske teorije i prakse već na formiranju šireg specifičnog epistemološkog rakursa u *arts&humanities* svijetu kojeg su dio i Deleuze&Guattari i samoproglašeni gurui *knowledge economy*, u kojeg su se teorija i praksa većim dijelom utopile, koji im služi kao ne uvijek eksplicirano polazište za razumijevanje svijeta i artikuliranje vlastitog mjesta u njemu. Iz perspektive statusa dramske forme privilegirani koncepti tog epistemološkog rakursa su tekst i izvedba.

Kulturna institucija (post)dramskog pisanja se manje-više uspješno nosila s promijenjenim povijesnim okolnostima, to jest postepeno se proširivalo polje mogućeg, legitimirao se široki spektar spisateljskih praksi kao izvedbeno relevantnih i priznatih. Osim što je i unutar dominantnog produkcijskog modela tekst – uprizorenje prag dopuštenog poprilično

izbrisan pa status predložka može varirati od antropološke studije do nogometne utakmice, legitimna je postala i promjena *mjesta* s kojeg se piše. Tekst može nastajati iz samog procesa proizvodnje predstave, primjerice kao bilježenje osobnog glumačkog rada na predstavi ili kao naknadne bilješke dramaturga koje postaju tekst izvedbe. U praksi već odavno etablirani modeli pisanja za izvedbu stekli su i akademski status kroz uspostavu kolegija *performance writing*, ili u domaćoj varijanti *pismo za izvedbu*.

Demokratizacija praksi pisanja kao odgovor na traženje adekvatnosti s novim izvedbenim modelima, s novim statusom izvedbe i posredno sa samo društvenom zbiljom teorijsku legitimaciju često je crpila iz poststrukturalističkih teorija jezika i teksta. Teorijske inovacije koje su se odvijale oko problematike performativnosti jezika, autonomizacije označitelja u odnosu na označeno, uspostave ekvivalencije između jezika i svih ostalih društvenih praksi (iako se u ovom slučaju zaboravljaju evidentne stvari kao što su oskudni resursi, naime jezik ih nema za razliku od ekonomskih dobara) i jezika kao nezaobilaznog horizonta za razumijevanje svijeta priskrbile su pisanju status adekvatan onome izvedbe. Tekst, osim što je „sve“, između ostalog je i izvedba. Upravo taj status teksta postao je i neiscrpan resurs inovacije u procesu dramskog pisanja. Za razliku od ostalih književnih formi, potencijalnost izvedbe inherentna ovom tipu teksta koji se tradicionalno manifestirao u strukturnoj krutosti dramske forme, urušavanjem te strukture postao je poligon za vježbanje inovativnih artikulacijskih, sintaktičkih ili organizacijskih modela. Nepobitan je čitav dijapazon vrijednih umjetničkih novuma koji su nastali u tom kontekstu, ali osnovni problem je centralno sidrište kriterija valorizacije inovacija – auratična moć Teksta.

S druge strane, koncept izvedbe postao je analitički relevantniji kao teorijski simptom nego kao kategorija koja objašnjava. Foucaultovska dijagnoza epohe Jona McKenzieja iz studije *Izvedi ili snosi posljedice* o izvedbi kao novoj onto-historijskoj formaciji je točna, ali su joj potrebne dvije nadopune – radi se samo o ontološkoj formaciji i presudna je jedino u analitičkom aparatu studija izvedbe. Ono što se

Bauk koji prati dramu bauk je neadekvatnosti. Neadekvatnost dramske forme naslijeđene na početku 20. stoljeća neodvojiva je od izvedbene neadekvatnosti kazališta čija je osnovna generativna matrica bio dramski tekst.

dogodilo s konceptom izvedbe prenaplašavanje je teorijske inovacije u odnosu na historijsku realnost koju opisuje. Nesumnjiva i nužna operabilnost koncepta za razumijevanje i analizu umjetničkih formi izgubila se inflatornom ekspanzijom kroz društveno-humanističko polje. Sav produktivni background koncepta i pripadnog mu konotativnog spektra, od kontrakulturne progresivnosti do politizacije dotad izostavljenih područja ljudske prakse, izgubio se prelaskom iz marginalne pozicije u kazališni i akademski mainstream. Nije problem što se izgubio već ono što ga je zamijenilo. U kazališnom mainstreamu funkcionira kao samo jedan od zamjenskih pojmova bez ikakvih presudnih poremećaja polja u kojem se nalazi, dok je u akademskom svijetu koncept zaživio kao središte ontološkog sistema lišenog sistematičnosti. Takav status konkretnoj analitičkoj uporabi ne može doprinijeti s više od metafore. Preciznije, koncept koji je izgubio empirijski korelat ili mu je, kao u ovom slučaju, sasvim disperziran, profunkcionirao je kao metafora.

Tekst i izvedba, sa svim balastima koji ih pritišću, ključna su mjesta organizacije inteligibilnosti suvremenih teatarskih praksi pa tako i pisanja za teatar. Ovdje samo dotaknuta problematika njihova statusa nije nešto čega se olako može riješiti. Ta problematika konstitutivna je problematika teatra kao takvog u zadnjoj polovici dvadesetog i početkom ovog stoljeća, samo što je kroz te koncepte specifično artikulirana ili skrivena, ovisno o rakursu. Radi se o problemu teatarske neadekvacije sa svijetom, ili kako je to uobičajeno reći, teatar je postao nemoćan medij. Problem s tekstom i izvedbom je u tome što artikulacija problema iz te pozicije zaboravlja, ne želi ili nije u stanju artikulirati ono što je teatru postalo neadekvatno, svijet, već bježi u prazan prostor autogenerirajućih inovacija i kriterija valorizacije tih inovacija. Teatarska praksa i teorija, pogotovo u trenutku nestajanja vlastite socijalne relevantnosti, trebale bi moći prvenstveno artikulirati upravo mehanizme socijalne relevantnosti. Pisanje za teatar jedna je od opcija na raspolaganju.

Za razliku od ostalih književnih formi, potencijalnost izvedbe inherentna ovom tipu teksta koji se tradicionalno manifestirao u strukturnoj krutosti dramske forme, urušavanjem te strukture postao je poligon za vježbanje inovativnih artikulacijskih, sintaktičkih ili organizacijskih modela.

On Inadequacy

Marko Kostanić

Translated from the Croatian by Marina Miladinov

In the past hundred years, the history of dramatic form has largely been the history of debates on its historical relevance. The very interesting cultural and political history of the 20th century could be written from the angle of all those problems and historical events that fatally influenced the relevance of the dramatic form. The spook that haunted drama was a spook of inadequacy. It was claimed that the social reality could simply no longer be adequately represented by the dramatic form, especially if that presentation implied a sort of cognitive foundation, that is, if it claimed to grasp the social reality. The inadequacy of the inherited dramatic form in the early 20th century cannot be separated from the performative inadequacy of theatre, with the dramatic text as its basic generative matrix. It was precisely the change in the status of performative concept, primarily in relation to the text that potentially preceded and defined it, that probably became the central place of the issue of inadequacy as to the accomplished autonomy of analysis and production. Even if not explicitly articulated as the determining concept of self-reflection for the practitioners and theoreticians of theatre, it was undoubtedly present in all theatrical predicaments caused by the sense of inadequacy, regardless of whether their solution

or overcoming could be based on the political and class-related questioning of the representational framework or achieved through the inevitable comparison with and lagging behind the far more convincing medium for presenting social reality – cinema. The emergence of new artistic forms such as performance art and happening, their social and art-historical legitimization, and the implementation of production processes into theatrical frameworks, as well as the academization of the entire field clustered around the notion of performance under the label of “performance studies”, added new historical layers and ideological tropes to the issue of inadequacy. In order to articulate that issue productively, we must establish a particular aspect of social epistemology.

The supposition that the dramatic form had become exhausted was based on certain detected social and historical changes that the dramatic form was no longer capable of representing through the mechanisms that were at its disposal. The dominant model of settling accounts with the dramatic form was an absolute identification with representation as such. There were two basic variants of this model throughout the period of struggling with drama in the 20th century: Artaudian and Brechtian. With Artaud, representation was criticized from an ahistorical,

metaphysical, and vitalist perspective, whereas Brecht tried to denaturalize and surpass it with the help of historical and dialectic method, transferring it into the centre of political and economic antagonism. In the last decades of the 20th century, these two completely opposite and politically irreconcilable variants were merged in the canonized history of struggle against drama, complementing each other. Artaud was freed from the ballast of obscurantism, while Brecht was politically completely neutralized with the pretext that the working class was no longer there or some similar proclamation revealing the complexes of Western academy and the media engaged in an indirect form of capitalist apologetics. The result was an ahistorical toolbox for the final battle with representation. The basic epistemological premise of that toolbox was changing the purpose of the tools it contained. Since representation was no longer possible because the society and the world had become too complex and chaotic, a new type of adequacy had to be developed. Adequacy was no longer understood as an interpretation of the world and its possible change as a consequence, but rather as a specific form of imitation. The patterns for reproducing the world and the society became so revolutionary and unknowledgeable that the most radical reaction possible (in both senses of the word, causal and political) was an endless approximation of these patterns. That form of adequacy, regardless of the more sophisticated epistemological mechanisms in its background, was actually no more progressive than the psychologically based imitation in the classical dramatic form. Such description of the situation concerning adequacy is not based on the endogenous evolution of the theory and practice of theatre, but rather on the creation of a specific, broader epistemological angle in the world of arts & humanities, a part of which are both Deleuze & Guattari and the self-proclaimed gurus of the economy of knowledge, in which the previous theory and practice have already been partly assimilated, using it as a not always explicit starting point for understanding the world and articulating one's own place in it. From the perspective of the status of the dramatic form,

the privileged concepts of that epistemological angle are the text and the performance.

The cultural institution of (post)dramatic writing was more or less successfully dealing with these altered historical circumstances, which implied the expansion of the field of possibilities and legitimization of a broad spectrum of writing practices as relevant and acknowledged in terms of performance. Besides the fact that within the dominant model of production, the text – an embodiment of what was permissible – was largely erased, so that the basis of performance could vary from an anthropological study to a football match, it was now legitimate to change the *position* from which the piece was written. The text could be a result of the very process of producing the performance, including remarks on the personal achievements of individual actors, or subsequent notes of the dramaturge that would later become the performance text. Models of writing for theatre that had been long established in practice now achieved an academic status with the establishment of the course in Performance Writing. Democratizing the writing practices as an answer to the search for adequacy with the help of new models of performance, new status of performance, and especially the social reality as such, often drew on poststructuralist theories of language and text for its theoretical legitimization. Theoretical innovations that took place around the problem of performativity of language, emancipation of the signifier with respect to the signified, the established equivalence between language and other social practices (although in this case some self-evident things related to language were forgotten, for example that its resources are scant with regard to economic goods), and language as an inevitable horizon for understanding the world, gave a status to writing that was adequate to that of performance. Apart from being “all”, the text had also become performance. It is precisely that status of text that became an inexhaustible resource for innovations in the process of dramatic writing. Unlike other literary forms, the potential of performance, inherent to the sort of text that had been traditionally manifested in the structural rigidity of

the dramatic form, became a polygon for exercising innovative models of articulation, syntax, and organization after the demise of that same form. It is impossible to deny a whole range of valuable artistic innovations that emerged in that context, but the basic problem is the central anchorage of the criteria for evaluating these innovations – the auratic power of the Text.

But then again, the concept of performance has become analytically more relevant as a theoretical symptom than as a category of explanation. The Foucaultian diagnosis of the epoch in Jon McKenzie's study *Perform or Else*, which treats performance as a new onto-historical formation, may be considered correct, but needs complementation in two aspects – it is only an ontological formation and decisive only within the analytical apparatus of performance studies. What happened to the concept of performance is that theoretical innovation has been overemphasized with respect to the historical reality it describes. The undoubted and necessary operability of the concept in understanding and analyzing artistic forms has been lost owing to the inflational expansion into the social-humanistic field. The entire productive background of the concept itself and its corresponding connotative progressivity, up to the politicization of the formerly exempted fields of human practice, was lost with the passage from the marginal position into the mainstream of theatre and the academy. Yet the problem is less in the fact that it has been lost and more in what has replaced it. In the theatre mainstream, it functions merely as a substitute for various notions, causing no crucial disturbances in its field, while in the academy the concept has come alive as the centre of an ontological system void of all system. Such a status cannot contribute to concrete analytical usage more than a mere metaphor. More precisely, a concept that has lost its empirical correlate, or that correlate has become largely dispersed, as in this case, is now reduced to a mere metaphor.

Text and performance, with all the burdens they must bear, are the key points in organizing the intelligibility of contemporary dramatic practices, including writing for the

theatre. The issue of their status, which could here be dealt with only fleetingly, are not something that can be solved easily. It has been a constitutive problem of theatre as such in the late 20th and early 21st centuries, only specifically articulated or obscured through these concepts, depending on the angle. It is the problem of inadequacy of theatre with respect to the world, or rather, as it is commonly formulated: theatre has become an impotent medium. The problem with text and performance is that the articulation of the problem from such a position easily ignores or shows itself unwilling or unable to articulate what it is that has become inadequate for the theatre, namely the world, escaping instead into the empty space of self-generating innovations and criteria for evaluating them. Dramatic practice and theory, especially at the moment when its own social relevance is fading away, should primarily be able to articulate the mechanisms of social relevance. Writing for theatre is one of the options at our disposal.

The spook that haunted drama was a spook of inadequacy. The inadequacy of the inherited dramatic form in the early 20th century cannot be separated from the performative inadequacy of theatre, with the dramatic text as its basic generative matrix.

Bilješke o
suradnicimaNotes on
Contributors

Goran Fexčec

Roden 1978. u Koprivnici. Apsolvent dramaturgije na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti u Zagrebu. Dobitnik nagrade Austrijskog kulturnog fozuma i Ministarstva vanjskih poslova Republike Austrije za dramski tekst *Pismo Heineru M.* na temu "Govoriti o granicama", za godinu 2007. Kao dramaturg i/ili asistent redatelja radio na mnogim projektima od kojih su najrecen-tniji: *Ženezbzratametra* koreogra-fkinje Aleksandre Janeve Imfe-lid, *Generacija 91-95* redatelja Bo-ruta Šeparovića, *Bjesovi* redatelja Janusza Kice, *Nastup* koreografa Matije Ferlina, *Kiklop* redatelja Ivice Buljana, *Vatrotehna 2.0* re-datelja Boruta Šeparovića. Sudje-lovao na mnogim dramaturškim radi-onicama kao predavač i/ili pola-znik, te 2010. boravio na dvomje-sečnoj rezidenciji za pisce Milo Dor u organizaciji bečkog Kultur-Kontakta. Tekstove i drame obja-vljivao u časopisima *Frakcija*, *TkH/Teorija koja hoda*, *Kretanja*, *Scena*, *Kaza-lište*, te na Trećem programu hr-vatskoga radija. Piše prozu i dra-mu.

Born 1978 in Koprivnica. About to graduate from the Dramaturgy Department at the Academy of Dramatic Art Zagreb. Winner of the award of Austrian Cultural Form and the Austrian Ministry of Fore-ign Affairs for his play *Letter to Heiner M.*, in the category of the best dramatic text on the subject of borders (2007). Collaborated on a number of projects as a drama-turge and/or director's assistant, the most recent ones being: *zwomenzbrotherszmetres* (choreo-grapher: Aleksandra Janeva Imfe-lid), *Generation 91-95* (director: Borut Šeparović), *Rages* (director: Janusz Kica), *Performance* (choreo-grapher: Matija Ferlin), *Cyclops* (director: Ivice Buljan), *Vatrotehna 2.0* (directed: Borut Šeparo-vić). Participated at various dra-maturgy workshops as a lecturer and/participant. In 2010, he won a two-month residency for writers Milo Dor, organized by KulturKon-takt Vienna. Published texts and plays in journals *Frakcija*, *TkH/Walking Theory*, *Kretanja*, *Scena*, *Kazalište*, as well as the Third Programme of the Croatian Radio. Writes prose and plays.

Vedrana Klepica

Dramaturginja i autorica teksto-va za izvedbu. Dramski tekstovi i scenariji izvođeni su joj i predstavljani na Hrvatskom radiju, u Teatru &TD, Teaseu - umjetničkoj platformi za izvedbene umjetnosti (Darwin, Australija), na festivalu dramskih pisaca World Interplay Australia i Turska, Writers Meetup u Singapuru, scenarišičkom pit-chingu Nisi Masa Francuska. Radila je kao novinarka na portalu za ka-zalište Teatar.hr, kao umjetnička voditeljica Festivala alternativnog i nezavisnog izričaja, a kao dramaturginja radi na projektima vezanim za kazalište, suvremeni ples i nove medije.

Dramaturge and author of texts for performance. Her plays and scripts have been performed and presented at the Croatian Radio, at Theatre &TD, Tease - artistic platform for the performing arts (Darwin, Australia), at the festi-val of playwrights World Interplay Australia and Turkey, the Writers Meetup in Singapore, the scree-nwriters' pitching forum Nisi Masa in France. Worked as a journalist for the theatre web portal teatar.hr, as an artistic director for the Festival of Alternative and Independent Expression, and as a dramaturge for various projects related to theatre, contemporary dance, and the new media.

Marko Kostanić

Roden 1984. u Splitu. Trenutno živi i radi u Zagrebu, gdje studira dramaturgiju na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti.

Born 1984 in Split. Currently lives and works in Zagreb, where he studies at the Academy of Dramatic Art Zagreb.

Jelena Kovačić

Dramaturginja i prevoditeljica. Diplomirala komparativnu književnost i polonistiku na Filozofskom fakultetu u Zagrebu. Trenutno apsolvirala odsjeka dramaturgije na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti u Zagrebu. Dramaturginja je i koautorica tekstova predstava: *Imitatori glasova*, *Kučkini sinovi*, *Oprostite, mogu li vam ispričati...?*, *Menažerija*, *Prologue for love piece*, *Ovo bi mogla biti moja ulica...* Dobitnica rektorove nagrade za dramaturgiju predstave *Imitatori glasova*. Režirala predstavu *Kraljica Vešmašina*.

Dramaturge and translator. She holds a degree in Comparative Literature Studies and Polish Language and Literature from the University of Zagreb, and is studying at the Academy of Dramatic Art in Zagreb at the Dramaturgy Department. She is the dramaturge and coauthor of the productions *The Voice Imitators*, *The Sons of Bitches*, *Excuse me, May I tell you...?*, *Menagerie*, *Prologue for love piece*, *This could be my street...* She is the recipient of the Rector's Award of the University of Zagreb for the dramaturgy of *The Voice Imitators*. She has directed the production *The Queen Washing Machine*.

Antonija Letinić

Zamjenica glavne urednice na portalu Kulturpunkt.hr od 2009., u razdoblju od multih do danas surađivala je s mnogim orga-nizacijama na zagrebačkoj nezavi-snoj kulturnoj sceni. Od 2004. do 2009. radila za Eurokaz na produk-ciji i odnosima s javnošću. Osim na portalu za koji trenutno radi, povremeno objavljuje u Zarezu i Gordoganu.

Deputy editor-in-chief at the web portal Kulturpunkt.hr since 2009. Since the early 2000s, she has collaborated with a number of organizations from the independent cultural scene of Zagreb. From 2004-2009, she worked for Eurokaz, on production and public relations. Besides the web portal for which she is currently working, she occasionally publishes texts in Zarez and Gordogan.

Ivor Martinić

Roden u Splitu 1984. godine. 2003. upisuje dramaturgiju na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti u Za-grebu. Od 2005. radi kao dramaturg na produkcijama u Dječjem kazalištu Dubrava, kazalištu Mala scena, Teatru &TD, HNK Varaždin i Zagre-bačkom kazalištu mladih. 2005. do-bio je nagradu Marin Držić Mini-starstva kulture Republike Hrvat-ske. Za dramu *Ovdje piše naslov drame o Anti* dobio nagradu Fa-brique et Croatie društva REZ i nagradu Mali Marulić Festivala hr-vatske drame za djecu. Drama je prai-zvedena u Gradskom kazalištu mladih u Splitu u režiji Ivice Ši-mića u svibnju 2009. Ista drama postavljena je i u Blue Elephant Theatre u Londonu, a koncertno je pročitana na desetak festivala. *Drama o Mirjani* i *ovima oko nje* prai-zvedena je 2010. u Jugosloven-skom dramskom pozorištu u režiji Ive Milošević. Postavljena je i u Mestnom gledalištu ljubljanskom u režiji Dušana Jovanovića. Njegove drame prevedene su na engleski, francuski, njemački, norveški, slovenski i španjolski jezik, a neki od prijevoda su i objavljeni.

Born 1984 in Split. Studies at the Academy of Dramatic Art Zagreb since 2003. Since 2005, he has worked as a dramaturge for Children's Theatre Dubrava, Mala Scena theatre, Theatre &TD, Croatian National Theatre, Varaždin, and Zagreb Youth Theatre. In 2005, he won the Marin Držić award of the Croatian Ministry of Culture. For his play *Here Is Where the Title of the Drama on Ante Is Written* he won the award of Fabrique et Croatie by REZ association and the Mali Marulić award at the Festival of Croatian Children's Plays. The play was premiered in May 2009 at the City Youth Theatre in Split, directed by Ivica Šimić. The same play was staged at the Blue Elephant Theatre in London, and read out at several festivals. His *Drama on Mirjana and Those around Her* was premiered in 2010 at Yugoslav Dramatic Theatre, directed by Iva Milošević. It was also staged at the City Theatre Ljubljana, directed by Dušan Jovanović. His plays have been translated into English, French, German, Slovenian, and Spanish. Some of these translations have been published in print.

Gozan Pavlić

Diplomirani filozof, radi kao asistent na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti, na kolegiju Dramatologija. Stručne i znanstvene radove objavljuje u domaćim i međunarodnim časopisima. Glavna polja interesa su mu: (post)moderne teorije identiteta, semiotika tjelesnosti, fizikalizam. Trenira valbado.

Graduated philosophy, assistant professor at the Academy of Dramatic Art Zagreb, teaching a course on Drama Studies. Published a number of scholarly articles in Croatian and international journals. His main fields of interest include (post)modern theories of identity, semiotics of the body, physicalism. Practices valbado.

Petar Saržanović

Roden 1986. u Zagrebu, gdje živi, radi, povremeno izvodi i piše, te postepeno privodi kraju studij komparativne književnosti i filozofije.

Born 1986 in Zagreb, where he lives and works, occasionally performing and writing. About to graduate Comparative Literature and Philosophy.

Maja Sviben

Rodena u Zagrebu 1981. Studirala engleski i komparativnu književnost na Filozofskom fakultetu u Zagrebu, apsolutica na Odsjeku dramaturgije na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti. Autorica nekoliko projekata odgojnog kazališta za Damski studio Tirena (2042.- razumijevanjem protiv nasilja, (Pre)velika očekivanja), u kojem je niz godina radila kao dramski pedagog. Voditeljica dramaturških i radio-nica dramskog pisanja. Dobitnica nagrade Marin Držić za tekst *Točka izvozišta* 2004. Tekst je 2006. izveden u režiji Marija Kovača i produkciji KUFER-a. Kao dramaturginja surađivala je s Kazalištem Mala scena, Muzičkim bijenalom, Hrvatskim narodnim kazalištem u Zagrebu i Studijem za suvremeni ples. Uz redateljicu Noru Krstulović, s kojom autorski potpisuje niz predstava i performansa, suosnivačica je umjetničkog kolektiva SKROZ. Od 2007. radi za Teatar.hr, web portal posvećen kazalištu.

Born 1981 in Zagreb. Studied English and Comparative Literature at the Faculty of Philosophy, University of Zagreb. About to graduate from the Dramaturgy Department at the Academy of Dramatic Art Zagreb. Author of several projects for the educational theatre at Drama Studio Tirena (2042 - With Understanding against Violence, (Too) Great Expectations), where she worked for several years as a theatre pedagogue. Moderates a number of dramaturgy and creative writing workshops. Won the Marin Držić award in 2004 for her play *The Source Point*, which was staged in 2006 (director: Mario Kovač, production: KUFER). As a dramaturge, she has collaborated with Mala Scena theatre, Musical Biennial, Croatian National Theatre Zagreb, and Studio for Contemporary Dance. Together with theatre director Nora Krstulović, with whom she has collaborated on a number of plays and performances, she has founded the art collective SKROZ. Since 2007, she has worked for the theatre web portal Teatar.hr.

Lana Šazić

Rodena 1983. godine. 2007. diplomirala dramaturgiju na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti u Zagrebu. Ima status samostalne umjetnice. Tekstovi su joj izvođeni u &TD-u i Maloj sceni u Zagrebu, Istarskom narodnom kazalištu u Puli, dječjem kazalištu u Rijeci, HNK Varaždinu, te na Hrvatskom radiju. S tekstovima *Neboder* i *Meso* sudjelovala je na međunarodnim forumima i festivalima, poput Autozenforuma u Frankfurtu, te Interplaya u Grčkoj i Australiji. Drama *Neboder*, za koju je nagrađena nagradom Marin Držić za dramski tekst, izvedena je na Festivalu europske dramaturgije u Santiago de Chileu. 2010. režirala je dokumentarni film *Klasa optimist*.

Born in 1983. In 2007, she graduated dramaturgy from the Academy of Dramatic Art Zagreb. Freelance artist. Her plays have been performed at Theatre &TD and Theatre Mala Scena in Zagreb, Istrian People's Theatre in Pula, children's theatre in Rijeka, Croatian National Theatre Varaždin, and the Croatian Radio. With her plays *Skyscraper* and *Flesh*, she has participated at various international forums and festivals, such as Autorenforum in Frankfurt and Interplay in Greece and Australia. For her play *Skyscraper*, she has won the Marin Držić award for the best play. It was performed at the Festival of European Dramaturgy in Santiago de Chile. In 2010, she directed a documentary film under the title of Category: Optimist.

Anica Tomić

Redateljica i glumica. Diplomirala kazališnu režiju i radiofoniju na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti te komparativnu književnost i kroatistiku na Filozofskom fakultetu u Zagrebu. Stipendistica Amsterdamske Hogeschool voor de Kunsten, te semestralna stipendistica režije na IUP-u, SAD. Dobitnica nagrade Mali Marulić za režiju predstave *Dječak Ivek i pas Cvilek*. Redateljica je i koautorica tekstova predstava *Imitatori glasova*, *Kučkini sinovi*, *Oprostite, mogu li vam ispričati...?*, *Menažerija*, *Prologue for love piece*, *Ovo bi mogla biti moja ulica*... Režirala radio drame *Prizori s jabukom* i *Čudovišta*. Kao glumica nastupala u kazalištu, filmu i na televiziji.

Anica Tomić is a theater director and actress. She studied Theater Direction at the Academy of Dramatic Art in Zagreb, as well as Croatian Studies and Comparative Literature Studies at the University of Zagreb. She holds a scholarship of the Amsterdamske Hogeschool voor de Kunsten, and a semester scholarship at the IUP, USA. A recipient of the Young Marulić's award of the Croatian Ministry of Culture for directing the production *The Boy Ivek and the Dog Cvilek*. She has directed and coauthored the productions *The Voice Imitators*, *The Sons of Bitches*, *Excuse me, May I tell you...?*, *Menagerie*, *Prologue for love piece*, *This could be my street*... She has directed the radio plays *Scenes with an Apple* and *Monsters*. As an actress she has performed in theatrical, film and television productions.

Jasna Žmak

Rodena 1984. u Puli. Apsolutica dramske umjetnosti na Akademiji dramske umjetnosti i marketinga na Ekonomskom fakultetu, oboje u Zagrebu. Kao dramaturginja surađivala s izvedenom skupinom Montažstroj i Oliverom Frlićem. Članica uzeđništva Frakcije, web portala drame.hr i polovica dramaturškog kolektiva.

Born 1984 in Pula. About to graduate from the Academy of Dramatic Art Zagreb (Dramaturgy Department) and the Faculty of Economy, University of Zagreb (Marketing Department). As a dramaturge, she has collaborated with the Montažstroj performance group and director Oliver Frlić. Member of the editorial board of Frakcija, web portal drame.hr, and dramaturgical collective.

Rona Žulj

Apsolutica dramaturgije na zagrebačkoj Akademiji dramske umjetnosti. Dosad je uglavnom radila kao dramaturg na projektima uglavnom izvedenim u Teatru &TD (Žrtve zemljopisa, Carstvo radosti, Pijanistica, Koriolan, Sad kad je komunizam mrtav moj život je prazan, Grmače), te nekoliko dramaturgizacija za dječja kazališta (D. Ugrešić: Mali Plamen, I. B. Mažuranić: Regoč). Autorica je zasad triju drama (Sunce se smije, Janijeva svečanost, Jedna ili dvije elegije), neobjavljenih. Povremeno prevodi sa slovenskog (D. Zajc: Grmače, I. Svetina: Ojdip v Korintu).

About to graduate from the Academy of Dramatic Art. So far, she has mostly worked as a dramaturge on projects performed at Theatre &TD (Victims of Geography, Empire of Joy, The Pianist, Coriolanus, Now When Communism Is Dead, My Life Is Empty, Grmače), as well as several dramaturgizations for children's theatres (D. Ugrešić: Little Flame, I. B. Mažuranić: Regoč). Author of three plays (The Sun Laughs, Jani's Celebration, One or Two Elegies), so far unpublished. Occasionally translates from Slovenian (D. Zajc: Grmače, I. Svetina: Oedipus at Corinth).

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